

March 15, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Master of suspense Charlotte Armstrong, author of our dramatic new serial, "The Girl With A Secret" (pages 44, 45), calls herself a "two-headed writer."

ACCORDING to Miss Armstrong, one "head" writes suspense fiction and the other "just stories, usually with some family theme."

Charlotte Armstrong (pictured below) looks an extremely mild-mannered woman to be a writer whose suspense novels are a "must" on every addict's list.

She and her husband, Jack Lewi, live quietly at Glendale, California. Two of their children are at college.

Another son is married with two small children, making Charlotte Armstrong a grandmother.

She thought up a lot of the plot for "The Girl With A Secret" while she and her husband relaxed beside their swimming-pool.



● Charlotte Armstrong

A READER at Broken Hill, N.S.W., wrote about our "Diet With Us" feature, now in its fourth week (page 53): "To say the least, Winifred Munday has given me the inspiration to begin a long overdue diet."

"I haven't a long sea voyage (like Winifred) to blame. No excuse, only two babies in two years, and from then on continuous over-eating and avoiding the scales and a candid look in the mirror."

"With my husband's promise of two new frocks, a strong determination to follow your diet, and Winifred's helpful advice, I am all set to shed (literally) at least 2½ stone to regain the 10st. weight which I maintained before my marriage 3½ years ago."

"Perhaps this letter may help other 'fatties' to make the effort and get started on your very satisfactory and beneficial diet."

"I was a trained nurse before my marriage. I fully realise the danger, as well as the unattractiveness, of excess weight."

RUTH and Mavis Scrivener — both nurses — grew some of the fuchsias shown in color on pages 64, 65.

While in London they decided to return to Sydney to open a plant nursery. They liked gardening—their family has a wonderful garden at Mount Irvine, N.S.W., which

Our cover

● The hair fantasy worn by our cover girl was designed by Marc Bohan at Maison Dior for the spring collection. Bohan calls the head-dress "Domino." It is a very flattering black eye-veil, anchored by a clump of white roses.

has often been pictured in our paper.

Now the sisters have a plant nursery in a Sydney suburb.

MRS. PAT WRIGHT, of Quorn, S.A., wrote to tell us that she and her family call the river red gum which began the 1961 Australian Nature series (February 22 issue) "our" tree.

She wrote:

"Although the tree is by the road, the creek beside it runs through our property. We take weekly turns with a neighbor to take the children the remaining eight miles to school."

"It is beneath the shade of this magnificent old gum that we meet each morning and afternoon. Many is the chat we have had there while the kiddies play."

"The tree is on the road between Wilmington and Quorn. The creek is known locally as the 'Burnt Down Creek'."

NEXT WEEK: Home lighting—four-page pull-out, describing how to achieve the correct lighting in your home, plus step-by-step directions for making pretty lampshades . . . 12 Suits For Autumn—three pages of pictures of the suit look for 1961.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED



By the Duchess of Windsor

● An American magazine has commissioned the Duchess of Windsor to write a regular column. We have secured Australian rights to it. Here, for the first time, she speaks frankly about the Abdication.

CONSIDERING all the things I might have imagined myself as doing at this stage of my life, being a regular contributor to a national magazine was certainly not among them!

In fact, when the idea was first presented to me, I hesitated and procrastinated quite some while, since I could not imagine what I would have to say that would be of interest to such a vast audience.

I could, I suppose, delve into a newspaper morgue and compile all the remarks, witty and otherwise, that have been attributed to me over the years. There are enough of them to fill a book, and I have always been amused by them, since most of the time I am not even present at whatever occasion I am purportedly being so terribly clever.

After almost 24 years of limiting myself to "no comment" or "that is a private matter" — usually stated, according to the newspaper, with a "grim smile" — at last I had a chance to tell the world what I think about the treatment of my husband.

It also occurred to me that here was a way to dispel some myths and explode some canards that have been circulating about us for a quarter of a century.

Having warmed up to the opportunity thus offered, I thought about some other subjects and situations on which I have had to maintain a silence that is about to be broken.

I wish to make it clear at the outset, however, that none of this is written with venom or bitterness, although 24 years of persecution, even in small ways, is more than enough to break anybody's spirit.

I am proud to say that mine is still quite intact, despite the many times I have wanted to cry.

I am proud, too, that, although the temptation to "let go" has frequently been very strong, not even my pillow has witnessed my breakdown. Anyway, most of my memories and experiences are heartwarming, and those that are not happened so long ago that they are dim and faded.

But what is not dim or faded is the attitude of Great Britain towards my husband, and it is not dim or faded because it has not diminished in its intensity.

I am as aware as is everyone else that a country cannot accommodate more than one ruler on the same ground in the same era, and in any case neither of us has any desire to live in Britain. But for 24 years my husband has been punished, like a small boy who gets a spanking every day of his life for a single transgression.

Of course, my husband's abdication was a shock to his family, his Government, and his country, but it was done with dignity, the same dignity with which he has since and always conducted his life.

We did not have then, nor do we have now, a public relations director, but certainly if the Crown had assigned one to us, much of the criticism which was ours, and which in turn was reflected on the family, might have been minimised.

Rather than erase every vestige of fondness which his countrymen held for him — and this was assuredly their intent by throwing us on our own — I believe my husband still holds a place in the hearts of many people whose King he was.

At "The Mill," our house in the country, one of our favorite

"...For 24 years my husband has been punished, like a small boy who gets a spanking every day of his life for a single transgression."



● "I have been told that some people think we live a playful existence . . ." The Duke and Duchess at the April in Paris Ball in New York in 1959.

● Continued on page 4



Continuing ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

● The Duchess of Windsor made a wisely adjustment of the Duke's hair as they met Press photographers who boarded a liner arriving in New York in 1958.



● King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson, his wife-to-be, in Yugoslavia during their holiday tour in the Mediterranean in August, 1936, a few months before his abdication.

● From page 3

rooms is decorated with all sorts of memorabilia, among which is a large map of Great Britain prepared by a former Member of Parliament, which was published in the 1937 Coronation Supplement of the London "Times."

It is covered with black dots, so thick they all but obliterate the map itself.

Each dot represents a speech made by my husband, then Prince of Wales, from the end of World War I in 1918 until 1936. Each speech was an official one, specially pertinent to the various areas, times, and people, and they average out to one a day for 18 years!

Add to this the "off-the-cuff" extemporaneous talks from train platforms, etc., and you have an idea of his dedication to, and his understanding of, his country and countrymen.

Yet, when World War II came, this man, with his unparalleled knowledge, trained in the affairs of State, with a lifetime's experience behind him, was first given an insignificant military post.

Eventually, he was put "out of harm's way" with an appointment of little consequence—the Governorship of the Bahamas. Nevertheless, he served this small British colony well, with not one voiced misgiving—even to me.

In fact, all these years he has never said one word to me about any of this.

Only now, in consulting with him as to whether or not I should write these things, have we discussed it at all.

His hurt has been deep, and, although I would not have our life together one whit different from what it is now, I cannot but know that the hurt my husband feels has been caused, to some extent, by me.

Last June, in connection with President Eisenhower's disastrous Far East trip, a reporter named Shirley Lowe wrote a piece called "It's Mamie I'm So Sorry For," which was published in London's "Daily Express." I clipped it out at the time because it was so expressive, and I here quote two paragraphs that describe my feelings to perfection:

"It must be the private nightmare of every wife to see her husband humiliated, verbally torn apart, and handed back to her half the man he was in the public's eye.

"Not just because the man she loved and looks after has been through it but because the devoted wife is so concerned with promoting the public face of her husband that if that face falls—even as the result of an international slanging match—she feels just a bit to blame!"

I have been told that some people think we live a playful existence. I imagine that from some standards it is, but my husband is not allowed to participate in public affairs.

As for going into business, his training was not for commerce, and, anyway, in his position, he could hardly become the manager of an automobile showroom.

I have also been told that people wonder why we write books and articles and why I have taken to designing patterns. Well, we both happen to enjoy doing these things, and, besides, the money is useful.

People are very quick to speculate about the private means of others, and in our case their speculations near to astronomic heights. I don't have to itemise costs to any woman who runs a house, no matter what her income level is. The higher the income the higher the costs, and our costs are extremely high.

While I am on the subject of money, I would like to state here once and for all time—the Duke and I pay our bills!

Oddly enough, the slanderous gossip that we do not have only recently reached my ears, and I was completely bowled over by it. It is beyond me how rumors like these start, since we never have any complaints from the people with whom we trade.

It is absolutely appalling to me how some people will invent an item out of whole cloth without a thread of truth in it, then boast how the person or persons thus libelled would not dare bring suit.

The boast is meant to prove to the reader that the lie is, in fact, the truth.

The Press on the whole is very kind to us both, and we count many friends among them. I just wish they wouldn't embellish stories. Of course, the trouble with the truth is that it is not always good copy.

Often a little research will clear up a matter. For example, I recently read a book by a sister of a famous English novelist and historian and came across the following:

"Now the British monarchy itself was threatened—and, of all things, by an

In the Windsors' millhouse



● Living-room in the old mill which is the Windsors' home near Paris. On wall is the map which, as the Duchess mentions, indicates the places in Britain where, up to 1936, the then Prince of Wales made speeches.

● From page 4

American woman with the unlikely and extraordinarily unprepossessing name of Wallis Simpson.

With a little effort, the author could have discovered that I was named for my father, who in turn was named for his father's best friend — Severn Teackle Wallis, distinguished lawyer, author and Provost of the University of Maryland, and whose statue still stands on Mount Vernon Place in Baltimore.

As for the Simpson part, is it, after all, any more unprepossessing than Jones?

Irresponsible reporting is, of course, always out of order, but I think the kind of Press that annoys me most (libel excluded) are the petty little digs, mostly inspired by the British, where a fact is twisted to make an item news.

It is all part of their never-ending effort to discredit the Duke, often through me.

Again, these digs are not important enough to take seriously without seeming ridiculous, but to me it's a bit like being surrounded by a cloud of gnats.

To illustrate: on one of our very short visits to London we were, as always, met by reporters. As I have done for years, I had pinned a small boutonniere of carnations to my lapel.

"A bit like being surrounded by a cloud of gnats..."

Innocuous enough, wouldn't you think? Not so the London Press. The item read: "The Duchess appeared wearing a bunch of violets, apparently the only concession she makes to her age."

This, from a people who pretend to know so much about flowers that they talk about them in Latin!

Another time, I arrived wearing a suit of very thin tweed—one of those loosely woven textures that are as light as silk.

Granted it was a warm day, but it hadn't been warm in Paris when we left, and London weather is so rarely fine that when it is they talk about it all summer. Well, this time the comment was, "Leave it to the Duchess to wear tweed at this time of year."

Good heavens! Why pick on me? I have

seen men on hot days in London, their faces clammy white to fainting point, toiling around the city not only in heavy, winter-weight suits but with waistcoats as well — not to mention bowlers and the inevitable umbrellas!

Undoubtedly there are a few more situations on which I can "sound off," and I will when they occur to me, although I have no intention of making these articles into harangues. It's just that having started I now find I do have quite a few things to say and I shall say them. On the other hand, maybe nobody cares but me!

NEXT WEEK the Duchess of Windsor tells how she buys her clothes in Paris.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961



**Guess who
had a Weet-Bix breakfast
this morning?**

He's feeling fine . . . after a breakfast that really sustains and nourishes . . . WEET BIX! Made from sun-sweetened whole wheat, with extra Vitamin B1 added, Weet-Bix are oven toasted crisper than crisp. Everyone loves them; and, weight for weight, they're top breakfast food value!

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WEET-BIX

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W10

Page 5

Troublemakers got a flea in the ear...

... from "The Small Woman," courageous ("The Inn of the Sixth Happiness") China missionary, who is now visiting Australia.

GLADYS AYLWARD, most celebrated woman missionary of her generation, "The Small Woman" of the best-selling book and heroine of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" film, is in Australia on a visit sponsored by the Church Mission Society.

She will lecture in Sydney, Canberra, Wollongong, Adelaide, Melbourne, Grafton, Brisbane, and New Zealand.

Miss Aylward doesn't look at all like Ingrid Bergman, who portrayed her in the film, but she looks a good deal more capable of surviving the surprising adventures and perils that have been her lot.

The 4ft. 11in. "Small Woman" is now 61 years old.

Smiling eyes

Even in youth her face must have had exceptional strength, with fine eyes, commanding nose, and firm, chiselled mouth that can break into a smile of engaging friendliness.

One of the nice things about Miss Aylward is that when she smiles her deep brown eyes smile, too. And she smiles, sees a joke, and laughs a good deal more often and more readily than non-missionary folk might expect of a missionary.

The first job in China of this self-appointed missionary was looking after mules. Today, on Formosa, she has an orphanage, a mission, and "a dozen sidelines, all to do with the welfare of women."

How did she do it all—the fantastic 1930 journey from England, across Russia and Siberia into China, with virtually no money, no friends, and no advice?

What gave this former London domestic, lacking education and missionary training, the power to do the extraordinary things she has done?

She has quelled rioting brigands, ordered — and had her orders obeyed by drunken soldiers bent on pillage — turned an antagonistic mandarin into a Christian sympathiser.

Faith and prayer, she claims, made it all possible.

But to the less-faithful it would seem that the very surprise element of this staunch, straight-backed little Londoner's appearance in such strange places at such a troubled time must not have been without its effect, too.

During the Japanese invasion of China in the 1930s she led a band of some 80



MISSIONARY Gladys Aylward, the original "Small Woman" of the best-selling book and the film "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness."

By

AINSLIE BAKER

Chinese children on a five weeks' march to safety.

Of this stirring episode she said:

"I really had to get those children out to safety. You see, they were MY children, ones who had been given to me, whom I had won by court

working trousers at home at the mission.

Australians will see her in her more formal attire of calf-length silk tunic slit at the sides, brocade jacket, and sensible, well-polished Western shoes on her tiny feet.

As a sentimental memento of her years in China's hilly northern provinces, noted for their jade, she wears a jade ring and a jade hair ornament in the coronet of her grey-threaded hair.

For all her hardships and almost incredible adventures, the years have dealt kindly with this dedicated little woman.

Her faintly olive skin is clear and unwrinkled. She says that her health is now good and she has no trouble with an old bullet wound, nor any effects from the battering from an enemy rifle-butt.

She gives the impression of having always been capable of sending troublemakers away with a flea in the ear, and

even of resorting to more drastic action when necessary.

Yet she speaks in a small, soft voice that takes on firmness only when her loyalties are aroused—to her religion, to Nationalist China, and to the seriousness of her work.

The little girl who used to practise public speaking in London's Hyde Park, and whose basic education was not up to missionary-training standards, is today a literate and impressive platform presence.

Didn't see film

Commenting on the two means of mass communication that made her name a household word, Miss Aylward said:

Of the book:

"Everything in it is true."

Of the Hollywood movie:

"I have never seen it and know nothing about it. I can't really feel it has anything to do with me."

Her voice became very clear and firm when she made the latter statement.

Editors (and their



U.S. EDITOR Waring watches his wife iron a wedding dress made in Littleton, U.S.A., for display at the Bega Show.

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL, staff reporter

● Two small-town editors with a reputation for getting things done have brought off something any statesman might envy—they've turned the high-sounding words "international friendship through personal contact" into "let's get together and be friends."

THE editors are an Australian, "Curley" Annabel, and an American, Houstoun Waring. Their towns, Bega, on the South Coast of New South Wales, and Littleton, in Colorado, are now affiliated under the U.S. People to People exchange programme.

This isn't just an official affiliation. People in Littleton and Bega realise that even though about 8500 miles separate them it's only distance that keeps them apart.

Basically they're the same people, with the same interests, the same hopes and fears.

They worry about their children, the local school, road accidents, the lack of a health centre or a swimming-pool. They're interested in the wedding of the girl next door, concerned at the death of an old man who lived just out of town. It's their local newspaper that supplies the news of these community events.

And it's their home-town editors who are responsible for the friendship that has grown up between the two towns.

It all began in 1954 when "Curley" Annabel's paper, the "Bega District News," won a Country Press award.



AT THE PRINTERY in Bega, editors Annabel, of Bega, and Waring, of Colorado.

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wives) bring two towns together



AT THE SHOW, Beverley Groves (centre), who was hostess on the Airlines of N.S.W. plane that flew the Waring's from Sydney, models the wedding dress. At left: A lovely 90-year-old gown.

IT'S A SMALLER WORLD NOW

"I decided to have a bit of a party for the staff," said editor Annabel, "and asked the U.S. Information Service in Sydney for some films to show during the evening."

"One of the films they sent down was 'Small Town Editor,' the story of Houstoun Waring, in Littleton, which was then a town of about 5000 people."

"Curley" Annabel was so struck by the similarities between his life and that of the "celluloid" editor 8500 miles away that he wrote to him.

A friendship grew between the editors — they exchanged letters discussing newspapers and personalities in the news, finding more and more interests in common.

Then, last year, "Curley" Annabel was one of a group of Australian journalists selected for a trip to Britain. He asked if he might come home through the United States and call in on the town of Littleton.

So, after six years, the two editors met.

In the years they'd been corresponding Bega had not changed much. It was still a rather isolated town in the centre of a rich dairying district, with a population of 3500.

But Littleton had changed — the population jumped to 14,000 when the Martin Company, manufacturers of the Titan missile, moved in with their factories.

When Annabel got back to Bega the affiliation between the two towns was organised.

As a result the Far South Coast Show in Bega was opened by the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. William J. Sebald, and there were two other American ambassadors as well, Houstoun Waring and his wife, Irene, who came to stay with the Annabels and be guests of honor at the celebrations.

Their visit was sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, the Sydney Daily Telegraph, and the people of Bega, with the co-operation of Pan-American Airways.

And Bega did the Waring's proud, with the local brass band and marching girls in the official welcome in the main street.

The schoolchildren were there in full force to meet the man who had arranged for all their American penfriends.

The Rotary, Lions, and Apex Clubs, who have started corresponding with their counterparts in Littleton, combined to give a dinner to the Waring's.

Dresses made in Littleton were modelled at the Bega Show. And at the County Fair in Littleton this August there'll be a reciprocal exhibit from Bega.

In many ways, now, the two towns are affectionately linked.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961



THE BEGA VALLEY rolling behind them, Mrs. Waring has a nice hot cup of tea with Mrs. Annabel on the verandah of the Annabels' home, high on a hillside. The visitors made many new friends.



OLYMPIC horseman Neale Lavis, who led the Grand Parade at the Bega Show, shakes hands with Mr. Waring, who, with his wife, Irene, was guest of honor.

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fickle
days...
or
fair

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DAWN SHOULD BE IN THE TEAM

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, who was our representative at the Rome Olympics

● Dawn Fraser should be in any swimming team representing Australia. She is Australia's best woman swimmer and she's a splendid sporting ambassador.

TO ban her on the strength of the Pegram report is ridiculous and unfair.

Mr. Roger Pegram, Australian swimming manager at the Rome Olympics, says she let her country down by refusing to swim the butterfly lap of the medley relay heats.

I was at the Games and I was with Dawn on the day of the heats, so I have a pretty fair idea of just what did happen in Rome.

In my opinion, this punishment, dealt out six months after the event, is nothing short of victimisation of a girl who is probably the greatest and most popular sports-woman Australia has produced.

My opinion is confirmed by the fact that two of the top Australian officials at the Rome Games have confided to me that the treatment of

Dawn makes them want to hang their heads in shame.

Two things make me as furious as Vesuvius in eruption:

First, Dawn is being unfairly victimised over an incident which was not considered from her angle.

Second, the team was a well-behaved enthusiastic one which did credit to Australia. But there were other incidents and differences among its members which have gone uncondemned.

Scapegoat?

Did the Australian Swimming Union want a scapegoat when recording the facts about a team which didn't win the expected number of gold medals?

It's unfortunate that they happened to pick on the girl who has done so much for the sport.

What really did happen in Rome?

Dawn, the undoubted work-horse of the women's team, was there determined to win — by her own effort and in relay teams — four medals for Australia.

During pre-Olympic training in Townsville she'd told me she hoped to win five gold medals — the fifth being in the butterfly division.

But on arrival in Rome she told me she'd given away all ideas of swimming butterfly because it would take all her strength to look after her free-style commitments.

I talked to her on the morning of the controversial butterfly heat.

She'd won the 100-metre gold medal the night before.

But she was a tired and sick girl. Soon after reaching Rome she'd become a victim of the "Roman tummy" and had lost 10lb. in two days.

She left me to go home to bed, and told me she didn't know where she would get the strength to complete her races.

These included the important 400-metre event, for which the heats were the following night.

That afternoon she'd been asked to swim the butterfly lap in the relay heats in the place of Jan Andrew because Jan was in the individual finals that night and needed a rest.

Dawn told me she'd refused — not because she didn't want to help Jan but because she considered there were other swimmers in the team capable of swimming the leg of the heats and she didn't feel fit enough to cope.

Slapped face

Because Dawn didn't report for the heats, Jan Andrew missed her afternoon rest and in the final won a bronze medal.

Some other swimmers later made a few cracks at Dawn for her "selfishness," which,

they claimed, had cost Jan a silver medal.

Dawn, still weak and tired, and 'downhearted' after her own defeat by America in the 400 metres, couldn't stand any more.

"In the heat of the moment I slapped Jan across the face," Dawn told me during the recent Australian Championships in Brisbane.

"I immediately regretted it, but I received my punishment in the following three days when the other swimmers sent me to Coventry."

But that's all past history. Dawn's now feeling wretched over the attitude swimming officials have taken about the incident.

She's still as keen as ever to bring swimming honors to Australia, but says she'll definitely hang up her togs for good if the ban isn't lifted on sending her abroad.

"An Olympic swimmer doesn't have a life of her own,"

she told me. "You really sacrifice everything for the sport."

"People say we're lucky because we get so many overseas trips, but they're our only material reward. I feel I've earned them, and as long as I'm swimming at the top I feel entitled to them."

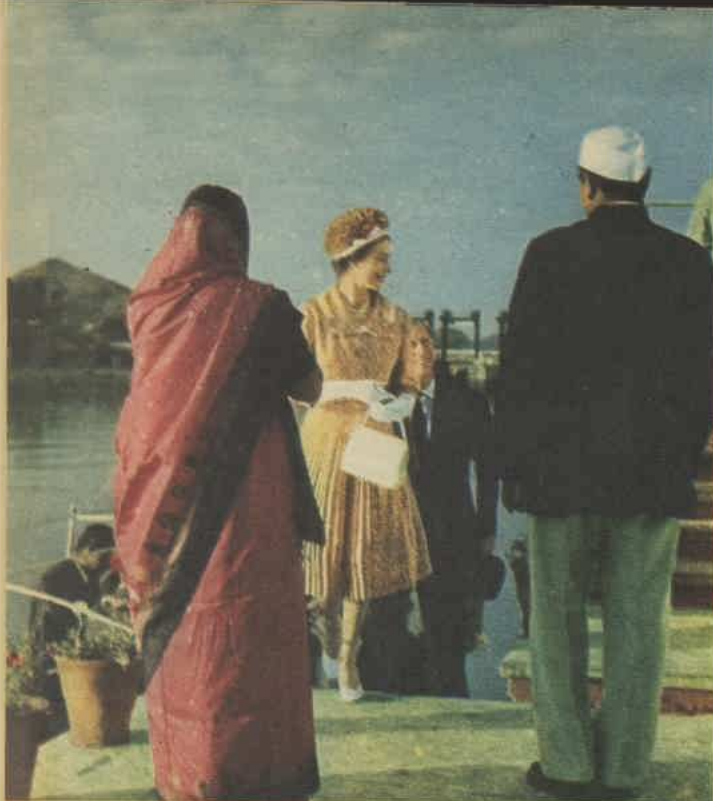
Give it away

"If I'm banned over an error of judgment in Rome — and I still think I was justified in not swimming in that heat — I'm going to give the game away."

And I don't blame Dawn, particularly as the first she knew of the Pegram report on her was when she read it in a newspaper.

No other nation would be absurd enough to treat a world-beating swimmer this way.

And it's to be hoped Australia's swimming officials realise this folly soon.



CONTRAST IN FASHION. The Queen, in an elegant pleated suit and high beret of quills, makes a contrasting picture against the brilliance of a woman in a traditional sari. The Queen is shown on arrival at Lake Palace, Udaipur, Pakistan.



SUPERB and widely varied wardrobe taken by the Queen to India and Pakistan delighted everyone who saw her. Here, in lilac organza, she arrives for the garden party at the President's Palace, Delhi.

CLITTERING in jewels and an elegant evening gown, the Queen is shown arriving with President Rajendra Prasad for a banquet at his New Delhi palace. Also in the picture is one of the colorful Moghul Guards.

It was a triumph for the Queen

Story from ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who covered the Indian tour.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG.





AT SHISHMAHAL GARDENS, Pakistan, the Queen arrives for tea with members of the All-Pakistan Women's Association. Pakistani women in national costume cast rose petals in front of the Queen as she walked into the Royal Enclosure.



DRESSED IN BLUE, the Queen steps through a circular gateway to enter the rose garden of Gulistan-e-Fatima for a reception by the Lahore Ladies' Club. With the Queen are Lady Abdul Qadir (in grey) and the Begum Said Uddin (in green).

JUST as the Queen's tour of India and Pakistan was a triumph, so was the wardrobe she took with her.

It delighted everyone, and, though the Queen had to change as often as four times a day, it wasn't till the tour was winding to its glorious close that she repeated the same dress for her appearances before the millions who packed the streets to see her.

Every dress for every occasion was carefully thought out and proved a winner—from the Jaipur-pink ensemble she wore to that city of blazing pink to the green-and-white satin evening gown she wore to compliment the Pakistanis.

The green in this gown matched the decoration with which the Pakistani President had honored her and which her own magnificent emerald jewels—bequeathed by her grandmother, Queen Mary—enhanced.

Her figure, in a country of slender figures, was much admired.

Only the motherly 60-year-old Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit seemed worried about the Queen's figure.

"She doesn't eat enough. I don't think she is robust," she said to me in the Governor's house in Madras. "But she is the Queen and I cannot tell her, can I?"

Mrs. Pandit, retiring now from her post as India's Ambassador to the United Kingdom, savored every little triumph of the Queen on her tour.

"You see," she said, "it's been my dream that the Queen should come to India. For years I've worked for the day, and I put off my retirement so that I could attend to every detail of the visit."

"Now that it's been such a wonderful success, I'll close my public career and return to my country and my people to write books and reflect. India is a new country, and I want to live in it again."

The Queen's light-heartedness during the tour was infectious, and her quick and sustained interest even during the most tedious moments flattered everyone.

The resounding success of the tour was such a personal triumph for her that in her elation no day was too long or strenuous, no roads too dusty, no sun too hot.

The regard in which the Queen is held was shown in many ways.

For instance, in Lahore large bank and insurance buildings were repainted by order of President Ayub of Pakistan "because we don't think the Queen likes bright pink, and the buildings must therefore be white."

There is martial law in Pakistan, and this is one of the more delicate ways in which it can work.

And the regard was shown in a completely different but equally charming way in Calcutta on the morning of Prince Andrew's birthday.

A miniature birthday cake iced in roses with a single candle decorated the Queen's breakfast tray—by order of the Governor of Calcutta.



AT PESHAWAR, a picturesque North-west Frontier city in Pakistan, the Queen and Prince Philip talk with the Assistant Bishop of Lahore, Rt. Rev. H. A. Warris, before attending divine service at St. John's Church.



AT THE RACES. The Queen stands with members at the Lahore Race Club, where she attended the New Year meeting during her Pakistan tour. After two races she left to watch the Duke play polo.

This year's Easter Bride will wear



STRAPLESS BRAS by

Charmfit

... because she knows that new, flexible, flat underbust wires will both beautify and mould to her figure, and they are encased in foam rubber tubing for her protection.

STRAPLESS BRA NO. 053

A dream of a bra in Embroidered Nylon Marquisette... with frosted Nylon pleats... Underwired foam cups, Dacron elastic sides and elastic back control, mould gently but firmly into high, round contours... Wear it strapless or attach straps for off-shoulder wear or as a halter. A, B & C Cups; 32-36. A mere 59/9.



NO. 053



NO. 083

TORSELETTE NO. 093

A torselette to nip your waist for bouffant fashion. Underwired foam cups for high, rounded contours. Wear it with or without suspenders. Features new cushion-tipped spiral boning. In Embroidered Nylon Marquisette... with frosted Nylon pleats... Dacron elastic sides. A & B Cups: 32-36. C Cups: 32-38. Particularly good value at 105/-.

LONGLINE STRAPLESS BRA, NO. 083

... actually part of you, from the top of the extravagantly beautiful cups (foam contoured and underwired) to 2" below your waist. New cushion-tipped spiral boning, exclusive to Charmfit, never deviates from its original position... positively won't twist or dip. Can be worn with or without detachable shoulder straps. A & B Cups: 32-36. C Cups: 32-38. Only 79/11.

Leading Retail Stores and Corsetry Salons will gladly demonstrate the range to you.

GOSSARD

Made in Australia under special licence by

FATHER



"It wasn't the original cost... it's the upkeep that's killing me!"

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

"I was only joking when I bet you a hundred pounds you couldn't do it!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THEY'RE pulling down a building outside my window, and sometimes I think that it won't be the Bomb, but the noises of progress that will destroy 20th century civilisation.

The other day I was cowering in another room, giving my ears a few minutes' rest, when a colleague reported: "Two men carrying a cardboard box with holes in it are waiting outside your door."

"Silkworms! Or white mice!" I said nervously. "I can't bear it."

"Would you like an aspirin?" asked a copy-girl.

A messenger arrived. "Two gentlemen and a pigeon to see you," she announced.

"A PIGEON?" I said, brightening. "I'll be right there."

You have to admire public-relations men, who work unceasingly to devise new ways of attracting attention to products.

"This is Mr. Charles Stuart, of the Burwood Pigeon Club," said the P.R. man. "We are asking you to attend the unveiling of a new car. The pigeon will carry your reply."

I love unveilings of new cars. I once attended one at which bikini girls kept appearing from behind bunches of balloons.

Ever since I've been hoping for some even more picturesque piece of sales promotion.

"Fill in your name on this slip," said the P.R. man, handing me a two-inch square piece of thin paper.

Mr. Stuart, meanwhile, extracted the pigeon, a pretty, grey creature, from its box.

"Oh, but you're squashing its head," exclaimed a kind girl, one of a small crowd of onlookers.

"May I introduce Mr. Stuart, of the Burwood Pigeon Club," I said hurriedly.

Mr. Stuart smiled tolerantly and slipped the message into the ring on the bird's leg.

The pigeon rested on the window-ledge a second and fluttered off in the direction of the Synagogue, which, after the Town Hall, is Sydney's favorite pigeon haunt.

"That's not the way to Burwood," said a bystander.

"He'll be home long before we get all the invitations out," said Mr. Stuart comfortably.

The car unveiling will be over by the time this appears in print. I hope it was a success. It deserves to be.

THE muu-muu, that garment from Hawaii, has at last become popular in Australia.

Not the classic muu-muu, which is a neck-to-ankle garment resembling a nightgown. This has only a limited vogue.

The muu-muu that you see at beaches and in suburban shopping centres on everyone from 15 to 50 owes something to the Chinese cheong-sam, something to the sack.

It's comfortable, cool, and tricky to spell.

One Sydney shop has a notice in the window: "Mau-mau (reversible)."

OF the wives of America's prospective space men, the one who impresses me most is Mrs. Virgil Grissom.

When it was announced that the choice for the first man in space had been narrowed to three, reporters interviewed the wives.

One said, "I'm very happy... don't forget all the astronauts' wives have had two years to get used to the idea."

Another called the news "fine and thrilling."

Mrs. Grissom said, "My

husband has always said he would like to be the first man to be put into space. But how I shall feel and what I shall do when he goes I cannot yet imagine."

I like the sound of Mrs. Grissom. She is imaginative enough to know that the event, when it happens, will tax imagination.

All the astronauts were chosen not only for their intelligence and physical fitness, but because they were "emotionally secure."

Their wives had to fit into the pattern.

The theory, presumably, was that the ideal wife would make no trouble about her husband's uncertain destination.

All of which is sound. But it is pleasing to see that at least one wife retains enough independence to speak the simple truth.

AN American manufacturer hopes to change the shape of the hotdog. He will test-market frankfurts shaped like doughnuts.

Like Elvis says: "Nothin' but a round-dawg."

MANY migrants are worried because the girls who migrate to marry them meet other men on ships. Some prospective husbands prefer to pay the more expensive air fares rather than risk shipboard romances.

Strolling on the upper decks,

Characters, whichever sex,

Whether pretty, smart, or dumb,

Almost certainly succumb

To the thought that "This is love,"

(Notably with moon above.)

Thus, for many years, have ships

Brought proposals to men's lips,

Unlike planes, especially jet,

Which is worthy of regret.

Whoosh! We're off, And woosh! We're

there!

Barely time to sit and stare

At another likely mate

Who could, haply, be your fate.

Thus, for girls there's little chance

Of a holiday romance

Even when they are the mostest,

That is, all except the hostess.



says 'Selamat Datang' to you!

During 'Visit the Orient Year 1961' as

'Selamat Datang' means WELCOME in Malay and the people of this exotic land welcome you with happy, smiling hearts. Such warm, sincere friendship and hospitality awaits you in Malaya where East and West meet so cordially... where the cultures and traditions of the East have blossomed through the centuries. Visit Penang, 'Pearl of the Orient' — an island of breathtaking beauty... lazy lagoons, excellent fishing and swimming. Picturesque Penang harbour dotted with sampans, junks quaint craft and ocean liners. See the seven-tier pagoda of 10,000 Buddhas... the fabulous Snake Temple! Malacca, rich in 16th and 17th century history... the famous ruins of Dutch and Portuguese forts... ancient Chinese temples and churches. Kuala Lumpur, Malaya's capital, with its teeming, colourful bazaars... a modern metropolis but yet so charmingly Oriental. It is your take-off point for short flights to other exotic places in South East Asia. For you too the best in modern luxury... air-conditioned hotels, fast air-conditioned trains and efficient air and road travel throughout the country... and to think of it —

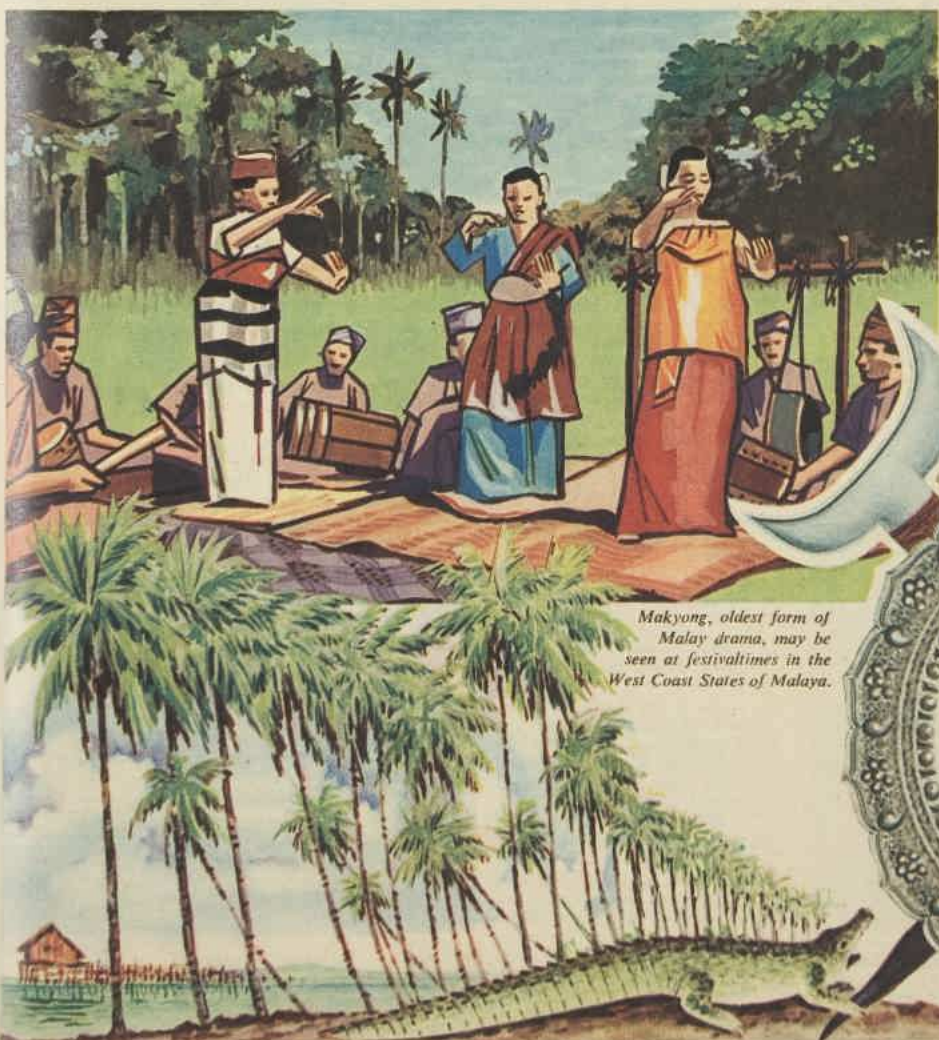
YOU ARE ONLY 12 FLYING HOURS AWAY FROM AN ENCHANTING HOLIDAY!



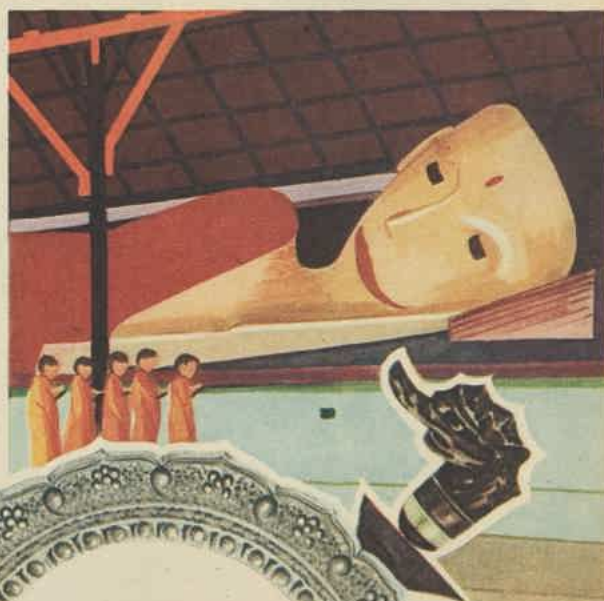
Sunrise from the Hill, left. Morning comes with a change of mood in sea and sky.



Kuala Lumpur's changing skyline—new buildings contrasting with the moorish-style architecture of the Secretariat along Kuala Lumpur's famous Jalan Raja.



Makyong, oldest form of Malay drama, may be seen at festival times in the West Coast States of Malaya.



The huge Reclining Buddha of the "Meh Prasit Sumati" Siamese Temple at Ipoh—half-way town between picturesque Penang and Malaya's Capital city, Kuala Lumpur.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR FULL DETAILS ABOUT YOUR TRIP OR WRITE TO —
Federation of Malaya High Commission in Australia, Canberra, A.C.T., Australia.
Federation of Malaya Counsellor & Trade Commission in Australia, Port Line Building, 50, Young Street, Sydney, Australia
or direct to:
Department of Tourism
P.O. Box 328, Kuala Lumpur, Federation of Malaya.



WOOL WARDROBE CONTEST WINNERS

● Here are the six winners of the six £350 wardrobes in our Wool Gold Medal Contest. They will receive the garments they chose.

MRS. M. LUCAS, 156 Brilliant St., Bathurst, N.S.W.
MISS SALLY McINERNEY, 124 Varden St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.
MISS MARY MACKAY, 9 Eleventh Ave., St. Peters, S.A.
MRS. C. MORRIS, 3 Kowald St., Toowoomba, Qld.
MISS JANET SMITH, "Wildersleigh," Terrara Rd., Vermont, Vic.
MRS. A. W. WYATT, Craythorne Rd., Rosevears, West Tamar, Tas.

MRS. MARGARET LUCAS, aged 32, of Bathurst, has three children—Diane, 7, Suzanne, 5, and Kevin, 3—and makes most of their clothes and some of her own.

The wardrobe she has won is her "dream wardrobe" for a holiday in Sydney and for the life she leads in Bathurst.

"I entertain a lot at home," she said. "Mostly dinner parties."

She is a keen golfer, likes going to dances with her husband and to concerts.

This is the first of our contests Mrs. Lucas has ever entered.



MRS. M. LUCAS, Bathurst, N.S.W. Here are the models she chose (see numbered sketches previously published)—51, 49, 9, 22, 23, 56, 34, 35, 61, 28, 30, 15, 13, 1, 6, 68, and 4.



MRS. C. MORRIS, Toowoomba, Qld. Her wardrobe—49, 51, 53, 7, 19, 22, 34, 31, 6, 13, 66, 45, 44, 68, 60, 1, 42, 63.

MRS. A. W. WYATT was working on the farm when our photographer in Tasmania sought her out.

Her husband is a dairy farmer of West Tamar, and she has two grown-up sons.

The news of her win was a great thrill to her, but, being a true country woman, she was not deterred from her work.

Mrs. Wyatt has always been interested in clothes design, but it was her husband who persuaded her to enter the contest.

She is also interested in cooking and has won prizes for her entries at various Tasmanian shows.



MRS. A. W. WYATT, West Tamar, Tasmania. Her wardrobe—1, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17, 19, 28, 31, 34, 35, 49, 51, 58, 60.

WARDROBE winner in South Australia, Mary Mackay, is secretary to the manager of an Adelaide insurance company.

Mary, 25, is dark-haired, 5ft. 5in. tall, and lives with her mother, Mrs. Sheila Mackay, and brothers Ian and Dan.

"This is the first bit of luck I have ever had," she said.

And it is the first contest Mary has ever entered. She thinks it is "the most sensible" we have organised.

"The clothes were sensible, serviceable, and smart, and should last a couple of seasons," she said.

Mary's mother entered both our recent Cover Contest and this Wool Contest, which they discussed together.

"But," said Mary smiling, "we have different ideas about clothes."

When Mary entered the contest she made a booking for a Queensland holiday in August, and plans to go to Perth next year for a holiday.

"The wardrobe I have chosen would be ideal for either trip," she said.



MISS MARY MACKAY, Adelaide. Her wardrobe—51, 49, 11, 9, 22, 23, 56, 35, 34, 14, 13, 15, 66, 70, 69, 38, 41, 62, 64, 28, 6.

WE had to wait for 15-year-old Sally McInerney, W.A. winner, to come home from school before we could ring to tell her the news of her win.

Sally is doing her junior examination this year from the Eastern Goldfields High School.

She will be going on to do her matriculation exams, and wants to do an Arts course at the University or study commercial art, with a view to being a teacher.

"I should love to own lots of clothes," she said.

Both she and her elder sister are "mad about clothes."

Sally is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. McInerney, of Kalgoorlie.



SALLY McINERNEY, Kalgoorlie, W.A. Her wardrobe—1, 4, 9, 11, 13, 20, 23, 28, 30, 32, 35, 38, 39, 42, 44, 45, 48, 49, 53, 55, 59, 63, 65, 66, 69, 70.

PRESENTATIONS

SYDNEY: Thursday, March 9, Trocadero. Tickets £1, obtainable from Foundation Campaign office, Lucas Street, Camperdown (LA9891), and Trocadero.

NEWCASTLE: Monday, March 13, City Hall. Tickets £1, obtainable from David Jones', Goldsmiths' Shoe Stores, Reg A. Baker, Hunter Street, 2KO, Dr. Nashar (MW1061), Mrs. D. G. Fitzpatrick (B2526), and Mrs. C. J. Parker (B3299).

WOLLONGONG: Thursday, March 16, Savoy Theatre. Tickets 10/-, obtainable Wollongong — Anthony Hordern's, Lances', Marcus Clark's; Thirroul — Waugh's; Woonona — Waugh's; Dapto — J. G. Farley's.

CANBERRA: Tuesday, March 21, at Albert Hall. Tickets 30/-, obtainable at National Heart Foundation office in Canberra and offices in all States.

YOUTHFUL winner in Victoria is 18-year-old art student Janet Smith, who loves clothes and makes all her own.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Smith, of Terrara Road, Vermont.

She is a charming and lively teenager who has never won anything before.

She made her choice of wardrobe to suit her own age, so her selection reflects her own ideas... "not too sophisticated, not too casual, a lot of variety, but simple lines," she said.

Janet is doing an art course at Melbourne Technical College.



MISS JANET SMITH, Vermont, Vic. Her wardrobe—1, 6, 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 20, 23, 25, 28, 30, 32, 35, 38, 40, 42, 46, 48, 53, 56, 59, 62, 63, 69, 70.



Hair cut in Bingle style with small fringe. Large rollers on crown and from half-inch side parting. Large pin curls forward at ears, small at neck.



Brush smoothly out. Back comb from half-inch side parting, sweeping forward over ears and fitting into back hairline.



Balloon hair-style interpreted by Reg Andrews.

Set yourself a
high-fashion hairdo
that LASTS . . . with

NEW

Gossamer

SPRAYS

only new Gossamer sprays give the soft, lasting control needed for new, light-hearted styles!

The free, forward look of the new short shapes . . . the cheeky side-curls and high-style airiness of salon hair-dos . . . are yours with home-setting when you use new Gossamer Sprays! Hair stays gleaming and well-behaved, too, because:

New Gossamer sprays hold gently, without a hint of stickiness.

New Gossamer sprays enliven and nourish the hair with Lanolin Esters.

New Gossamer sprays let hair breathe; banish lacquered dullness.

Both in the regular Gossamer cans, and in the new jewel-coloured purse-size bottles. Sapphire for Gossamer Invisible Net; Jade for Gossamer Supersoft.

New glamorous Gossamer (as illustrated) only 8/6.



Gossamer Invisible Net

For hard-to hold styles and hard-to-hold hair, has gentle holding-power never before possible!



Gossamer Supersoft

Positively the finest hairspray ever for easier-to-manage hair; holds perfectly, yet you'd never know it was there.

SOCIAL



PICTURESQUE WEDDING. Tim Allen and his dark-haired bride, formerly Diane Greaves, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for reception given by Diane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Greaves, at the Australian Golf Club. Behind the bridal couple are their youthful attendants, from left, Virginia McGrath, Amanda Lewis, Judy Chapman, Corina Douglass, and Joanna McCallum, standing at the back between Denis O'Neil (on the right) and Lionel Sandy and Stewart Griffin (at left). Diane was a lovely bride in a white embroidered organdie gown, and her maids, frocked in white lawn, wore circlets of fresh flowers to match their Victorian poses. Tim, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Allen, and Diane are honeymooning in New Caledonia.

WAITING for the bride, youthful Amanda Lewis and Judy Chapman (right) were given a last-minute briefing in procedure by Bill Edwards at the wedding of Tim Allen to Diane Greaves at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Behind, Denis O'Neil (on the left) and Stewart Griffin conferred with Joanna McCallum, the nine-year-old daughter of John McCallum and stage star Google Withers. During the ceremony the tiny bridesmaids sat on white satin cushions in the aisle behind the bridal couple—and waved to their mothers and friends they spied sitting in nearby pews.

A THRILL for the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies in Geneva last week was a family reunion with their daughter Heather and son-in-law Peter Henderson and their small daughters Edwina, aged five, and three-year-old Penelope.

Peter is First Secretary at the Australian Consulate-General in Geneva.

While the Hendersons are abroad, their Canberra home has been leased by Signor Renato Ferrara, Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, and his glamorous wife, who are leaving on March 15 for a brief holiday visit to Italy.

IT'S my guess that "Chilla" and Kath Lloyd Jones will have one of the most fascinating little homes in Sydney when the early colonial period house they're building, overlooking Middle Harbor at Headland Heights, is completed in August. Haunting auction sales and bargaining with demolition squads, Kath has acquired a wonderful assortment of interesting bits and pieces — from cedar doors and balustrades to gas-lamp brackets and pretty china door plates with a history — for the builders to incorporate in the house. Her prize effort was salvaging black and white tiles from the hallway at "Kinneil," Elizabeth Bay, when the old mansion was razed last year. The tiles, which will give an air to the vestibule of their new home, have a very sentimental value for "Chilla." "Kinneil" was the one-time home of his great-grandfather, David Jones.

MAKING a second tour of the Continent shortly before sailing for home in the Orcades, honeymooners Robert and Berice Ferrier bought a secondhand delivery van in London and rigged it up as a caravan, gaily painted with Australian flags. In Switzerland the van caught the eye of a Swiss university professor, who introduced himself and took Robert and Berice along to be "walking-talking" exhibits at a lecture he was giving that night about a visit he had made to the Commonwealth.

SMOKE-SIGNALS from Moree bring news of gala afternoon and evening dress parades at the Hotel Max on March 14 to aid Red Cross funds. I hear mannequins will include the branch president, Mrs. A. W. Leitch, and Caroline Hill, of "Terlings," Moree, whose engagement was recently announced to Ross McGilvray.

TO create a cordial impression (and protect his ears from chilblains), when Neil Hutchison, executive director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, flew abroad last week, he took with him a grey astrakhan Cossack hat to wear during his four days' stay in Moscow. His wife was so intrigued with the model, which was created for Neil by a Sydney milliner, she is having a similar one made for herself to wear on the snowfields when she takes up ski-ing this winter.

ON a home visit to Sydney from Tari, in the Southern Highlands of Papua, Mrs. Bill Crellin was among "Irma La Douce" theatregoers at the Theatre Royal frocked in a black cocktail dress and long white suede gloves. She recalled the last time she had worn the gloves had been to a wedding in Tari. And, watching her drawing them on, her native houseboy was very curious to know why she was putting "stockings" on her hands!

ALTHOUGH their minds have "been made up" for some time, Pam Keith, of Mosman, and David Magnusson waited until last week to announce their engagement, because David wanted to officially present Pam with her ring — a diamond solitaire in a square setting — on the anniversary of their first date together four years ago, when they stepped-out on his twenty-first birthday.

I HEAR Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Brien, of Vaucluse, will entertain on March 25 to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their daughter Rosemary and the return of their son Bill from America. He is just back after four years abroad studying Business Administration at the University of Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are giving the party at their old family home in Carrara Road, Vaucluse (now occupied by their elder son, John, and his wife), where there is lots of room for dancing.

RECENTLY married Jennifer and Paull Gibson hope to move into the pretty white house they are building at French's Forest just after Easter. Meanwhile, Jennifer's grandmother, Lady Sheehan, has lent them her flat on Pacific Highway, Roseville, while she is holidaying in Melbourne.

ATTRACTIVE English visitor to "Haddon Rig," Warren, was Rachel Dawnay, who was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. G. B. S. Falkiner on her way to Queensland, where she is visiting the Governor, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and Lady May Abel Smith at Government House, Brisbane. Rachel is the daughter of Major-General David Dawnay, secretary of Ascot Authority and also Clerk of the famous racecourse.

ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES



FROM Melbourne comes this picture of Marshall Baillieu, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Baillieu, of Toorak, and Judy Evans, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Evans, of South Yarra. Judy's ring is a baguette diamond with thirty-four tiny diamonds set in the shoulders. Marshall and Judy will live at "Minta," Beaconsfield, Victoria, after their autumn wedding.

SKIRL of pipes greeted Donald Macarthur and his bride, formerly Anne Cameron, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Cameron, of "North Groongal," Carra-thool, as they left Toorak Presbyterian Church in Melbourne. A reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Darren Baillieu followed the ceremony. Donald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Macarthur, of "Del-vine Park," Bairnsdale, Victoria.



ARTIST Herbert Flugelman discussing his painting, "Gone-A-Droving" (pictured behind), with Roberta Jones (on the left) and Mrs. Harry Seidler at the Journalists' Club Art Prize Exhibition, which was opened by the Chief Justice, Dr. Evatt, at the Terry Clune Galleries. The £500 award prize was won by Sydney artist Eric Smith for his abstract painting illustrating a passage from the novel "Foss."



LORD CASEY (on the right) chatting over coffee with the president of the Royal Commonwealth Society, Lieutenant-Colonel George Colvin, and Mrs. Colvin at luncheon party given by members at the society's rooms in honor of Lord Casey.



now might be too late!

Now might be too late! He needs only a moment to contaminate, a few seconds to spread infection. Had you sprayed Mortein Pressure•Pak he wouldn't be there.

It is wise to spray Mortein Pressure•Pak when preparing for each meal.

Mortein Pressure•Pak is perfectly safe sprayed near food, completely safe near small children. Mortein Pressure•Pak is the world's most effective insect spray—Your family is not safe without it.

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PRESSURE•PAK



Secrets of a woman's handbag

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● Three dead matches, 50 used bus tickets, four empty lipstick containers, a packet of old love letters, two lottery tickets drawn last October, several eight-week-old Christmas cards, a broken ballpoint pen that hasn't worked for six months, a wad of bills (paid and unpaid) received during the past 12 months.

NO, this isn't a list of the contents of a garbage can. It's a random catalogue of a few of the useless items women carry in their handbags.

And I regret to admit that if I personally lost my handbag tomorrow—and assuming there was no money in it—I'd be ashamed to claim it because of the junk that lurks in its depths.

But it comforts me to discover from my own personal poll that:

- The handbags of eight out of ten women are in a similar clutter.
- Few of us clear out our handbags as often as we should.
- Even when we do clear them we're reluctant to discard anything, from bent bobby-pins to old laundry lists.
- The smarter the woman the tidier her bag (which automatically lets me out, because I always put comfort first).

In conducting this handbag poll I first went to all the women round the office, quizzing everyone from the youngest copy-girls to the best-known columnists.

To spare their blushes I'll refrain from mentioning their names, with the one exception of our fashion editor, Betty Keep.

Setting an example

The spic-and-span cleanliness and tidiness of her handbag and the sparsity of its contents are an example to every woman.

Said Betty: "Whatever size of handbag I carry I keep its contents to the minimum. This is not only to make it easier to find things but also to keep the bag a good shape."

Here is her list: Change purse, cheque-book, lipstick, compact, comb, keys, and handkerchief.

At the other end of the scale comes one of the cadet journalists.

She is 20 and admits that she carries everything in her bag that non-working women usually keep in the top dressing-table drawer.

The items in her large fisherman's creel bag of Italian leather and wickerwork can be counted by the dozen.

In addition to the usual things like purse, cigarettes, matches, and a make-up bag crammed with beauty aids (including five lipsticks, two types of mascara, one hair rinse, skin food, liquid base, two bottles of perfume, and bobby-pins) scores of other items had found their way in.

These included: A wad of photographs (some collected on the job, some personal), old letters from boy-friends, nine pencils, two pens, string bag, three pairs of tweezers, sunglasses and ordinary glasses, a bunch of keys, so many shop dockets and old bus tickets that she admitted she couldn't reach the

bottom of the bag for them, and a little witchlike doll made of pipe-cleaners (souvenir of a trip to Europe).

As the age group rises the clutter remains, but the contents change.

Make-up items are fewer, because the experimental stage is over and the owners know what suits them.

Instead, the contents show signs of the affluence which comes with increased responsibilities and higher salaries. Signs of domesticity creep in, too.

Among the items in the bags of some of our over-40 executives were brokers' selling orders and dividend advice notes, account plates with big department stores, lottery tickets, unused race tickets, and driving licences.

The packets of 20 cigarettes had, in some cases, grown to boxes of 50.

Signs of those common executive complaints such as indigestion and "nerves" intrude in the form of aspirin tablets, indigestion pills, and cold tablets, often in special little pillboxes which somehow have a permanency about them.

Outdated grocery bills and lists of laundry, envelopes with the measurements of windows ("I had the new curtains made and hung last October, but I still have the sizes on an old envelope in my bag," admitted one housewife executive), sizes of children's socks and shoes, and husbands' shirt collars figure in many of our marrieds' bags.

Then there are what I can only call the "good intention" items which every age group carries—the things you are "going to do something about, sometime, somehow."

And those unanswered letters that you probably never will answer, anyway.

And the negatives of last year's holiday snaps you've been intending to have printed since last June, and the addresses and telephone numbers jotted on old envelopes or backs of bills of people you've promised to look up or ring "next week."

Reluctant to tell

But the strange thing is that when I decided to carry my poll "outside the family" I couldn't get anyone to admit to toting round all the strange and useless things which the people in the office seem to.

I got such a dull list from "outsiders" that they were hardly worth reporting, except it appeared that the neater and tidier and more fashion-conscious the person the more respect she gives her handbag and its contents.

For instance, I was hoping against hope that one of the women I interviewed—Mrs. Kay Jackson, manageress of a leading beauty salon—would carry as weird a collection as I do.

But no. Not only does Mrs. Jackson carry the minimum (a make-up bag containing



lipstick, compact, eye make-up and base, and a small nailbrush, a purse, keys, a comb, a diary, a driver's licence) but she regularly turns out her handbag twice a week.

"I tip the bag upside down on my bed and remove all the bills, receipts, and bus tickets I've collected over the past two or three days," she said.

"It takes only about two minutes, and saves a lot of time and temper in the long run."

Then I asked 16-year-old pop-singer Noeline Batley what she carries, thinking she'd have the usual teenage clutter.

But Noeline is another of those tidy people. She carries just a small amount of make-up, a purse, a diary, a pen, gloves, two hankies, and a pair of sunglasses.

Most of the others just said, rather vaguely: "Oh, you know, the usual things."

Perhaps it is that most of us are secretly rather ashamed of the clutter we carry round.

But at least, as one woman admitted: "I feel my handbag's the only really private place I can keep things without the danger of prying eyes investigating..."

Which, I suppose, in a kind of way was giving me the brush-off!

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER Adeline Hurley, took this picture of the contents of her handbag, using another staff member, Erica Durham, as a model.

Adeline says: "It appears I'm all prepared to be wrecked on a desert isle."

"I carry a complete 'face': Pancake; powder in compact; lipsticks (2); eyebrow pencil; mascara stick; eye shadow; 2 bottles of perfume (after processing pictures in the hypo I need it); packet of cigarettes; box of matches; razor blade; adhesive bandage; small hairbrush; comb; my spectacles; sunglasses; elastic bands; eyelash brush (as if I get the time); three keys (I don't know what they are for); suede shoe brush; used bus ticket; handkerchief; bobby-pins; two pens (one red, one blue ink); pencil; hair-goo; pill-box (strictly for vitamins); bottle (small) of headache pills for (large) headaches; Press pass; telephone directory notebook; two bills.

"And of all things—a leaflet of recipes for the family I don't have. Quite a conglomeration.

"And, oh, I almost forgot the needle and thread—you know, a stitch in time—and my money purse."

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NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA.



PANDANUS palms are characteristic of the vegetation of many coral cays (islands). This picture shows rich growth on the shoreline of Heron Island.

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

BARRIER REEF

THE Great Barrier Reef is recognised as one of the most brilliantly beautiful areas on earth. Yet the intense blue of the sky, the blue, turquoise, or green of the water, the deep foliage and blazing sands are only a background for a million other wonders. Birds and fish abound in such variety of colors, sizes, shapes, and habits that they fascinate the experts as well as delighting tourists. Countless marine creatures, infinite in variety and often exquisite—or bizarre—in color or pattern, live along the beaches and in shallows. These include crustaceans and jellyfish, slugs, sea-stars, anemones, clams, sea-urchins. The story of the formation of the coral reefs from the self-secreted skeletons of tiny, once-living polyps is a saga in itself. The Great Barrier Reef extends more than 1200 miles down the coast of Queensland from Torres Strait, and is easily the biggest accumulation of coral in the world.

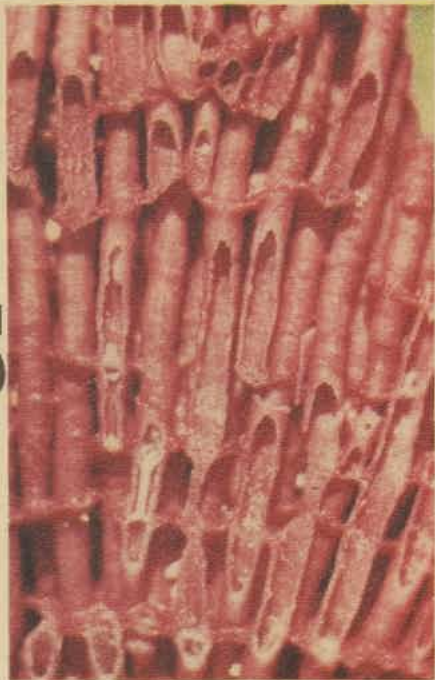
Continued on pages 22, 23, and 25.



EGGS of the Little Tern (Sterna albifrons) are laid on coral just above waterline. Parents shade eggs, chicks by day. Hot sun would kill them.



LIVING Organ-pipe coral (*Tubipora musica*) with polyps partly expanded (above). This coral, unlike most, frequently expands its polyps by day. At right is the same coral after death.



CORALS

DRIED skeleton of Organ - pipe coral (right) shows its brilliant color and amazing structure. Many other corals lose their living color after death, but this brilliance remains.

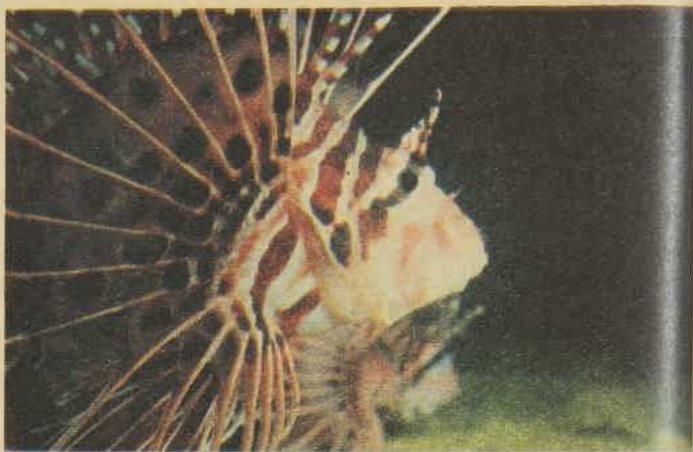


BRIGHTLY colored shrimp (*Alpheus ventrosus*) invariably makes its home in the type of coral above, which is of the genus *Pocillopora*.

MASSIVE Honeycomb coral below (*Goniastrea*), an outstanding coral of the Reef, is usually found as a large, round, living "boulder."



GREY - SIDED Butterfly Fish (*Tetrachaetodon plebeius*). Usually seen darting in and out of staghorn coral, where it feeds on minute plant and animal life.



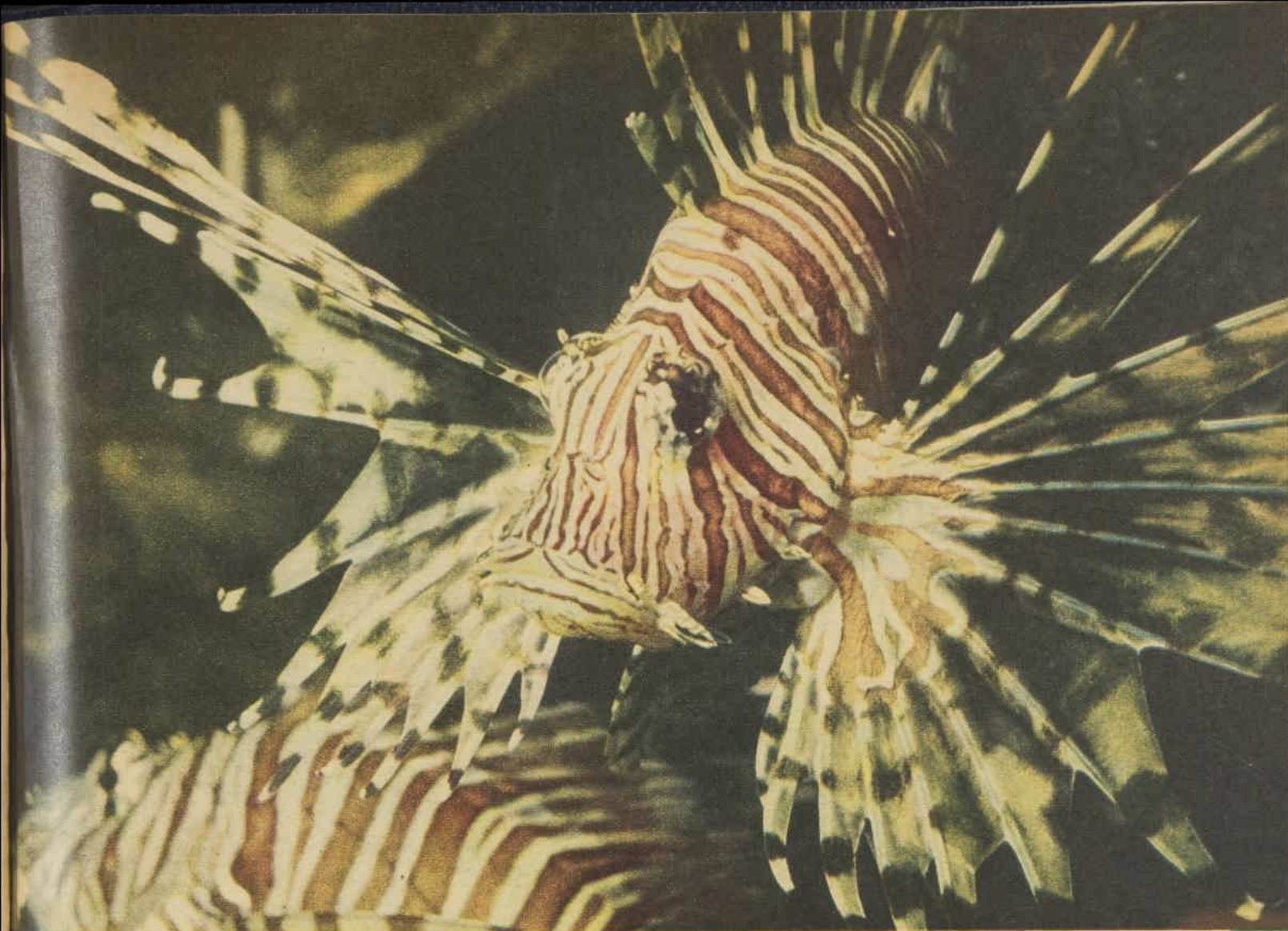
RELATED to the deadly stonefish is this Butterfly Cod (*Brachirus zebra*). It will float motionless at the mouth of a coral cave waiting to prey on smaller fish.



WEED-LIKE growths of skin on the slow-moving Radar Leatherjacket (*Chaetoderma penicilligera*) camouflage it against the seaweeds among which it lives. (Above).

CLOWN PUFFER FISH (*Canthigaster* sp.) can, while swimming, suddenly change direction, even to backwards. Is very curious of skin-divers — but keeps out of reach.





*EXOTIC Butterfly Cod (*Pterois volitans*) is one of the most beautiful fish on the Reef. But beware the magnificent appearance — the dorsal fin possesses poison glands and grooved spines which can inflict a dangerous and painful wound. A graceful swimmer.*

Barrier Reef FISH

RAINBOW colors bedeck the little fish that swim in and out of the coral and over the under-sea gardens. Those pictured here give some idea of their ornate exotic appearance. Some sport bold stripes and have curious shapes, often with unexpectedly funny little tails. Others, superbly elegant, trail long, flowing fins. Bigger, edible fish, plentiful on the Reef, are also often remarkably handsome. Among the most prized for the table are Spanish mackerel, king snapper, giant trevally, queenfish, groper, emperor, sweetlip. The ugly, poisonous stonefish is one of the "monsters." There are many kinds of shark, including the man-eaters.

—Continued on page 25



*REMARKABLE for its gay colors and its habit of living in the poisonous tentacles of giant anemones is the Clown Anemone Fish (*Actinicola percula*).*



*LONG-SNOUDED BUTTERFLY FISH (*Chelmon rostratus*) can use its long, slender nose to obtain otherwise inaccessible food from coral crevices. Note the stripes.*

SKY HIGH BUTTERCAKE



7 ozs. (1 level cup) sugar dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (6 fluid ozs.) boiling water, 4 ozs. soft butter, 2 ozs. (2 level tablespoons) sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 10 ozs. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ level cups) self-raising flour sifted with 1 level tablespoon powdered milk.

Allow the sugar-and-water syrup to become cold. Cream the butter, sugar, lemon juice and vanilla. Add the eggs with 2 heaped tablespoons of the sifted flour. Beat 3 minutes, or till fluffy. Now start adding the remaining flour and the cold syrup alternately, beating after each addition. Butter the sides of 2 deep 7" cake tins (or 8" sandwich tins) and cut paper to fit the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes (7") or 30 minutes (8"). Allow to stand 5 minutes, then turn out carefully.

ANGEL FROSTING

In a small bowl combine 2 tablespoons soft butter, 3 ozs. (use measuring cup) sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon any essence or fruit juice, 1 cup sifted icing sugar. Beat at high speed with rotary beater or electric mixer for about 2 minutes — or till mixture fluffs up like whipped cream.



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You can tell by the extra height, the fine, melting texture. You can tell by the heavenly aroma as you take it from the oven and — most of all — by that wonderful home-made flavour, the *butter* flavour.

Don't let anybody tell you it's extravagant to cook with butter. Only butter brings out the full flavour of other ingredients. Butter gives delicacy and volume and keeping qualities. Butter makes *you* a better cook.

It only takes 4 ozs. of butter and 2 eggs to make this magnificent Sky High Buttercake. What a sensation it would be on your tea table tonight!



SKY HIGH CHOCOLATE BUTTERCAKE

Cream the butter with 3 ozs. brown sugar (instead of 2 ozs. white sugar), omit lemon juice and increase vanilla to 2 teaspoons. Reduce flour to 9 ozs. (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ level cups) and sift with 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ level tablespoons cocoa.



SKY HIGH ORANGE BUTTERCAKE

Replace the vanilla with orange juice and add the finely-grated rind of two oranges. Bake in a deep loaf tin or 2 bar tins. Orange butter icing adds a luscious finishing touch.



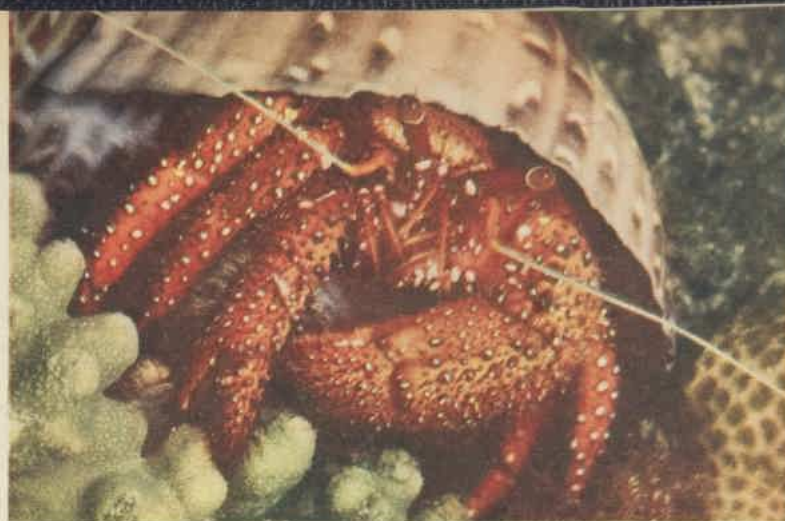
SKY HIGH MOCHA BUTTERCAKE

Use double-strength black coffee in place of water. Bake in a large ring tin or fancy mould and frost when cold with coffee icing. Decorate as desired with cherries and walnuts.

EVERYONE KNOWS THE BEST COOKING BEGINS WITH BUTTER



BROWN-SPOTTED sea slug (Nudibranch). This little chap is a not-so-distant relative of the common garden snail. It is usually found on coral or sand, where it feeds on small animals and plants.



RED HERMIT CRAB (*Pagurus megistos*). The shell, by rights, is not its own. Nature leaves the soft, hinder part of the crab's body bare. To protect it from enemies, the crab thrusts it into an empty sea-shell — chosen with much fuss, or even fights.

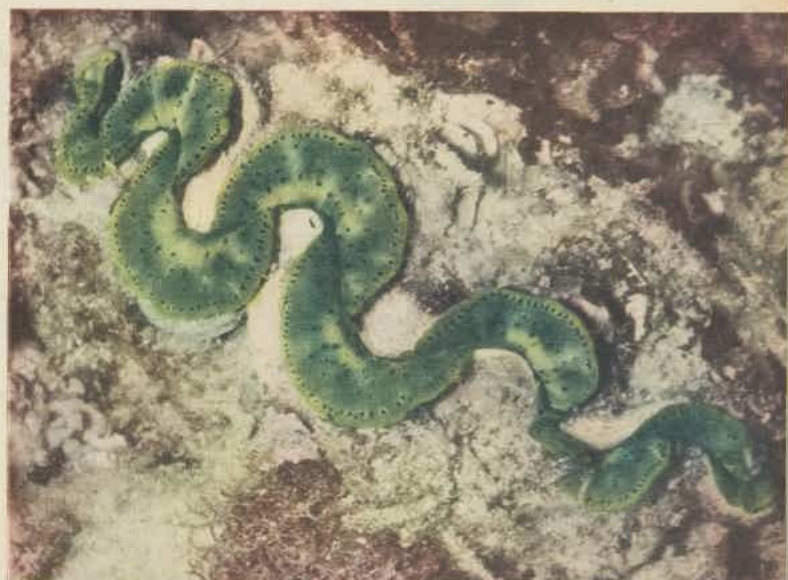
Continued from page 23

Barrier Reef

● On this page are pictured some of the Barrier Reef invertebrates — creatures who have not developed backbones. Though they are humble forms of life, they are fascinating to study and many have great beauty of color and design.



UNDERWATER picture of a soft coral (*Sarcophyton*) shows it to be tough and leathery in appearance, without the limy skeleton which is always present in the stony, reef-building corals.



FLESHY mantle of the clam (*Tridacna fossor*) owes its brilliant color partly to the presence of microscopic plants which live embedded in its flesh. The exposed mantle edges of clams on the Reef vary greatly in color, and are much admired by tourists.



YELLOW - SPOTTED sea slug (Nudibranch). This one (less than 1 in. long in real life) has, like its relatives, a bunch of feathery gills protruding from an opening near the end of its body. (See left.)



COLORFUL cowrie shells are valued by collectors. The fleshy parts are often brighter than the shells. Left of lower shell (*Cribraria cribraria*) and upper (*Evenaria asellus*) is grape-like seaweed.



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Unusual proposal

HOW many women had an unusual proposal like mine? Nearly 50 years ago, my late husband said to me on Googee Beach, "I'm thinking of getting married." When I inquired to whom, he didn't answer, so I asked when and was told in six months. A month or two later I received a sewing machine, accompanied by his comment, "It's more useful than a ring!" I had my husband for 44 years and am happy with my memories.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Caldwell, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Kittens without end

THE family cat has just presented us with seven kittens. This is about her 35th batch in her nine years of life. Is it a record?

£1/1/- to M. Rodgers, Albany, W.A.

Talented dogs

MISS C. BREAKLEY (England) wrote that she was amazed at a dog belonging to her friend in Holland which herds ducks. My in-laws, too, had a dog which herded ducks. A cattle dog, he used to swim round and round the dam after the ducks until they tired and made for the bank. Then, with the dog on guard, they were easy to catch.

£1/1/- to "Countryman's Wife" (name supplied), Preston, Qld.

WE had a mixed farm, a dog named Paddy, and six little pigs. One day the pigs got out of their sty and came down the hill to the house. Without a word from us, Paddy pulled one tail, then another, forcing them back into their sty.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.B.O." (name supplied), Kensington Park, S.A.

WE had a galah which would walk all our hens to their shed at night and, when they finally settled down, would roost on the end of the perch until morning. And woe betide any hen which dared to roost in the galah's place — it got severely pecked for its impudence.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Henry, Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

ONE evening my dog picked up an ibis with a broken wing and put it into the pen with our fowls, which he rounds up every evening at sundown. Now his job is not complete until he finds the ibis and herds it into the pen with the fowls.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Fahey, Atherton, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS reading the paper when I heard a shrill cry of child origin.

Looking at my wife, I said: "Ours?"

"Theirs," she said. "It's Gary Hornblower yelling because his father has turned the light out."

My wife has a very sensitive ear for identifying child cries. She is like one of those bird experts who hear a distant warble and say without hesitation: "Yellow-breasted tomtit."

It is a useful accomplishment when there are young children in houses all around.

My ear is not nearly so good. I will rush out to give first-aid, then find it is only Hugo Dillworth up the street roaring because he cannot have a bun.

The thing is complicated, because children spend so much time in other people's places.

A howl may come from one of ours who has fallen out of a tree next door. Or it may be one of theirs who has been clocked in a dispute in our garden.

In time you get to know many

NOISES OFF

of the noises from nearby houses. You become familiar with the hammer-tapping from Mr. A., the Midnight Carpenter; the rushing water in No. 37; the violin practice of little Maxie in 42; and the



b-r-r-r-r from Mr. D., the Dawn Mower.

We are not badly off at our place. I think we give as much noise as we get.

There was a bad patch when Mr. E.'s wife gave him a do-it-yourself circular saw for his birthday. But he soon cut a small piece off his thumb and the saw has been quiet since then.

Sometimes we hear puzzling noises like the cuckoo.

My wife drew my attention one night to a "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo" sound. She said it was a bird, but I thought it was a cuckoo clock.

We listened for it again at nine o'clock. But it did not come until twenty past and it only gave seven cuckoos.

I still think it was a clock keeping poor time. My wife believes it was a real cuckoo, though perhaps one that had gone slightly cuckoo.

A noise I don't like at all is the walking noise in the night.

You hear footsteps coming crunch, crunch, crunch down the street. Then they crunch, crunch down a path.

Is he coming into your place? No, thank goodness, it's only Mr. Donkling back from the club . . .

Night sounds from TV programmes are confusing, too. As a rule, "Perry Mason" is ours, "The Untouchables" is theirs. Neither is quite loud enough to drown the other. When that happens, as it does in some flats, the only answer is to watch the same programme.

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Two Lids! (1 Metal, 1 Pyrex),
New Pan-Grill Lever
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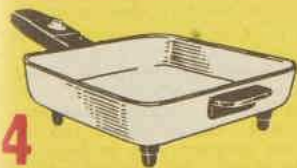
1
NEW PYREX SERVING LID doubles as lid for moist heat cooking and as a pre-heated food server with side handles for easy lifting.



2
HI-DOME METAL LID provides greater cooking capacity — lid heats to higher temperature giving perfect top cooking to beef, lamb, poultry, pork. Faster cooking—*more* cooking!



3
NEW PAN GRILL LEVER tilts frypan with just a flick of the finger and excess fat drains away while your food is cooking. Grills are crisper—have real Gourmet flavour.



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THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER, is wonderfully light in texture. It makes every tiny line and crease quickly disappear from your complexion. Try it. Seven of the newest shades to choose from. ONLY 4/11.

Dress Sense

By Betty Keep



DS449.—Maternity jacket and skirt in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material and 5-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The maternity jacket and skirt illustrated here have been designed to answer a reader's problem.

HERE is the query from her letter and my reply:

"Please design a maternity jacket featuring pleats; also a straight maternity skirt. I would like a pattern for the style. Is it necessary to have the pleats machine-done?"

Pleats are currently fashionable and they would look attractive, and concealing, for a maternity jacket. The design I have chosen is illustrated above. The yoke is in a contrast. I consider it would be more satisfactory to have it machine-pleated. You can obtain a paper pattern for the suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Please order according to bust size before pregnancy; all our maternity patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"My problem is a dress-and-jacket outfit to wear as a going-away ensemble. My fabric is a rosy-red wool jersey. Also needed is color suggestion for accessories. I am a slight build and 5ft. 5in. tall."

I suggest a sleeveless sheath. The bare-armed look for autumn is big news. Have the sheath made with a slightly elongated bodice and a casually tied waistline, plus a matching jacket. The jacket will be newest made single-breasted and slightly longer.

Just covering the hips is a good length. I suggest you have a draped turban made in the dress fabric, and shoes, gloves, and handbag in bone.

"Could you advise me through your column about the type of hats to be worn for autumn and winter?"

Hats for the coming season will be high and artfully shaped, and for those who like a more moderate line there's the French beret. A beret looks newest made in an open-mesh fabric; it can also be crocheted. A cloche with "chubby" depth and one with a neat upturned brim in front are also in the picture. Fur caps and hats are more millinery news; fake furs make the most of this fur-hat craze. The smartest head-warmer, and the do-it-yourself hat of the year, is the Dior knitted cap worn pulled down to cover the ears.

"I usually wear slim skirts and have considerable trouble keeping them from sagging. Any helpful suggestion, please?"

A lining will help retain the shape of a skirt and keep it from sagging.

"Can I use a rich blue-and-silver brocade any way except for a formal evening gown?"

Brocade would be a good choice for a late-day suit consisting of a slim sheath dress and matching unbelted easy-fit jacket.

Night shapes are diverse and alluring

● After dark the shape of fashion is varied. The waistline is with us—and then again it's not. There's exposure—and coverage. But far and above any other news is the excessive emphasis on the hemline.

—BETTY KEEP



FORMAL separates (left) in pretty shades of pastel pinks. The floor-grazing skirt has a slightly bouffant hipline. The sleeveless covered-up top is worn with a wide self-material belt and a full-blown rose trim.

EVENING GOWN (right) in night-blooming pink has a bare top and up-in-front-down-at-back skirtline. The rope of pearls is matched to the pearl teardrops on the prettily tied self-fabric bow trim.



This is the moment to settle down and check skirt lengths. The shortest just reaches, or just covers, the kneecap, and the longest shaves the ground. The between-length is the up-and-down hem (see right), knee-high in front and heel-touching at back. For the experimental there's the not short, not long skirt, approximately 4in. above the ankle.

The leggy, no-hips girl can cash in on the dress with a newly elongated bodice and released fullness far below the hipline. This unfitted or slightly fitted long-bodice dress is an open invitation to dance. The skirt in motion has a new flirty sway. Dior put this silhouette on the autumn fashion map.

Party separates often borrow the poise of a ballgown (pretty example above), or they can be casual enough for a "don't dress" evening.

Look for pink, mauve, lilac, and all the fruity apricot and peach shades. There's plenty of black for those who like it. Elephant-grey is an interesting new after-dark color released by Lanvin Castillo.

Smooth silky silks are much in the news. Also for party nights are lots of airy diaphanous sheers. Fabrics marked like beautiful jungle creatures look fresh and exotic mingled with black or white. Oriental silks are well represented.

A full-blown rose is a new-again trim. Upper-arm bracelets, outsize velvet evening bags, hair ornaments, and bold jewellery—all have top-draw fashion status.

Continued overleaf

Continued from
previous page

DARING SKIRT LINES



SLASHED back - exposure in the manner of the '60s. The dress, made in flowery brocade-like fabric, is prettily shaped to the wearer's proportions. The decolletage is outlined and bow-tied in contrasting grosgrain.

PIERRE CARDIN cleverly wraps the skirtline of the two-fabric dance dress (right). The skirt, in a jungle print, is in sharp contrast to the chalk-white sleeveless bodice. Glittering beads circle the wearer's neck and white gloves add formality.



AND NEW BACK EXPOSURE

● The skirt in its infinite variety decides the final silhouette for autumn. Whether slim, wrapped, tiered, or ballooned, it is right in the news. Designer Crahay at Ricci shows long and short hemlines resplendent with fur borders. Dior's long bodice and short skirt combine recalls the flapper era of the '20s. This silhouette is only for the leggy, no-hips woman. Another '20s fashion is the camisole neckline. Madly fluttering is a new kind of bareness, modest in front and plunging low at the back.



LONG beanstalk bodice combined with a short, flirty, tiered skirt recalls the flapper fashions of the '20s. A bobble fringe trim outlines the two tiers.

NEW after-dark skirt-length, stopping 4in. above the ankle, is seen in the evening dress (left). The skirt balloons slightly over the hipline and narrows to the hem. The bodice-top is understated and uncluttered.



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The sophisticated Nairntile floor shown above in this imaginative, but practical, kitchen is in Flame Red and Cloud Grey, with Black feature tiles — one of hundreds of designs possible through the versatility of Nairn inlaid linoleum tiles, the genuine linoleum tiles with the hessian back.

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SMART V-NECKED SWEATERS FOR BOY AND GIRL

● Especially for sub-teens, these two charming V-necked pullovers are styled on classical lines and feature interesting patterns.

IDENTICAL in style, but differing in stitch, these two sweaters are extremely flattering to the child who is between the childhood and teenage years, as classical and slimming lines are usually called for during this period. The designs are perfect to wear with casual skirts, slacks, and shorts, and can also be teamed with "best" skirts and trousers for more formal outings.

Boy's jumper

Materials: 14 (15, 16) balls Lincoln Buffalo wool; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 8, 12, and 13 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 17½ (19, 20) in.; sleeve seam, 14 (15½, 16½) in.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in. (measured over st-st.).

Abbreviations: Twist 2: knit into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then into front of 1st st., release both sts. together.

Notes: When working the twist 2, do not hold wool tightly, otherwise the garment will finish too small.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 (96, 100) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 16 rows, inc. 1 st. at end for 1st and 3rd rows, 91 (96, 101) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and commence patt.

1st Row: P 2, (twist 2, p 3) to last 4 sts., twist 2, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, (p 2, k 3) to last 4 sts., p 2, k 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until there are 70 (76, 82) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at ea. end of 3rd and every alt. row foll. 4 (5, 6) times, 73 (76, 79) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 46 (50, 54) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulders: At beg. of every row cast off 8 (8, 8) sts. twice, 7 (8, 8) sts. twice, and 7 (7, 8) sts. twice. Cast off rem. 29 (30, 31) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until 2nd row of armhole shaping is complete, 81 (86, 91) sts.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., patt. 38 (40, 43) sts., turn and leave rem. 41 (44, 46) sts. on holder.

Keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of 5th and every 3rd row foll. at same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every alt. row 3 (4, 5) times more, then without further shaping, at armhole edge cont. dec. at neck edge until there are 14 (14, 15) dec. in all, 22 (23, 24) sts., then until there are 46 (50, 54) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulders: At armhole edge of next and foll. alt. rows cast off 8 (8, 8) sts. once, 7 (8, 8) sts. once, and 7 (7, 8) sts. once. Slip the centre front, in 2nd size p 2 sts. and the 2 centre front sts. of 2nd size on to holder for neckband, join wool at neck edge to rem. sts. and work to correspond with side already worked.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 18 rows and at end of last row dec. 1 st. in 1st size and inc. 1 st. in 3rd size, 51 (56, 61) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and work as given for back, inc. 1 st. at ea. end of 3rd (7th, 3rd) row and every 8th (8th, 10th) row foll. until there are 73 (78, 83) sts. on needle, then without shaping until there are 86 (96, 104) rows above cuff.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at ea. end of 3rd and every alt. row foll. until 35 (36, 37) sts. rem., then ea. end of every row until 27 (28, 29) sts. rem. Cast off in patt.

Join right shoulder seam.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles, with right side of work facing, commencing at left shoulder, pick up and knit 59 (67, 75) sts. down left front, in 1st and 3rd sizes p st. from holder at centre front, in 2nd size p 2 sts. tog. from holder at centre front, pick up and k 59 (67, 75) sts. to right shoulder, and 38 (40, 42) across back of neck.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 47 (52, 57) times, p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1 (centre front st., C.F.S.) p 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 28 (32, 36) times, k 1.

2nd Row: Rib to 2 sts. before C.F.S., s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1 (C.F.S.) k 2 tog., rib to end.

Cont. in this way, dec. 1 st. each side of C.F.S. until 8th row is complete, then work a further 8 rows, inc. 1 st. at ea. side of C.F.S. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Join left shoulder and neckband seam. Fold neckband in half and st-st. to inside of garment. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Press carefully.

Girl's jumper

Materials: 10 (11, 12) balls Lincoln Crepette wool; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 17 (18½, 20) in.; sleeve seam, 13 (14½, 15½) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 102 (110, 118) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles.

1st Row: K 2, (p 2, k 2) to end of row.

2nd Row: P 2, (k 2, p 2) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

13th Row: Knit (wrong side).

Now commence patt.

1st Row: K 2, (p 2, k 2) to end of row.

2nd Row: P 2, (k 2, p 2) to end of row.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

4th Row: As 1st row.

These 4 rows comprise patt.

Rep. patt. twice.

13th Row: In patt., passing needle through st. on needle and corresponding st. of cast-on row to form hem.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. until 108th (118th, 128th) row of patt. is complete.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at ea. end of 3rd and every alt. row foll. 6 (7, 8) times, 82 (86, 90) sts.

Cont. without shaping until there are 60 (64, 68) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulders: At armhole edge of every row cast off 7 (8, 8) sts. twice, 8 (8, 8) sts. twice, and 8 (8, 9) sts. twice, cast off rem. 36 (38, 40) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until 98th

(108th, 118th) row of patt. is complete.

To Shape Neck: 1st Row. Patt. 50 (54, 58) sts., turn, leave rem. 52 (56, 60) sts. on spare needle.

Cont. in patt. for 9 rows more, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of 3rd and 7th rows, 108th (118th, 128th) row of patt.

To Shape Armhole: Still dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every 4th row, cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at armhole edge of 1st row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole end of every alt. row 6 (7, 8) times.

Then, without further shaping at armhole edge, cont. dec. at neck edge of every 4th row until there are 17 (18, 19) decreases at neck edge and 60 (64, 68) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: At armhole edge of next and foll. alt. rows cast off 7 (8, 8) sts. once, 8 (8, 8) sts. once, and 8 (8, 9) sts. once.

Place the 2 sts. at centre front on holder for neckband, join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle, and work to correspond with side already worked.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 50 (54, 58) sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work as for back until 13th row of patt. is complete. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at ea. end of 21st row of patt., then every 8th row foll. until there are 78 (82, 86) sts. on needle and 128th (142nd, 152nd) row of patt. is complete.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at ea. end of 3rd and every alt. row foll. until 28 sts. rem., then at ea. end of following 2 rows. Cast off remainder. Join right shoulder seam.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles, with right side facing, commencing at left shoulder, pick up and k 71 (79, 87) sts. down left front, p together the 2 centre front sts. (C.F.S.) from holder, pick up and k 71 (79, 87) sts. to right shoulder and 40 (44, 48) across back of neck.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 54 (60, 66) times, p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1 (C.F.S.), p 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 34 (38, 42) times, k 1.

2nd Row: Rib to 2 sts. before C.F.S., s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1 (C.F.S.), k 2 tog., rib to end.

Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at ea. side of centre front st. in every row until 10th row is complete, then work a further 10 rows, inc. 1 st. at ea. side of centre front st. in every row. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join left shoulder and neckband seam. Fold neckband in half and stitch to inside of garment. Join side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Press carefully.



DIRECTIONS, complete on this page, are designed to fit both boys and girls with 26, 28, and 30 in. chest measurements.



Our Man has an eye for colour

Here you see Our Man at one of the Sanderson factories, running an expert eye over a length of fabric. It is one of thousands that Sanderson design, weave and print to make up a range that is little short of fabulous—in styling and patterns, colours and materials.

Ask him what it is in particular that makes Sanderson fabrics famous, and he will mention the incredible choice, the originality of design and the *lasting* freshness of colour. Ask him the secret of this lasting colour, and he will smile an inscrutable smile.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961

Embroidery for church



CONGREGATION members of St. John's, Gordon, N.S.W., with their embroidery for the church. From left: Mrs. M. Carter, Miss E. Procter, Mrs. W. L. Rodgers, Mrs. R. T. Perkins, Mrs. T. Thorvaldson, Mrs. P. Wills, Mrs. Cooper Booth, Miss E. N. Marr.

THREE altar kneelers, which, placed end to end at the altar of St. John's Church, Gordon, measure 23 feet in length—have been hand-embroidered by 20 members of the congregation.

The needleworkers, guided by Mrs. T. Thorvaldson, a member of the church and president of the Embroiderers' Guild of N.S.W., are making a collection of altar kneelers. Every week more members of the congregation join in the sewing.

Said Mrs. Thorvaldson: "I got the idea for the kneelers on a visit to Chelsea Old Church in London. I designed the kneelers, using emblems of Australian flowers—wattle, banksia, St. John's Wort, waratah, and flannel-flowers—which probably grew on the site of the church before it was built.

"The stitches are cross-stitches—not gros- or petit-point—which were used in 17th century England.

"The N.S.W. Guild is a branch of the English Embroiderers' Guild."

St. John's is the garrison church of the 18th Battalion, and the women plan to make another dozen kneelers,

each featuring the name of a battle in which the battalion fought.

"We hope to have them ready for dedication by Anzac Day," said Mrs. Thorvaldson.

Each will have a red cross-stitch cross in the centre to symbolise Flanders poppies, with the name of each battle—Somme, Pozieres, Ypres, Gallipoli, and World War II battles—worked in white against a background of purple and green, the Regimental colors of the battalion.

"Another of our projects is a set of white-and-gold kneelers for weddings," said Mrs. Thorvaldson.

A second branch of the Embroiderers' Guild is in Victoria.

In other parts of New South Wales Miss Winsome Turner has made kneelers for a small church at Pajar, near Goulburn; Mrs. Margaret Hewan, wife of the headmaster of Cranbrook School, Sydney, and members of the school committee hope to finish soon 50 kneelers for the school chapel.

Another group has embroidered kneelers for the chapel of H.M.A.S. Watson, the motif being ships of the Australian Navy.



DETAIL of a kneeler showing the Australian wildflower emblems. It was designed by Mrs. T. Thorvaldson.



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Sanderson
BRUSSELS ROSE
design in both
fabric
and wallpaper*

Roses, roses . . . in one expressive theme of elegance. For this beautiful design, Sanderson choose sun-resisting cotton satin and continue it in wallpaper to match—a background of long-lasting beauty for any room setting. See "Brussels Rose," available in three charming colour combinations from the Wilson collection of Sanderson fabrics and wallpapers at leading decorators and furnishing stores throughout Australia.

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and snow resistant — ideal for
ski wear.

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KNIT** • **CHUNKYKNIT** •
MOHAIR BOUCLE — back
again in the newest fashion
colours.

This year it's Peacock again
for the finest wools — smart-
est colours — top fashion
styling.



Top Left: **POODLE** (Leaflet 11)

Lower Left: **CAMEL HAIR**
(Leaflet 20)

Lower Right: **FASHION FLECK**,
HI-PLY, **CHUNKYKNIT** or
BULKYKNIT (Leaflet 6)

THE BEST BUY
IN ANY PLY



Peacock

KNITTING WOOLS BY

When the Bough Breaks

by Mary Higgins Clark

***She found peace when she could share her grief
with a lonely child . . . a poignant short story***

MICHAEL clutched frantically at the dead tree branch, his small body suspended high in the air. He looked beseechingly at Marion for help, but she was holding a huge telephone receiver because she had to call a man to attend to the tree. Peter was jumping on the dead branch and it broke with a sickening crunch. Peter grabbed the trunk of the tree for support, and Marion stared spellbound as Michael's graceful little body fell swiftly down until it lay crumpled and broken on the terrace.

Marion looked at the telephone receiver in her hand but it turned into a dead branch. She dropped it and screamed, "Michael, Michael!" her voice a thin, piercing wail . . .

She awoke with Michael's name still on her lips and with Scott's arms holding her tight. Scott's tone was tender.

"The same dream, darling?"

"Yes, yes," she sobbed. "Just the same. Peter and I — we killed him."

Scott shook her gently. "Marion, you've got to stop torturing yourself. Michael fell from a tree. It's happened before and it will again—five-year-olds are natural climbers and sometimes they fall. But blaming yourself or Peter for the accident won't bring Michael back."

"But Peter told me about that dead branch. If anyone else had, I'd have done something about it, but Peter was such a little pest."

She'd said it so many times before, just these words. She pulled away from Scott and got out of bed. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's just that today—"

"I know," Scott said quietly. "He'd be starting kindergarten. I haven't forgotten."

To page 40

Marion's thoughts were far away as she tenderly put her arms around the little boy. "Thank you," she said.



Illustrated by
Don LaRue

WORTH REPORTING

OUR Pin-up Boy of this week's theatre—Reg Livermore, 22, playing his third successive lead for Hayes Gordon's Ensemble Theatre, Sydney.

An 1843 teenager in "The Drunkard," a 66-year-old gentleman in "The Double Dealer," Reg now stars as a newspaper reporter in "Miss Lonely Hearts"—due to open March 15.

Actor, producer, and set designer, Reg knocks off a day job (he's with a recording firm) to tackle at sundown the job of acting.

Don't ask us how youngsters like Reg also manage to sandwich in rehearsals for the next show or to sort out their varied voluntary duties—wardrobe, scenery changing, ticket-box or programme selling.

It's all a big happy family secret of modern workshop theatricals, and especially so with Ensemble's fascinating theatre-in-the-round.

Audience intimacy—"in the round" creates its problems and its rewards, Reg told us.

Problems? Sets have to be switched by scurrying figures in the dark—"at first we tripped and ended up in the audience's lap," and "unlike the one-fronted stage you can't relax for a second; the



REG LIVERMORE ... he knocks off work to go on the stage.

eyes are boring into the back of your neck."

The rewards? Closer emotional contact with the audience.

"One old gentleman was so carried away by the plight of the poor wee child Julia shivering her way to sleep in 'The Drunkard' that he bent forward and placed his coat over her," said Reg.

FIRST lady greeting second lady: "Really, darling, I wouldn't have known you—you look so much older."

Second Lady: "I wouldn't have recognised you, either, darling—except for your hat and dress."

APROPOS the Russians' Venus rocket, we like this story circulating in London:

Two Russian scientists stood outside the gates of Heaven.

They were completely undismayed when St. Peter appeared and told them there was no place for them inside.

"Could we just have our ball back?" they said.

The point will be missed

AH, something our tortured toes have often suspected.

Quizzed on the source of inspiration for his annual 120 shoe designs, Dior designer Roger Vivier is expansive.

"Sometimes a shoe just seems to create itself," he says. "Sometimes a piece of leather falling to the floor as I cut one design suggests the shape for another."

At his New York spring and summer show Monsieur Vivier predicted the end of the pointed toe.

"The trouble with pointed shoes," he says, "is that they were designed for the point to be worn in addition to the length of the foot; women, still hankering after a small foot, tried to cram their toes into the point."

Hobart has a yacht motel ...

"AND with that, my dear, I sailed right up to the booking clerk and I said—"And SAIL, she did—well, almost.

She's one of the lucky "B. and B." guests who have only to step from an ocean-going yacht or canoe to book in at Tasmania's new Motel Marine on New Town Bay, Hobart.

Opened four months ago, Motel Marine welcomes the careful landlubber car-driver, too, but it's designed mostly for the boating and yachting fraternity.

It has deep-water anchorage for the largest yachts, its own private pier, and 23 luxuriously appointed units to which family ones are being added.

Even decor is nautical, and attractions for guests—2000 have already stayed there—include pleasure trips in the yacht Mistral.

LOVE the story of the short-sighted Melbourne matron who in this age of atomiser sprays for insecticides, deodorants, hair-sets, etc., entered the bathroom to spray her hair before a big social do.

You're right. She emerged with clouds of insecticide settling among the curls.



Mr. R. McKay ... plus tiger.

On tigers and Vampire bats ...

"NOW, inside this tiger," said Mr. R. McKay, "we'll find woodcuttings and probably newspapers—but with Prince Philip's tiger they'll remove the skull ..."

Mr. McKay was perking up the drooping whiskers of an 1889 tiger inside one of those huge glass cases housing life-size mammals at the Australian Museum, Sydney.

He was also away on the subject of taxidermy—his favorite, naturally.

He's officer in charge of the Museum's preparation section, from which flows a steady stream of some 8000 stuffed mammals, 15,000 reptiles, 2000 specially mounted birds, 39,000 unmounted birds (for student reference).

The staff's latest effort? A blood-sucking vampire bat—

the Museum's first—from South America.

If you think this fearsome creature stands about six feet tall, flaps a wingspan of 15 feet, you've been reading too many "Dracula" yarns. It's three inches to four inches, if that.

Local sportsmen beseech Preparation to stuff their crocodiles or mould their trout catch—but refrigerators are stacked to the brim with waiting carcasses of birdlife and fauna from all over Australia.

About that Prince Philip tiger rug, which, according to reports, is being prepared by taxidermists.

Mr. McKay says the common practice for the important head is to remove the skull, then replace it and work in the muscles with papiermache. The mouth may also be modelled in papiermache, with glass eyes completing the job.



“**HERE COMES A WONDERFUL WINTER OF FLETCHER JONES' SKIRTS**”

Fletcher Jones has masterfully tailored the most superb range of autumn-winter skirts Australia's ever seen. You'd walk the world to find a more exciting collection of sumptuous imported fabrics, wonderful Australian wools and international styles.

And Fletcher Jones' famous fitting range offers more than 20 waist fittings, each with a choice of 2 hip fittings and 5 lengths... personally fitted and wonderfully inexpensive... only at your nearest Fletcher Jones' store.

At left:

Classic golf skirt with box-pleated back, in checks and plain colours—fully lined. Double box-pleated skirt, stitched to hipline and a multi box-pleated in smartest colours and muted tones. All pleats Si-Ro-Set.

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JELLY FOAM

in any
flavour —
in minutes!

1 cup boiling water, 1 packet jelly crystals,
1 cup Ideal Milk — that's all you need!

*It's fluffy... it's cooling... it melts in
your mouth! Tempting, colourful, light
as a bubble Jelly Foam.*



HERE'S HOW . . .

Leave the Ideal Milk overnight in refrigerator.
Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water,
allow to cool (but not to set firmly). Whip
icy-cold Ideal Milk until thick and blend in
jelly mixture. Set in ice chest or refrigerator..
Makes 6 servings.

2 other wonderful Jelly Foam variations.

RAINBOW CHIFFON PARFAIT

Melt 1 packet Nestlé's Choc-Bits over
hot water. Make basic Jelly Foam recipe
using Lemon Jelly crystals. Divide
mixture into three. Colour one part
pink and another part green with
vegetable colours. Place the three
mixtures alternately in tall glasses with
a drizzle of melted chocolate. Top with
a serving of Nestlé's Reduced Cream.



PEACH AND ALMOND PIE



Make Jelly Foam according to
recipe, using lemon jelly crystals.
Add 1 teaspoonful almond
essence. Pour into ginger snap pie shell. Decorate with sliced
peaches or fruit in season. Chill and serve.

Ginger Snap Pie Shell . . . Crush Ginger Snap Biscuits
to make 1½ cups. Place biscuit crumbs into a bowl. Add 2
tablespoonfuls icing sugar. Stir in 4 ozs. melted butter.
Mix all together thoroughly. Turn into 8-inch pie plate.
Press into pie shell with the back of a spoon. Chill until needed.

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(100 Pills) (40 Pills) (20 Pills)
(In Victoria ... 8/- and 5/- sizes only)

Continuing ... WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS

from page 37

Marion, closed her eyes against pain. "Why not say it?" she asked tonelessly. "I robbed you of your son. You always told me I was careless about attending to things that needed fixing."

Scott sat on the side of the bed and reached for his bathrobe. "My darling, Michael's been dead three months. It was a tragic accident. You didn't rob me of my son, but you are deliberately taking yourself from me. Each day you seem to escape me a little more. Can't we accept our loss together?"

Marion shook her head drearily. "If I'd only listened to Peter. He was always telling me what to do." She laughed mirthlessly. "He was more like you than your own son."

Scott pulled on his bathrobe. "Marion, until you forgive yourself and Peter you'll never get over losing Michael. Just as you shouldn't blame yourself you've no right to hate Peter so. He's just a little boy and Michael loved him very much."

Marion mechanically brushed her hair back. "If it hadn't been for Peter he'd be alive today. If Peter hadn't started to follow him out on that branch ..."

Scott stopped on his way to shower. "When the real-estate agent phones, tell him those people can have the house. Maybe if we go back to the city for a while it will help."

It was true. If Marion looked out the front windows during the day, she could see children playing in the street. The left windows looked out on thick trees and hedge, but a corner of Peter's house was still visible. The back windows looked over the terrace and the giant elm where Michael ...

She went down to the kitchen and started breakfast.

Later, after Scott had left, she poured herself more coffee and went back to the dinette table. This was the time of day she'd once loved best, with Michael still in his pyjamas, eager with the questions that seemed to store up in his mind during the night. It was the one time of day when he'd been hers alone, because right after breakfast the bell would ring and Michael would slide from his chair, joyously calling, "It's Peter!"

Marion glanced involuntarily at the kitchen door. She felt that if she opened it, Peter would be there—her son's friend. Peter, with his sandy hair that had seemed so drab next to Michael's blue-black head; Peter, square and somehow squat-looking when compared with Michael's slenderness.

THE coffee grew cold as Marion wondered what on earth Michael had seen in Peter. From the day the child had come here to live with his great-aunt, he'd attached himself to Michael. Marion had felt sorry for him. He was surely a lonely child, orphaned and living with a sick old woman, and yet he could be so irritating.

Whenever he and Michael had been playing and there was an accident, it was always Peter who had brought Michael home with a cut or bruise. "We were playing and he fell. I happened to jump on him. I didn't mean to."

Marion had asked him one day: "Peter, do you ever once land on the bottom?"

He had grinned at her, his hazel eyes shining, ignoring her annoyance. "Nope."

On rainy days when he and Michael had played indoors she could always be sure that at least one of Michael's toys would be taken apart. Scott had refused to get upset when she told him about it. "Honey, that kid's an engineer," he had

said. "He's got to see what makes things tick. The trouble is, he spends most of his time taking everything apart. The next step will be to start putting things together. He'll do it—wait and see."

Marion had replied, "In the meantime, Michael won't have a thing left to play with."

Not that Michael had minded. He had adored Peter. Even though Peter technically went home for lunch, he was always back in no time and ended up having dessert with Michael.

If he hadn't been such a nuisance, Marion thought drearily. If he hadn't always tried to tell me what to do. Peter always noticed when something needed fixing. "Mrs. Blaine, your toaster cord is getting worn out ... Mrs. Blaine, you shouldn't tie Michael's shoelace in a knot when it breaks. You should get him a new one ... Mrs. Blaine ..."

Inevitably, then, Marion recalled that Saturday in June

● The only bad part of being a good sport is that you have to lose to prove it.
— Walter Winchell

when she'd been sitting on the terrace reading. The trees were blooming fully, gloriously, and Michael and Peter were playing in the backyard. They'd been getting excited about starting kindergarten in the fall and Michael had come over to ask her, "Are you sure they'll let us in? How will they know we're both five and a half?"

She'd smiled into his serious grey eyes and given him a special, cross-my-heart promise: She would take them both to school and tell the teacher to be sure to let them in. She was deep in the book again before she realised that Peter was standing beside her chair.

"There's a dead branch, you know," he had announced.

"A dead branch?"

"Right up there." He had pointed towards the elm that shaded the terrace. "See?"

He was right. One of the branches had no leaves on it. "Well, we'll have to see about that." She had tried to go back to the book.

"You ought to call the man to cut that branch off. It might fall down and hurt us."

Marion had felt her temper slowly warm. "Peter," she had said finally, "I'll call the man when I get good and ready, but be sure of one thing—if that branch does fall, with your luck you'll be a hundred miles away."

He'd smiled that accepting smile and had gone back to Michael. Afterwards she'd glanced up. The branch certainly did look dry, and a local tree-surgery outfit was working across the street. She'd seen the truck. If she called them over ...

Then she'd picked up her book firmly. No five-year-old was going to give her instructions. That branch had probably been dead all winter. If it hadn't come down when the winter ice was on it or in the March winds, it certainly would last a few days more.

And then the next day the branch had snapped from the tree when Michael climbed out on it.

She couldn't erase the scene from her mind: Michael's still form on the terrace; the branch sprawled beside him; Peter, his foot still on the part that hadn't snapped, clinging to the trunk of the tree.

It had been her fault, but Peter's, too. Michael had

climbed out on the dead branch, but if Peter hadn't followed him—Peter, who knew the branch wasn't safe—maybe it wouldn't have snapped. Maybe ...

Michael was in a coma when they took him to the hospital. He opened his eyes just once and spoke. He stared at her and smiled, and then said weakly: "Peter and I have a very good secret. Peter ..."

Peter. It was his last word. Marion got up and mechanically began clearing the table and tidying the kitchen. Then she went upstairs and dressed. She'd dismissed her cleaning woman, hoping that the physical work of scrubbing and polishing and vacuuming would wear her out and help her to sleep at night. But without Michael the house stayed unnaturally neat.

She dressed slowly, but it was only quarter-past eight when she finished. She twisted her black hair into a French knot and went downstairs.

She wandered out on to the front porch, and then wished she hadn't. The neighborhood children—freshly scrubbed and combed, miraculously neat in new clothes and shiny shoes—were hurrying past, excitedly discussing the opening of school. The ones starting kindergarten were obvious. They looked half eager, half fearful, and were clinging to their mothers' hands.

We'd be leaving, too, Marion thought dully, and she gripped the porch railing. She didn't have the strength to walk the few steps to the door and go inside. She stood staring at the children passed, in twos and threes and larger groups, until at last they all seemed to be gone. All except one. He was coming down the block alone and was a little late. It was a quarter to nine now.

Peter! She tore her eyes from him, looked down and saw the knuckles of her hands turn white as she gripped the railing. Then she forced herself to look back again.

She hadn't seen him since the day of the funeral. He'd been in bed for three days after the accident in deep shock. But when they had come back from the cemetery he was waiting. "Mrs. Blaine," he'd said, "Michael ..."

She'd heard her own voice—ragged, out of control. "Get him away from me! Get him out of my sight!"

And she had not seen Peter again all summer. He and his ailing great-aunt had gone to a resort.

Peter seemed to have grown taller. He hadn't seen her yet, but was walking slowly, staring at his feet. He looked forlorn and alone. She kept her eyes on him, whispering to herself, "I hate that child." But as she said it Peter looked up, met her gaze and smiled. He smiled as though he'd been expecting her but was afraid she'd be late. She could hear Michael's voice saying, "Peter is my friend."

Without thinking about it she walked down the steps of the porch and along the flagstone path to the sidewalk. She felt as though she were being dragged, the way she used to feel when Michael tugged insistently at her hand when he wanted her to hurry. She felt that he was reminding her of the cross-my-heart promise to take Peter and him to school on opening day.

She'd keep that promise. She'd go with Peter. No matter how you felt about a child, you couldn't let a little boy face his first day alone.

She was in front of him. Her lips felt dry and cracked. Scott had said she'd never get over losing Michael till she forgave this child. "Hello, Peter." It was scarcely audible.

His "Hello" was matter-of-fact, ignoring the past three months.

"I'll walk with you to school," she said.

He nodded, and started trotting beside her. "I know, Michael said you promised to." His voice faltered over the name, and she realised with unwilling compassion that Peter must have had a lonely summer, too.

Marion glanced down at his empty hands. "Didn't you bring a snack or milk money?" she asked. "The card from school said you were supposed to."

"I know." Peter's voice was resigned. "I reminded my aunt last night, but she forgot. She always forgets things." Then his tone became anxious. "I won't be hungry, but do you think I should have brought a leaf?"

"A leaf?" Marion asked.

"Yes. The kids who were in kindergarten last year told Michael and me that if you bring in a leaf or something you can talk about it in Show and Tell. Michael was trying to get a great big one when he fell. I told him there was lots of time, but he wanted to."

Michael had been reaching for a leaf.

Marion closed her eyes, seeing again the scene in the backyard. Then she stopped abruptly and turned to face Peter. "But why did Michael climb on the dead branch? It didn't have any leaves?"

Peter looked up at her, puzzled. "He didn't fall off the dead branch. He was on the one above it. When he fell I got scared and I started out on the dead branch to catch him, and that was when it snapped off. But I was still holding on to the tree."

MARION sank to her knees before Peter and put both hands on his shoulders. "Peter, please," she said, "this is terribly important. Are you sure that Michael didn't fall from the dead branch? Are you very, very sure?"

Peter looked even more puzzled. "But I told you—he was trying to get a leaf."

She pulled his head against her neck. "Thank you, thank you," she sobbed, and thought: I did not kill my child. I did not kill my child. Oh, Michael. And for the first time since his death the sound of his name brought peace. She felt about him the way she used to when he was asleep at night—warm, tucked in, cared for, without further need of her.

Peter pulled back a little. "Michael and I had a very good secret. I'd better tell you about it."

With his last breath Michael had tried to tell her about that secret. "What is it?"

"Well—" he looked a little proud, a little anxious—"it's just that Michael said that next to you and his daddy I was his very best friend. And if you're not mad at me any more, can I still be? Because you can be best friends with Mr. Blaine, but I just had Michael."

Marion was suddenly conscious of the bony hardness of Peter's shoulders. He'd got so thin over the summer.

"I haven't been much of a friend to Mr. Blaine or anyone," she said unsteadily. "But, Peter, of course you're still best friends with Michael—and with Mr. Blaine and me, too, if you want. I'll tell you what—after school I'll be waiting for you and we'll ask the other boys to come back to play with you." She smiled into his shining eyes. "Would you like that?"

Michael's toys were packed in the storage room in the basement. She'd have to dig them out—Peter had always had such fun taking them apart. She gave him a hand a quick squeeze. "I'll bet anything," she told him, "that by now you're wonderful at putting things together again."

(Copyright)

The family feud brought out their
fighting spirit . . . a short story.

THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT

by HEINZ NONVEILLER

A COUPLE of days after the fight, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, he finally located Dad. Or rather, Mrs. Cartwheel did, and told him. There was nothing and nobody she couldn't locate, or dislocate, and she did it all by just talking of the weather.

So after dinner he got on his bike and went in search of William Street, which was at the other end of the town. Ma's message was firmly imprinted on his mind, and he wondered how Dad would take it.

Presently he found the house. It was a roomy cottage at the end of a short road, flanked by several bushy jacaranda trees. Dad couldn't have found a more picturesque hide-out.

He knocked and waited. Somewhere nearby a kookaburra started to laugh its head off, and from somewhere up in the blue sky a crow answered pessimistically. Despite his mission he agreed wholeheartedly with the kookaburra. It was a fine spring day.

A girl he'd never seen before opened the door. She smiled at him. Her smile made her blue eyes sparkle and her pony-tail quiver. She was small and simply dressed and very pleasant to look at.

"You must be John," she said. "I'm Helen. Please come in. Your father has just come — come back from work!" She had been about to say come home. She blushed and excused herself with a roguish look. John smiled back.

"How do you do," he said formally, absurdly aware of his slight accent. Even after eight years of speaking English the accent had remained. It would probably be with him for a long time to come.

Helen led him through a nicely furnished living-room into a short passage. She stopped before the first door.

"That's his room," she said. "I'll leave you to it!"

"Thank you," he answered and entered.

Dad sat on his bed, a mirror in his left hand, a pair of scissors in his right, clipping his bushy black moustache into shape. When he saw John he gave him a long and sorrowful look and went on with his clipping.

"Hello, Dad," said John in Italian.

"Hello, son," answered Dad in Italian.

John sat down beside him on the bed.

They sat like this for quite a while, not saying anything. Dad's cheeks were hollow, his black eyes sad, his mouth grim.

John took a deep breath.

"How—how's things?" he asked.

"Not so very good," said Dad. "How are you?"

"I'm all right, thanks."

Again silence descended. John took another deep breath.

"This is a nice room," he remarked lamely.

"It is not home," said Dad.

Both of them nodded over this fact. Then Dad suddenly burst out: "Father Kelly came to talk with me. What could I tell him? Was it my fault? All right, so I drink a little. So what of it? I'm never drunk and I never have been! So she doesn't like the smell of it! But why shouldn't a man drink a little with his friends?"

He gave his son a look of tragic consternation.

"Ma likes to fight," John said lamely.

"I know," Dad said. "I know only too well! She gets like that from time to time! What have I done to her? Nothing! Have I not brought her to a new country? Have I not provided a home for her, and aren't we better off than we ever were? Maybe I should have told her these things! But I don't like fighting! Maybe I'm a coward!"

Again silence returned. Then John gathered his strength.

"Ma sent you a message," John began.

"Yes?" he asked eagerly.

"She—she doesn't want to see you again! She says she has your rifle on top of her wardrobe, and if you come close to the house she's going to shoot you!"

"Mama mia," cried Dad, dropping mirror and scissors and throwing his hands up into the air in sheer despera-



Ma pointed the muzzle of the rifle at Dad's chest as he stood in front of her. "Shoot!" he said in a calm voice.

tion. "Mama mia, what a woman! Do you think she means it?"

"I don't know, Dad. Maybe, maybe not! Maybe Ma doesn't know herself?"

"What if she means it and finds out," Dad cried. "All right, I am a coward! So she doesn't respect me any more. But I do not like fighting, and I do not like to get shot!"

He hung his head. "Life," he added, "has become a misery!"

John rose. "I'll come and visit you, Dad," he said. "I don't think Ma will go on with this forever. Maybe she'll get tired—"

"No," Dad shook his head. "No, she won't. She likes fighting. She'll never get tired of fighting. She's only happy when she can fight!" Suddenly a glazed look came into his eyes and he sighed. "That's why I fell in love with her! Ah—she was such a wildcat. I remember our first kiss! Mama mia . . ." Again he sighed.

"Is—there anything you want me to tell her?" John asked.

"Tell her I need her," Dad said passionately. "Tell her I can't live without her. Tell her I love her and am ready to forgive her!"

"I will," said John. "Bye, Dad!"

"Goodbye, son," Dad said.

John walked out of the room, closing the door gently behind him. Helen was in the living-room, sitting over a shirt, sewing on a button. When she saw John walk past her eyes grew wide suddenly and she exclaimed:

"Of course. That's it!"

John turned and saw her pointing a finger at him. She said:

"You could take me, couldn't you?" Then she blushed. "Say no if you think I'm cheeky," she added hastily.

"Take you where?" John said, his heart skipping half a dozens beats and picking up faster than ever.

"You see," Helen said, "my mother's down with a cold and father is too busy with his accounts. And I was looking forward to that picture with Cary Grant so very much. And now I can't go. But you could take me!"

"B—but, Miss—"

"Call me Helen. You might as well if you're going to take me to the pictures. Are you?"

"B—but you don't know me, Helen," he stammered.

"Oh, I can take care of myself, don't you worry," she said cheerfully.

"Well," John began, but Helen interrupted him with a happy smile.

"Thanks, John," she cried. "Thanks ever so much! I was quite desperate, you know! If you drop in around seven o'clock, we'll be in time. It's only a short walk up to the Strand."

A few minutes later John found himself riding home-wards on his bike. He rode in a state of utter confusion. How often would he have liked to ask a girl out with him and how often had he remained silent, afraid of the answer, whichever way it would be. And now, it had happened as though there were nothing to it at all.

He found Ma in the kitchen peeling potatoes. She looked very grim with her jet-black hair pulled back into a tight bun, and her jet-black eyes focused steadily on John. She was still a handsome woman, but once she had been beautiful. Times had changed, but her temperament hadn't.

"Any message from him?" she asked in Italian.

John gave her the message.

"So he wants to forgive me, eh?" she laughed.

"I'm going to the pictures tonight, and—"

"Yes, yes," Ma interrupted him. "Did he say anything else?"

"No," said John, shrugging his shoulders. "Nothing."

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KOOL



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Willie the Penguin says:
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THE PORTRAIT

A short story complete on this page

By HUGH MAXWELL LOWE

SUDDENLY he stopped. There was a mixture of surprise and delight in his eyes. For a full minute he stared at her.

"She's lovely!" he exclaimed. "Absolutely lovely!"

She was, too. She had flaming red hair, eyes of a bewitching blue, a smile compared with which the Mona Lisa's was a smirk, and a figure that would have made Paris revise his judgment.

"She's one of my grandfather's favorites," said Angela.

He read the name imprinted in small black letters on the base of the gilt frame—"Girl with Red Hair."

"It's a Turello, isn't it?" he said.

"That's right," Angela agreed. Apparently the young man knew his pictures all right. "It's the most valuable picture in my grandfather's collection."

They were in the long gallery of Bayntun Hall, home of Sir John Bayntun, Angela's grandfather. The old man himself was downstairs in the library, seated in a huge arm-chair by the fire, in his dressing-gown and well wrapped round with rugs. At last he'd agreed to sell his pictures—Angela had said there was nothing else for it, if he wished to stay in Bayntun Hall. He hoped the young man who'd called was rich.

Fortunately, he seemed a nice young man—Adrian Hildrith he called himself—and he was a private buyer. There'd been a few dealers round and they'd been horrors.

"What do you think of this Dutch interior?" Angela asked him. "It's really—"

"I can't think of anything except the 'Girl with Red Hair'!" Adrian Hildrith interrupted her. He was still in front of the picture. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be rude, but she fascinates me!"

He turned to Angela, and the admiration that she saw was still in his dark eyes.

"You know," he said, "you're just like her! You've got exactly the same red hair and the same blue eyes."

"What about this Dutch interior?" Angela murmured.

"Don't like it! I like the 'Girl with Red Hair'! I'll buy it!"

"I'm afraid it's not for sale," said Angela. She had gone rather pale, and there was an undoubted note of constraint in her voice.

"Not for sale?" The young man was going to be obstinate.

"That's what I said!"

"But there was no mention of any restriction on sales in the list you sent me!"

"My grandfather sent you the list. Sometimes he's absentminded. I know he doesn't want to sell the 'Girl with Red Hair'!"

"Why not? Because she reminds him of you?"

"Since I live here with him, that would hardly be a good reason, would it?"

He couldn't resist saying what was in his mind. "But that might be one of the reasons why I want to buy it!"

Just at the moment he thought that "ice-blue" was perhaps the most apt description of her eyes.

"I'll give you five thousand pounds for it," he said.

"It's worth twice as much!" said Angela.

"I see you're a business woman, too!" And his emphasis on the "too" was nicely calculated to underline what he was thinking of her as a non-business woman.

Then they moved on down the gallery. She was thinking that foreigners are like that — although he had nice eyes. He was thinking about a girl with red hair — though he couldn't be certain which one.

"I'd like to see Sir John, if I may!" he said.

They had come out on to the landing at the head of the broad, carved Jacobean stair-

case. Angela hesitated, and a sudden wariness lit her eyes.

"If you promise not to tell him you want to buy the 'Girl with Red Hair'!" she said.

"And if I don't promise?"

"Then I shan't let you see him!"

"Your win!" he said. "Make my farewells for me!"

She accompanied him to the stone steps of the porticoed entrance to the house. He paused and looked at her.

"The girl with red hair!" he exclaimed. "What a picture!" And that made it awkward for Angela, because she didn't really know to which girl he was referring.

"Don't be surprised if you see me again, Miss Bayntun," he said on leaving.

She watched his car—much too big, she thought—disappear down the drive, and then she went back to the library. Grandfather opened his eyes.

"Well, did he buy anything, eh?"

"He—he wanted to buy the Turello!" Angela said.

Sir John chuckled. "'Girl with Red Hair,' eh? He's got the right idea, eh, Angela? When I was a young man I used to sit for hours in front of that picture. She used to talk to me. Couldn't hear the darned girl now if she did! Well, how much did he give for her?"

"I—I didn't sell it!" said Angela.

"Didn't sell it? Why not, girl, eh?"

But she didn't have to reply, for old Sir John's head was nodding, his eyelids drooping, and he was off to sleep again.

In spite of what Adrian had said to her, she was surprised when she saw him again. She returned from the village and found him in the library on the best of terms with grandfather. He rose to his feet in greeting.

"Sir John and I have been discussing the Turello!" he said cheerfully. "He says I may have another look at her!"

He thought she looked even more bewitching when she was angry. He followed her from the room. Outside the door she turned on him. She was breathing hard.

"It was a mean trick, Mr. Hildrith! You knew I was out!"

"There are more tricks than one, Miss Bayntun!" he said enigmatically.

She turned from him and, with her red head set at an angle that he did not doubt indicated the utmost disapproval, led the way up the staircase.

Without exchanging a word they came to the long gallery. The "Girl with Red Hair" was still there, smiling down at them — a knowing smile, it seemed to Adrian.

"Ah, there she is!" he exclaimed.

Then Angela turned on him again, with the light of a grim resolve in her eyes.

"Mr. Hildrith," she said, "you can't buy this picture!"

"Why not? Your grandfather says I can!"

She hesitated then, but she had to tell him. "Because — because it's a fake! It's not the Turello. It's just a copy of it!"

"Really?" He paused, scrutinising the picture. "Does Sir John know this?"

"Of course not! That's why I didn't want you to mention it to him!"

"I see," said Adrian slowly. "How come?"

"Well, two years ago we had an awful lot of expenses." With her hands clasped before her he thought she made a fascinating picture of unconscious and suppliant grace. "Grandfather doesn't understand these things any more, but we just had to raise some money. I wanted him to sell some pictures then, but he wouldn't!"

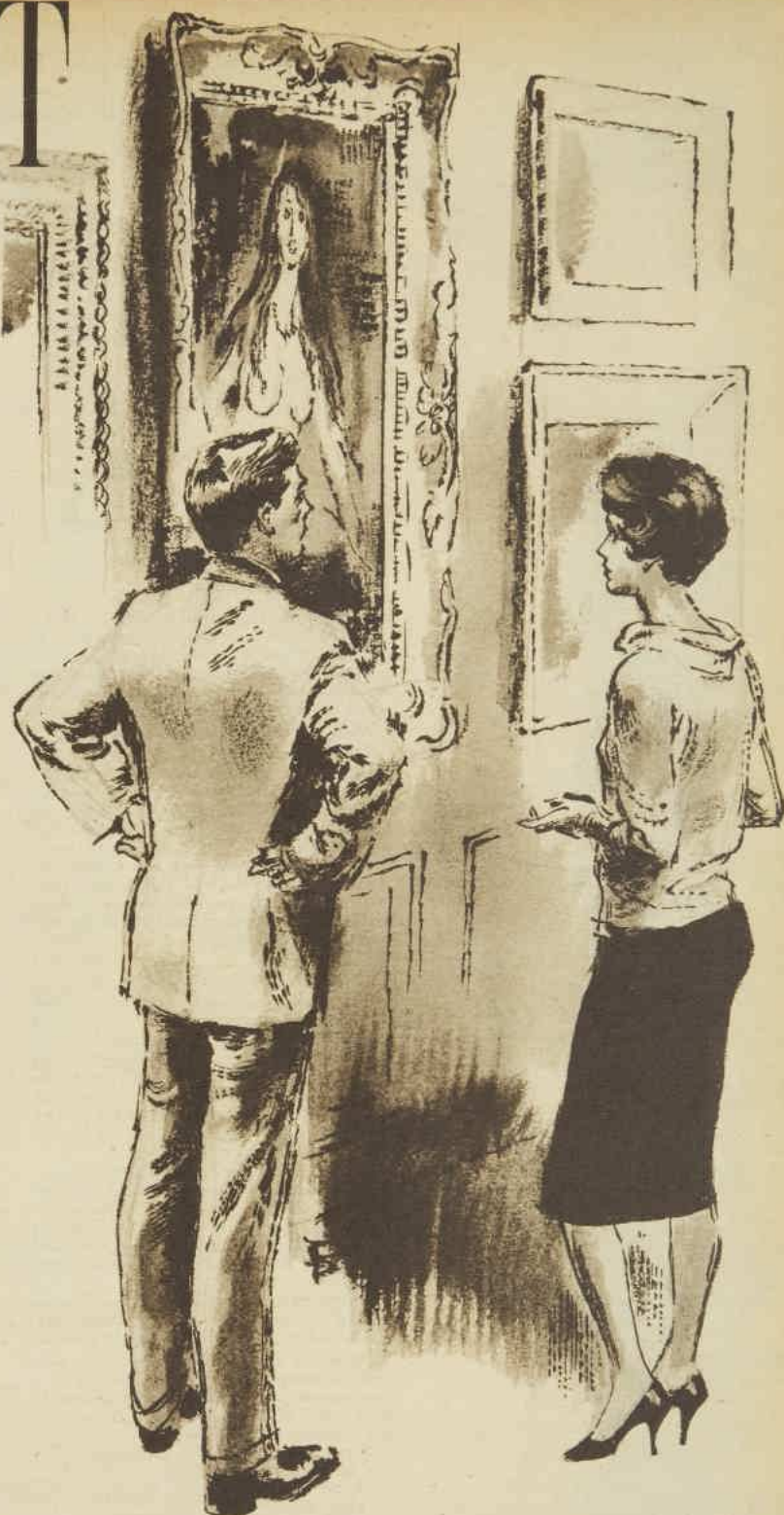
"So you sold the Turello," said Adrian, "without telling him!"

She nodded. "And I had this copy made!"

"So the old man wouldn't find out what you'd done!"

She nodded again. "His sight is so poor now, he couldn't tell the difference!"

Her cheeks were tinged with rose, because



Illustrated by Boothroyd

"This is the most valuable picture in my grandfather's collection," Angela remarked to Adrian as they stood in front of the painting.

she couldn't help feeling a little ashamed of the deception she had practised, although it had been a worthy cause.

"So you are a businesswoman, then!"

"Not really! I sold it through a dealer to some stinky American for five thousand pounds. I learnt later it was worth ten!"

"Business is business — most of the time!"

He stepped close to the picture.

"So she's a fake!" he said.

"Now do you understand why I couldn't let you buy it?"

He turned to her then. "But I have bought it!" he said. "I've just paid five thousand pounds to your grandfather!"

"You have? Then you must have it back!"

Things were worse than she'd thought. "But I don't want it back. As a matter of fact, I've known all along that it was a fake!"

"You've known all along? Then —" But Angela was out of her depth.

"You see, for the past two years the original has been hanging on the wall of my home in Florida. I happen to be that stinky American!"

"Mr. Hildrith!"

"Call me Adrian," he said.

"But — why are you doing this?"

"Well, ever since I came here and found out what I did, I just knew there was only one satisfactory solution to this whole set-up. As a matter of fact, I'm dreaming right now of having three girls with red hair!"

"Three? But I don't understand. Surely there's not —" And then she did understand.

They looked at each other then, and they both suddenly had a shrewd suspicion that that particular deal would go through without a hitch.

(Copyright)

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The information was so dangerous that her husband's life depended on her being able to keep silent . . . first instalment of a new suspense serial.

THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

THEY had been sealed in, sitting still, for seven hours from Chicago, but motion, in the dry sunlight of Los Angeles, began to erase that lifeless feeling. Tony said they would take the airline bus as far as Hollywood, so they went with the crowd.

Alice knew when something happened.

They were pushing along through the waiting-room. A man sang out: "Tony Page! Hey, Tony!" Old friend. Chance meeting. The man was going somewhere. It was quick . . . so quick that Alice didn't even get the man's name . . . a greeting, a handshake. Yet, when the man had gone on towards the gate to the field, and she and Tony had pushed out upon the sidewalk, Alice knew that something had just happened; something had changed.

Tony didn't say so. He said, "Fellow I used to know," without repeating the name.

She looked searchingly up, but his kind, blunt-featured, undistinguished, and beloved face was no different. They climbed aboard the bus. Tony went on talking about his grandmother and the family, about the planned visit, but Alice seemed to know that, in his mind, the plan was no longer exactly the same.

Something had intervened.

She sat quietly, looking out upon the unfamiliar scene. Perhaps he would tell her. If he did not, there would be a reason for that, and she would accept the reason's existence. There were things Tony had done, had known, that he could never tell her. She understood.

Tony kept talking like a guidebook to this city. They came to the hotel in Hollywood, transferred to a cab. Tony gave the address.

"Wait till you see the house," he said. "It's an antique. Back in the mouth of a canyon, and you'd think you were a hundred miles from civilisation. Except that the house is a civilisation, all by itself."

"Gran is an antique, too," he added. "She is a lady."

"A lady?"

"Yup. Real thing."

"I'm terrified," said Alice, with considerable honesty. "I will never be a lady. I haven't even got the ambition."

"Be you," said Tony.

So they kissed, in the corner that the driver couldn't see.

Alice was comforted. She slipped her arm through his, felt snug.

"Your grandmother lives with her niece and her niece's husband," she mused.

"Aunt Hortense. Uncle Greg. My cousins, really."

"And their child."

"Cousin Bee."

"Seems strange."

"Why?"

"Isn't a grandson closer than a niece in . . . you know . . . blood?"

"Fat chance Gran's had to live with me." Tony grinned, and Alice was reminded of the wide world, the far places, the reaches of his experience, that were secret from her, because they had been in secret service. And

even the secret of their existence was not yet to be told. Or was it?

"Do they know . . .?" she began.

He began at the same time. "They don't know . . ."

The Pages laughed together.

After which he said seriously, "They have no idea, honey. And we won't tell them."

"If you say not," she said submissively. She knew very little about the secret work he used to do, had done for several years, was now done with. Her only reasonable and loving attitude was quiet obedience.

"Let them go on thinking I was an international drifter," Tony continued. "Like my father before me."

"Oh, was he?"

"Yes, he really was, I guess. I suspect his fleece was distinctly grey in Gran's view. I don't think he ever saw her after Ma died. But she's fond of me. I want to present you. It seems right."

"Of course it's right," she said.

But Alice (Hensen) Page didn't particularly look forward to being presented to a real lady in an antique house to receive judgment.

"How old is Cousin Bee?" she asked, to be saying something.

"Bee? Oh, let me see. For gosh sakes, Bee's my age. She must be twenty-eight."

"Not married?"

"Not that I know." He was casual about Cousin Bee. "Uncle Greg's an old smoothie," he told her. "Sells insurance and makes a big thing of it. Clubman and all that." Tony looked down sideways. "Don't be so smug," he teased shrewdly, "just because you got yourself a man before you turned twenty."

"I turn twenty day after tomorrow!" She felt delighted to be teased.

"Just the same, for two days yet, you are nineteen years old, Mrs. Page."

They kissed again.

Tony said in a moment, "Aunt Hortense is a bit of an oddball. So is Bee, as a matter of fact. I'm not . . . specially close to those Staffords. You mustn't worry about a thing."

He tightened his arm around her.

Damn it, Tony Page was thinking, I'll have to go see the Old Man. But they can't ask me to do a job, go anywhere. I'm out. And I don't want to leave Alice, my darling, and I won't do it. Maybe it's consultation. Maybe they think I know something useful. They know I'm out. For me, that stuff is over and done. I've got a job in the building business. Got a wife, God bless her.

Alice, so young, so fair. Fair beloved brow with the dark smooth hair going up like a pair of wing's shoulders, and then furled and feathered neat against the darling head. Eyes between blue and grey, grave eyes. "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra . . ." Grave Alice. He liked that very much. Whenever he thought of her his mind was turned towards poetry.

He'd had enough adventuring, which he now knew meant long, dull days of waiting in dirty, uncomfortable places. He'd had enough of being outside the patterns, un-

placed, and always pretending to be placed. Conniving, snooping, deceiving. Now he was placed. Nobody, nothing was going to take him away from her upon whom all his heart was settled.

Yet . . . this nagged him: what did he know that they didn't know already? So what did the Old Man want of him? Why had Herb Innes given him the old signal that had so shocked him? He had had to reach for that old imperturbability. It had slipped for a moment. Why had Herb Innes been sent for him?

Could he ignore the summons?

No, couldn't quite do that. He'd worked under the Old Man, into South and Central America, a long time. Common courtesy. All right. Go. Today, if he could. Get it over, whatever it was. Whatever they wanted he could refuse, couldn't he? He was free. No, he was wonderfully unfree. He was married!

The cab dived down sideways from Calhenga Pass, scooted east around the foot of the Griffith Park Hills, swung to cross the tilted valley, climbing. Pretty soon Tony had to give directions.

The cab went straight into the Verdugo Hills. It skirted a kind of mountain meadow going up. It passed into a tangle of trees and shrubs. It came to his grandmother's house.

Alice could scarcely see the house for the trees and the vines. There were some yellowing stucco walls. There were short, bewildering flights of concrete steps, partly overgrown. Then there was a door.

An elderly maid in uniform opened it. "Oh, Mr. Tony!"

"How are you, Ellen? This is Mrs. Page." Tony was boyish and proud.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Page? I'll tell Mrs. Redfern and Mrs. Stafford."

Alice stood in the dim hall that seemed to her to be on the side of the house. It puzzled her that a maid had to go and tell these people that their expected guests were arrived.

The architecture bewildered her. There seemed to be two staircases. One curled up at their left. One went straight up at the other end of this dim oblong. The floor here was tile. A long narrow oriental rug did not cover it entirely. The outside wall of the hall was latticed window, darkened, greened over by vines.

A woman came into the hall and said, "Well, Anthony!"

This was Aunt Hortense, in black with pearls. She was very thin, with a face that was all bone, a sharp beaked brow, a small round hard chin, and the cheeks fallen in.

Catching sight of the note, Alice stopped to read it and realised the truth.

By
**CHARLOTTE
ARMSTRONG**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

She looks like a mummy, thought Alice. Her heart beat hard. Aunt Hortense repelled her. "This is my wife. Alice, this is Aunt Hortense."

"My dear," said Hortense. She had weak blue eyes that did not seem to stay still. Alice touched a hand of cold bone, limp bone. "Come," the mummy said, "your grandmother is waiting."

Tony winked at Alice and she rallied. They followed Hortense, who walked with staccato heels across the tile into a room so huge that it seemed indecent. There was an enormous fireplace on the south (front) wall. Before this a great oriental rug . . . softly blended of reds and browns and blues . . . lay like an inner room, wall-less within a room. Around the edge of this rug, furniture was stationed just as if it stood against an invisible wall. It was odd.

In one of the austere chairs on the rug's edge sat Tony's grandmother, whose house—whose shrine, Alice divined in a flash of insight—this house was. Hortense came into the presence with reverence.

Old Mrs. Redfern was small. She sat erect with the old-fashioned air of being in almost military control of her spine. She wore grey. There was white lace somewhere. A narrow velvet band in midnight-blue held a cameo at her throat, an ornament that Alice had never seen except in a portrait.

Mrs. Redfern's bones were built like the bones of Hortense, but on her the narrow beak was dainty, the small chin genteel. Her skin was a delicate, dry, dainty pink, and her hair was a frost, done smoothly high. Her eyes were grey, calm, sure. They did not openly appraise. But they assumed that nobody was appraising Geraldine Redfern. Any such activity would go the other way.

"My dear Alice," she said, "we are happy to see you."

"And I to be here," said Alice, touching the tiny firm dry hand. Eyes met. Ah, yes, thought Alice, judgment is going to be made.

"Please sit down, do."

"You're looking well, Gran," Tony said admiringly.

"I am well. It is two o'clock, is it not? But by your Chicago time, isn't it four?"

"That's right," Tony said.

"Then may I have Ellen bring you tea?"

Tony was looking at her fondly, his head tipped, his eyes drinking her in. For him, this lady brought a train of memories. He was absorbed in them and made no answer.

So Alice said, "Oh, thank you, but we ate on the plane." She wished at once that she had said, "We had our luncheon" or something more elegant than "ate." "You are very thoughtful," she stammered.

Mrs. Redfern's white head accepted this with a little tremor. "I am sure you will want to bathe and rest. But shall we chat a moment, the four of us?"

Alice, with a guilty start, realised that she had forgotten Hortense completely. She looked and saw her—a stiff packet of bones on a yellow chair. Alice found herself trying to sit straight, which felt unnatural. She

To page 75





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THE TROUBLE WITH LOCKSMITHS

THE first voice on the phone said: "An unidentified object is moving upstream to your area, George. Now reported at about two thousand feet, roughly over Purfleet. Know anything about it?"

"Not on my books that I know of," said the second voice. "What sort of object? A Proctor off course? Oh, I see, a helicopter. Registration? No? Well, can you type it?"

"We think it's one of those little Skyhook runabouts, but the old visibility is not too good, and there's a bit of river mist. She's wearing no lights. Over to you, in fact, George."

Message from George to all concerned: "Unknown helicopter moving up Thames River, Tower Bridge area. Report movement and identification forthwith."

George, at his official H.Q., commands the Thames basin from an eagle's perch. He is youngish, an ex-R.A.F. type, and very important as far as air traffic over the metropolitan area is concerned. The lift carries him within twenty steps of his penthouse, but the last flight has to be climbed. He was slightly puffed on arrival, but in full control.

"Got her taped?" he asked the Duty Officer.

"Yessir," said the man in charge of the glass box on the roof. "A little Skyhook. Wandering about all over the place. Been down as low as 300 feet. Might almost be a drunk on a joyride, but she's being handled beautifully. You can just catch her now in the glasses. Mucking about over the Houses of Parliament. Having a lovely time, I'd say."

"Blimey," said George. "This means trouble."

Message to George: "What is a helicopter doing buzzing the House when in session? Identify and report back."

Message from George: "Helicopter shows no identification. R.A.F. engaged in exercise, and unavailable for escort duties. Tracking aircraft from all observation posts. Helicopter now over St. Paul's and City area. Interference regretted."

"This is damnable," said George to his junior. "Trouble with a capital 'T'. He must be drunk. It looks to me as if the silly ass is wandering up and down Fleet Street."

"I make him to be over Bloomsbury, sir. Between us and London University. At about 250 feet. They move fast, these little Skyhooks. He must be mad as well as drunk."

"I have him precisely," said George. "He's circling Security House. Now, indeed, we are in for it in a big way. Hold the fort whilst I pull out every stop known to mankind."

Security House, officially referred to as Gabriel's Court W.C.1, is the largest of the many modern triumphs in the Bloomsbury area. It has much of the charm of a glass-sided bootbox upended; containing four floors of income tax clerks, two of telephone accounts, six departments of the Agricultural (by-products) Marketing Board, a cultural lecture centre, and, on the very roof, the Security Penthouse, the secret heart of all that is hush-hush in Government research.

This has its own lift from the ground floor, with two personal guardians, both ex-sergeant-majors of the brigade of guards. The single approach, a door resembling a safe, gives on to a series of inner doors, covered by electric rays, bells, TV eyes, and the whole paraphernalia of security. It also possesses a magnificent roofgarden.

On this Tuesday evening, it being long after civil service hours, there was nobody there, except for the outer guard, Sgt.-Major Dunsford, who possesses a bed-sitter beside the top of the lift shaft, and Sgt.-Major Grigg, D.C.M., who has an exact replica on the ground floor.

Both these worthies were officially alerted within minutes, but they were already aware of the impending menace, and were already discussing the matter on the intercom phone.

Dunsford, from his window, had a fair view.

"He's all round us, Mr. Grigg—like a ruddy wasp."

"Can't you get to that roof somehow?"

"Not a hope. Locks went on at six-thirty. Control's at the Ministry, and there's no one there, you can bet your life."

The Minister, however, if not in his office, was at least in the picture. Armed with his finest and heaviest racing glasses, he was watching the proceedings from his own rooftop. Furthermore, he was in direct communication by telephone with the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, and the Home Secretary, who happened to be taking wine with him.

"Looks as if he's coming in to land, Bertie," he said. "I say, will the roof take the strain?"

"Oh yes," said the Home Secretary. "It was built for the job. The trouble is that the infernal fortress is so dashed secure from below that I bet every window in the place is open, and probably the doors, too."

To the telephone he said: "Running a cordon round it? Good. Can't we get a chaser plane on to him? No? Well, if there's nothing nearer than Gatwick you'd better get cracking. If he came up-river he may go back that way. Get the river police. Lay on everything—the coastguards, the C.D., the A.A., every one—the whole bag of tricks. But get him."

Said Dunsford to Grigg: "He's landed."

Said Grigg to Dunsford: "Can't you lean out of the window and take a pot at him?"

Said Dunsford to Grigg: "Not a hope. He's off again."

Said the news editors of five London papers: "Make this a head across six, three col. intro, and play it big. Security House raided. Spy menace? Aircraft sub in Thames mouth? Bring in outer space if you can. Go to it, boys."

From a memo from the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to the Minister: "Private and confidential. The aircraft which landed on the roof of Gabriel's Court at 8.17 p.m. on the 14th instant has now been identified as a Skyhook Mark 9 Helicopter, and is of British origin."

"It seems probable that it is a machine which took off from Marling, where two recently reconditioned aircraft have been on test. Pending regranting of licence and repainting, one of them wore no identification marks. It is established that the premises were entered on the night in question by a person unknown, and an unauthorised flight was made."

"The machine was returned to a nearby field, undamaged. Visibility was poor, and this would suggest an experienced pilot with considerable local knowledge. Evidence points to an ex-Air Force officer, Anthony Frobisher-Hawkins, 31, of Neatsfoot, near Marling, but he has an alibi which seems unlikely to be broken. Investigation is proceeding."

"With regard to Gabriel's Court and the security premises: It appears that only one room was entered, by an open window, and there is no trace of interference or damage. Any vital documents were under adequate cover. It is suggested that all P.R.O.s be instructed to play down the incident."

From Miss Anne Louise Worthingdown, 26, personal secretary to the Director of the Security Department, Gabriel's Court, to Anthony Frobisher-Hawkins:

"Monster. When I got to the office this morning I found forty policemen in my room asking silly questions, and one even had the impertinence to ask how come a red rose was lying on my blotter. I said I always left one there to remind me of civilisation. He said he believed me, so I am a better liar than I thought. Monster and darling, I forgive you everything if you will promise never to do it again.—Anne."

"P.S.: Now it will be months before I dare to resign."

(Copyright)

A short short story by YOUNGMAN CARTER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 15, 1961



LEAVES O' GOLD

PINK TERRAZZO

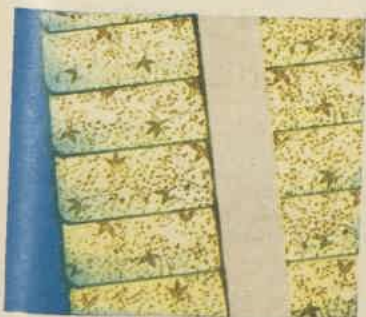
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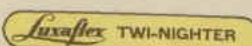
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961

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CHILDREN'S DISEASES . .

● *This guide to children's most common diseases can be put away for convenient reference. Every mother needs to become something of a diagnostician if only to reduce false alarms and needless anxieties—but she should always call in the doctor promptly when in doubt.*

Disease	Symptoms	How it is spread	Period of incubation	Can it be prevented?	How often can he get it?	What damage can it do?	How long must they stay at home?
Chicken Pox	Fever, aches in the limbs and body, itching, and a rash.	By germs from the mouth, throat, or nose, and from the blisters until they dry up.	14-21 days.	No.	Usually once only.	Usually none, but occasionally the skin eruptions can become infected and cause sores.	PATIENT Usually two weeks, or, with a medical certificate, for 10 days, or until all the scabs have fallen off. CONTACT Need not stay at home.
Scarlet Fever	High fever, chills, aching in the body, sore throat, nausea, and headache.	By germs from the patient's nose, throat, or ear discharge for 3 days. The germs may persist indefinitely in the throat of a healthy person who is a carrier.	Variable	Yes, by prompt treatment of any suspicious sore throat with penicillin.	Usually once, though some patients may get it more than once.	It can be complicated by rheumatic fever, abscesses of the ear, or kidney trouble (nephritis).	PATIENT Six weeks, or 10 days if proved free of infection by throat swabbing. CONTACT If the patient is kept at home, contacts must also be kept at home until the patient is free from infection, or for 7 days after the patient is taken to hospital.
Whooping Cough	Fever, chills, aching in the body, runny nose, cough (the "whoop" starts about 10 days later).	By germs from the nose and throat 1-2 weeks before the whoop appears, and possibly afterwards.	5-15 days.	Yes, by immunisation (see panel).	Rarely more than once.	In infancy can (rarely) cause pneumonia or chronic lung damage.	PATIENT Six weeks. CONTACT 3 weeks if contact has not already had whooping cough.
Rheumatic Fever	Sore throat, "strep" throat, pain in joints, sometimes accompanied by swelling, typical "map-like" rash (this does not always occur), and fever.	By germs from the patient's "strep" throat, spread by sneezing, coughing. Disease occurs in very small percentage of untreated "strep" throat cases.	None.	Yes, by prompt treatment of the "strep" throat with penicillin.	Any number of times. Recurrences of this disease are the rule rather than the exception. Daily dosing with penicillin has been found to reduce the likelihood of recurrence.	Can cause damage to the valves of the heart. Each recurrence increases the danger of such damage.	PATIENT Usually about 3 months, but depends on advice from the doctor. CONTACT Need not be kept at home.
Diphtheria	Fever accompanied by difficulty in breathing. This is due to the growth of a membrane in the throat causing choking.	By germs in the mouth, throat, or nose, or from ear discharges from a patient or carrier.	2-5 days.	Yes, by immunisation (see panel).	Usually once, though it can occur more often.	This disease can be fatal through asphyxiation, or by a toxic effect on the heart or breathing muscles.	PATIENT Usually about 6 weeks, or until the patient has been certified free from infection by a doctor. CONTACT Until 7 days after the patient is cured or sent to hospital.
Gastro-Enteritis	Fever, vomiting, diarrhoea, and lassitude.	By germs in the bowel motions of patient or carrier. These germs are spread by flies or unwashed hands. Sometimes the germs persist for several weeks after recovery.	8-72 hours	Yes, by constant, scrupulous cleanliness in preparing and storing the family's food. By keeping the home free of flies. By personal cleanliness.	Repeatedly. Infants are more susceptible to this disease than older children or adults.	This is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy.	PATIENT Until certified free from infection by a doctor. CONTACT Not necessary unless advised otherwise by a doctor.

—To cut out and keep

.. A GUIDE FOR PARENTS

IMMUNISATION

In Australia every year many children die because their parents have neglected, or "don't believe in," immunisation. Every child should be immunised against diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, and poliomyelitis. • Immunisation for all four diseases has now been combined into one series of injections, beginning in early infancy. • It is most important that parents keep a record of all forms of immunisation.

Disease	Symptoms	How it is spread	Period of incubation	Can it be prevented?	How often can he get it?	What damage can it do?	How long must they stay at home?
Hepatitis	Aching, fever, nausea, constipation or diarrhoea, jaundice (yellowish discoloration of body first noticed in eyeballs) usually seen about 3rd-5th day.	By germs from the patient's bowel, for a varying period, usually about three weeks.	14-40 days.	Yes, by absolute cleanliness in preparing and storing food, and particularly by personal cleanliness.	Usually only once.	Can cause a long period of general debility, and occasionally chronic liver damage.	PATIENT Until certified fit by a doctor. CONTACT Three weeks.
Impetigo	This is a staphylococcal infection of the skin, localised at first, then becoming general. It usually begins on the face and hands, and spreads to ears, nose, and scalp.	Usually by direct contact with the fingers, but sometimes by the use of infected towels, washers, etc.	None.	Yes, by scrupulous cleanliness—washing face and hands—and by isolation and prompt treatment of the patient.	Any number of times.	No lasting damage to skin tissue.	PATIENT Until the lesions have healed, or he may be sent to school if the lesions are covered. CONTACT Need not be kept at home.
German Measles	Alternate fever and chills, aches in the body, sore throat, swelling of glands around ears, accompanied by a rash.	From germs in the patient's mouth and nose, for about seven days after the appearance of the rash.	14-21 days.	Yes, for expectant mothers if an injection of serum is given as soon as possible after exposure.	Very rarely more than once.	In children, this is usually a mild disease, but in the first four months of pregnancy can seriously damage the foetus.	PATIENT Usually two weeks, but can be allowed out after the 8th day with medical certificate. CONTACT Need not stay at home.
Measles	Aching of the body, fever, runny nose, cough, inflammation of the eyes, accompanied by a rash (preceded by spots in the mouth).	By germs from the nose and mouth of the patient.	10-14 days	Yes, by an injection of serum within a few days of contact with an infected person when necessary.	Usually only once.	This disease can be complicated by pneumonia, abscess of the ear.	PATIENT For three weeks, and until eye, ear, and nose discharge stops. For 10 days if certified clear by doctor. CONTACT For 16 days if the contact has not had measles previously.
Poliomyelitis	Fever, chills, aching of the body, sore throat, runny nose, constipation or diarrhoea, headaches, contraction of the muscles, stiff neck, fatigue, and general malaise.	By germs from the nose and mouth of the patient in the first few days of infection, and by germs from the bowel for a period of about 3 weeks.	10-14 days.	Yes, by immunisation (see panel) and by cleanliness as for gastro-enteritis.	Usually only once, but the patient can have this disease more often, for there are several strains of polio virus, any one of which can cause polio in a patient.	A few patients die from polio, a few are left paralysed, many recover completely.	PATIENT For as long as the doctor advises. CONTACT 14 days.
Mumps	Headaches, nausea, fever accompanied by swelling of the salivary glands.	By germs from the throat and nose of the patients, 2 days before the swelling appears, and until the swelling subsides completely.	12-24 days.	No.	Once only.	Can cause inflammation of the testicles, pancreas, and ovary.	PATIENT Three weeks, but only two weeks if certified free of infection by a doctor. CONTACT Need not stay at home.

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GRANDFATHER



GRAND-DAUGHTER



GRANDMOTHER



AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● Diana's subjects for the Intermediate — she will sit for it at the end of this year — have been under animated discussion all this week.

TO Diana's fury every member of the family has had views to air, even down to Mike, whose contribution, repeated many times, is a flat statement that "girls are too dumb to do physics."

Hugh is very anxious that Di should do physics in case, later, she decides she wants to do a university course where physics will be necessary.

Well — that's what he says the reason is, but I suspect that he thinks it would be a good idea for her to study a subject which deals with the natural laws of the world around her.

The female side of this family infuriates Hugh by its obstinate belief that things work by magic, and its failure to understand the simplest laws of mechanics.

He has two constant cries, which rather contradict each other: "Nobody in this house ever lifts a finger to mend anything" and "Some damned idiot has been using my chisel as a screwdriver."

Katherine must do physics this year for her science course, and is in a panic about it, so she has annoyed Diana by taking her father's side in the discussion.

The argument seems logical to me, but you can't reason with Di, because she just isn't reasonable.

"What's the good of physics to a beautician?" she asks, and lapses into sulky silence when the family points out for the umpteenth time that last week she was going to be a physiotherapist and before that a kindergarten teacher, a model, a ballet dancer, a doctor, a pharmacist, a dress-designer, and an agricultural scientist.

I've been fighting a losing battle for the retention of Latin in her list of subjects.

During the week I must have been told 500 times by one or other of my children that "there's no sense in learning Latin, it's a dead language."

To me it would be just as logical to say "there's no point in learning music unless you're going to be a concert artist."

Some knowledge of Latin seems an invaluable aid in understanding the construction of our own language, but I can't find any supporters in the family.

"Dropping" difficult school subjects

TWO things strike me about this argument regarding school subjects, an argument which seems to go on at some time in all families.

First, we keep telling our children when they come to Intermediate standard that they must work this year, that it's most important for them to pass, and quite naturally they decide that the wisest thing is to drop difficult subjects and concentrate on the ones that come easily to them, without thinking beyond the Intermediate itself.

The second thing, and I can't for the life of me see what's to be done about it, is that these decisions have to be made so early.

At the beginning of their Intermediate year I don't suppose more than 10 per cent. of students have really made a firm decision about what career they are going to follow, so how can they (or their families) know which subjects can be safely dropped?

Only time will tell . . .

WE are about to have some alterations made to the doorways in our sitting- and dining-room—well, I think we are.

Late on Monday afternoon a truck turned up and deposited ladders and odd lengths of scaffolding, so I moved the things that had to be moved, rang my sister Alison and told her I wouldn't be coming to lunch on Tuesday after all, and checked over the supplies of tea and biscuits.

Nothing happened on Tuesday, and I had the house to myself.

On Wednesday I had to go to the dentist in the morning, so I left a note pinned to the back door for the builder.

When I came home the note was still there, but the ladders and the scaffolding had been mysteriously spirited away.

I hope we'll see those ladders again before the Easter holidays, but I don't really expect it.

Organised retirement (how dreary!)

WHAT horrible ideas the Americans think up from time to time! I've been reading about their three "Sun" cities, where dogs and cats are allowed to be kept as pets, but children are absolutely banned.

The homes, built ranch-style in spacious grounds, are sold for about £A6300, only to people who are "retired or semi-retired in comfortable circumstances."

One of the rules is that the husbands must be 50 or older. The wives, presumably, might be anything from 20 up, and there's many a child born to a 50-year-old father.

What happens then? Are these disruptive couples ignominiously expelled, bag and baggage, bath and bassinet?

I found myself remembering Andrew Marvell's lines—

"The grave's a fine and private place
But none I think do there embrace."

Why, oh why, go to the trouble of burying yourself before you're actually dead? How long will these people live, shut away from everything that makes life lively and livable?

Living without any children in the neighborhood would be bad enough, but just imagine the absolute tedium of living with not a soul around you except people of your own age-group.

I admit the house seems blessedly quiet after the children have all gone off in the morning, but I'm tired of it by four o'clock and longing for them to come home, even though I've had the sounds of suburban life all round me all day — a baby crying in the distance, violent gear-clashes from a new licensee practising driving round and round the block, billy-carts racing down the slope of the footpath, and rumors of war floating over the fences from small boys in a garden half a dozen houses away.

City people get lonely without those sounds of life going on around them, and loneliness is one of the biggest problems for ageing people.

Surely it's madness, then, for them to shut themselves away from life, with nothing to talk about except the price of eggs, and whether their rheumatism is or isn't worse than their neighbors'?

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● Keenly aware of the dangers confronting growing boys today, Lord Montgomery, Britain's most famous soldier, has written his views on how parents can help to build character and self-reliance in their sons.

"Monty" advises parents

● What is it the youth of today needs?

LORD MONTGOMERY in his new book, "The Path To Leadership" (Collins, London), insists that what is most needed is leadership from parents.

"My own experience," he says, "leads me to believe that the foundations of character-building — what is right and what is wrong, truth, and chivalry, to mention the most important — must be instilled into a boy by the time he is six years old."

"This is necessary because of the world we live in."

"As a boy grows up, the time will come when he has outgrown his family, or thinks he has — which is the same thing."

"He is now about 14, and the foundations of character which should have been instilled into him eight years ago ought now to have blossomed and borne fruit."

"If they have not, the boy is in danger."

"Why?"

"He sees a world in which scientists are producing things about which mankind has dreamed for centuries — and it could be such a happy world."

"But he also sees that it is a world split in twain by two conflicting ideological doctrines, or moral codes — one half Christian, the other half atheistic."

"He sees fear abroad, international tension, much talk of war, and much unhappiness in many parts of the world — such as millions of refugees wandering about not only homeless but also stateless."

"There were no such happenings when I was a boy."

"Nor was I subjected to temptations which confront a boy today, due to progress of civilisation."

But Monty doesn't entirely rest his blame on the politicians, soldiers, or scientists.

"Advertisements confront us wherever we go, and they undoubtedly influence many people."

"They suggest that the answer to every problem can be bought with money."

"Do you want happiness in your home? Then buy this vacuum cleaner, or that kind of breakfast food, or this soap, or drink this beer."

Here again is where patience, and home environment come in, for, as Monty says, "Home is where formation of character must begin."

"A boy must learn the foundations of honesty and



WAR HERO "Monty" has an encouraging word for a 12-year-old cadet while inspecting contingents of a school cadet force in England.

sincerity, to speak the truth, and in the face of temptation to stand firm by what he believes to be right."

"Foundations for this teaching must begin early, so that when he begins to go to school he will not be 'easy meat' for any evil influences he may encounter."

"Both parents must take part in this teaching."

"The mother must do so initially, with the father taking over as the boy increases in years — certainly before he approaches the age of 10."

By the time a boy leaves primary school, says Monty, and moves on to a secondary

school and goes straight into a factory or office.

"Up to this moment he has had little pocket-money, and not much free time, because of homework in the evenings for the next day's school."

"Then he finds himself with a pay packet, and with leisure in evenings to spend it. It is this transition, sudden and abrupt, which is the danger period — because this is a time when a boy naturally wants some fun without any responsibility."

"The answer will not be found only in boys' clubs."

"Many of the 'bad hats' come from families completely

aged to plan his life intelligently, beginning to think about it when he is, say, 15."

"He will begin a new phase of life when he leaves school, which may be any age between 15 and 18, and he needs an objective — a goal."

"I am a great believer in aiming high with young people, making it clear what they have to do, and why."

"This is important, because the future is in the hands of youth."

"Wise parents are those who slowly step backwards and allow their children to grow in moral stature and independence."

"Bad hats" from bad homes

school, he should be ready to face up to temptations without easily giving way."

But his mind must be constantly occupied. "For aimless leisure leads to boredom and can be a menace."

"Self-discipline"

Then, says Monty, a boy should join a cadet unit or the Scouts, "because through membership of such a group a boy will learn self-discipline, self-reliance, and 'to give' rather than 'to get'."

Monty continues: "He will learn that duties come before pleasure, and that privileges are enjoyed only if obligations are willingly shouldered."

According to the book, it is when a boy begins going out to work and earning money that parents' influence can again help him.

Says Monty: "A boy leaves

incapable of bringing up children — spoiling them up to the age of six, losing control of them afterwards, and denying them affection which they have the right to expect."

"Is it not parents who need instruction?"

"Perhaps there should be a joint effort by employers and parents to search for the answer to this tremendous problem — sponsored and helped by leaders in youth groups."

Monty refers to his old friend Sir Winston Churchill as a great believer in a man planning one half of his life, while letting fate control the other half.

He says: "If we prepare ourselves for what might come, master our professions, and study how great men of the past tackled and overcame their problems, then all will be well."

"A boy ought to be encour-

DIET WITH US

● Fourth week of our five-week diet plan

● Staff reporter WINIFRED MUNDAY continues the account of the diet which she has tried and found highly effective.

THE woman who insists on telling you all about her slimming diet has ousted the man with the alleged "funny story" as the No. 1 Party Bore. Since I started dieting I've resolved not to fall into the same trap.

So my fourth week of dieting found me in a predicament with two social engagements in the week... one a dinner in town with "the girls," at which I joined them in Chicken Maryland, pie and cream, and a bottle of wine.

Later in the week I had my second lapse from grace at a party at which the hostess had gone to great trouble to present a really mouth-watering spread.

Again I ate and drank what I fancied, and on Friday morning discovered I'd PUT ON two pounds.

A two-day "near starvation" diet was the only thing to repair the damage.

For the next two days I ate 1 egg and 1 apple for each of three meals, with four cups of sugarless tea during the day to supplement them.

"Liberties"

By Monday morning I had lost three pounds and avoided making myself appear a martyr, a bore, or hurting a hostess' feelings.

I'm telling this part of my slimming story because, although you cannot take these liberties too often, no harm will come of forgetting your diet for one evening for a special occasion provided you make up for it by being extra strict for the next couple of days.

During this fourth week I tried another variation.

While keeping mainly to lean meat and vegetables, with plenty of eggs and salads, I replaced some of the items on the diet with others which were not allowed before.

Note that I say "replaced," not "added."

For instance, the original diet did not include cheese. So some days I took a piece of cheese for office lunch instead of a hard-boiled egg.

Instead of tea or coffee I substituted a glass of milk, I had an orange or an apple in place of a tomato, mixed a few slices of orange or apple or a half-sliced banana with my salads.

But it must be stressed that even too much fruit can be fattening because of the high natural sugar content.

NEXT WEEK I'll tell you about the pattern I have set myself for the next few weeks until I reach my desired weight, and suggest how you can keep your weight down once you have achieved your ideal.

So far I had kept off potatoes altogether. In the fourth week I sometimes replaced one of my two slices of thin bread a day with one very small helping of potatoes with the evening meal.

The potatoes must be plainly boiled — not fried, or roasted, or mashed with butter.

It helps to keep a list of calorie values of various foods. When you are in doubt it is useful to know the calorie values of replacements.

Whenever you can, eat alone. It is much easier to cut down on food than when watching others eat.

As soon as friends know you're on a diet they will bombard you with advice — advice which they found was good for them.

But that doesn't mean it is necessarily good for you.

What works in one way on one person may react differently on another.

So if you've devised your own slimming formula based on — but not necessarily following slavishly — the system that worked with me, stick to it!

I haven't much faith in the value of exercise for losing weight. One expert says that you'd have to walk about 25 miles to lose half a pound.

But I believe in its value for toning up the muscles and giving one a general feeling of health and well-being.

So walk a couple of bus stops farther than usual.

One of the biggest morale builders when you're slimming is to spend an evening trying on clothes. Imagine the thrill of being able to wear clothes that were formerly too small.

When I had lost a stone I brought out two discarded suits.

It was wonderful just to get into them again. True, they were still too tight to walk in, but they did both go ON.

Clothes fit

Six weeks after this I put them on again and they fitted perfectly.

When I arrived at the office and was asked, "What a new suit?" those weeks of struggling seemed worth while.

Some of the clothes I bought since my arrival in Sydney will need to be taken in.

The alteration costs will be one item I won't grudge.

By the end of this fourth week — and almost a stone lighter — I brought out the tape-measure. Three inches lost on the hips, two on the waist, 1½ inches on the bust.

Add golden nourishment with shredded cheese

— choose **KRAFT CHEDDAR** — your best cheese for shredding

TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE

Macaroni's not the same without cheese. And macaroni cheese with Kraft Cheddar is everybody's favourite. Try this recipe soon:

Ingredients: 2ozs. butter (2 tablespoons); 4 tablespoons flour; 2½ cups milk; 4ozs. (½ packet) Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 teaspoon salt or more to taste, dash of pepper; ½ cup undiluted tomato soup; 4ozs. uncooked macaroni (¾ cup); 1 cup diced celery; 1 cup finely chopped onion; 1½ pints boiling water; 1 teaspoon salt.

Method: Cook macaroni, onion and 1 teaspoon salt in the 1½ pints of boiling water. When tender, drain. Meanwhile melt butter in saucepan. Add flour. Let cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Add 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, half of the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, celery, tomato soup, and stir until Cheese has melted. Combine both mixtures. Pour into a greased casserole. Top with the remaining shredded cheese and bake in a moderate oven 350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric, for 15-20 minutes until heated through and cheese melted. 6 servings.

And Kraft Cheddar is the best cheese for sandwiches, too. Here are some sandwich suggestions:

- * Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and marmalade jam.
- * Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, chopped cooked tongue and mustard.
- * Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and Kraft Sandwich Relish.
- * Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded lettuce, carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- * Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and chopped dried apricots.
- * Sliced Kraft Cheddar with cooked crumbled bacon and lettuce.



Add a golden touch to mealtimes and new flavour interest with shredded Kraft Cheddar. Shreds without crumbling—and there's no rind, no waste. Kraft Cheddar adds nourishment, too . . . because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. and family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a cheese from **KRAFT** on your table

BAKE A BATCH OF BISCUITS

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

● A special feature with melt-in-the-mouth biscuit recipes you'll enjoy cooking. Some recipes are new, others are old favorites with a new look.

THREE IN ONES

Three cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter or substitute, 2 eggs, vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 oz. chocolate, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, cherries.

Cream butter with sugars until fluffy, add eggs and vanilla, beating well. Fold in flour alternately with milk and mix to a soft dough. Divide dough into three parts. Add cinnamon and dates to the first part. Blend almond essence into second part and into the third part add melted chocolate, water, and coconut. Drop a small teaspoon of each dough on to greased trays so balls of dough just touch, forming a triangle. Top almond-flavored ball with sliver of cherry. Then bake in moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

ANISEED STARS

Three cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon aniseed extract, white icing and colored sugar to decorate.

Cream butter and sugar well together. Add unbeaten eggs, beating well after each addition. Stir in lemon rind, juice, and aniseed flavoring. Beat well. Add sifted flour and knead on floured board until smooth. Roll into lengths $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and 12 inches long. Cut into 6 sections. Slit each piece half way through along one side at $\frac{1}{2}$ inch intervals. Seal ends together to form circle, cut side out. Place on greased trays and cook in hot oven 8-10 minutes, but do not brown. When cool, ice and decorate the biscuits with colored sugars.

CHOCOLATE NUTTIES

Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 2 oz. chocolate (chopped), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon red food coloring, 3 eggs, 1 cup chopped nuts, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Melt butter in a saucepan with chocolate; cool. Blend in sugar, few drops vanilla, and red food coloring. Add 2 eggs and 1 egg-yolk; beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with chopped nuts. Mix thoroughly. Spread in well-greased slab-tin. Beat egg-white stiffly, add extra sugar and a little vanilla. Drop in spoonfuls on to batter. Draw tip of knife through batter lengthwise, then crosswise, to give meringue attractive marbled design. Bake in moderately slow oven 30 to 35 minutes.

When cool cut into finger-length pieces with a sharp smooth-bladed knife. Store in airtight tin or jar until ready for use.

PINK BLOSSOMS

One and one-third cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 oz. butter or substitute, 2-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped strawberries.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until fluffy, add lemon juice and vanilla and beat well. Beat in egg-yolk. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the strawberries and mix well. Place in spoonfuls on greased trays and bake in a moderately hot oven 15 to 18 minutes. Loosen biscuits while still hot from tray, leave until cold, and then top with icing.

Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, water to mix, strawberry flavoring, pink coloring.

Sift icing sugar in bowl, add strawberry flavoring and enough water to mix to a good spreading consistency. Color pale pink and use as desired.



DELICIOUS biscuits — worth their weight in gold — are easy to bake. A numbered key to identify the biscuits in above picture is on the next page.

More recipes overleaf

Preparation makes cooking so simple



PEANUT BUTTER CRINKLES are certain to become a family favorite. As well as peanut butter, grated lemon rind and vanilla have been used as flavorings. Recipe is below.

BUTTERSCOTCH FINGER BISCUITS

One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 eggs, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 cup melted butter or substitute, 1oz. melted chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Topping: Two ounces chocolate, 2 teaspoons butter or substitute.

Break eggs into basin and beat until foamy, gradually add brown sugar, and beat until well blended. Stir in melted butter, chocolate, and vanilla. Fold in the sifted dry ingredients and chopped nuts. Place into a greased 9in. square tin or slab-tin and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Cool. Prepare topping—combine chocolate and butter and melt slowly, drizzle over top of biscuit in an attractive pattern. Cut into finger-lengths to serve.

PEANUT BUTTER CRINKLES

One and a half cups flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup peanut butter, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with vanilla, lemon rind, sugars, and peanut butter. Work in sifted flour, soda, and salt, making a stiff dough. If too stiff to handle, add a little milk. Roll into small balls with floured hands and place on greased oven-trays. Press biscuits down with a fork, first crosswise then lengthwise, so forming a crinkle effect. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on trays.

FRUITED CHERRY DROPS

Two and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1-3rd cup chopped cherries, crushed cornflakes, extra cherries.

Cream butter, vanilla, and sugar until white and fluffy, add eggs one at a time; beat well. Fold in milk, sifted flour, and soda alternately. Stir in walnuts, dates, and cherries. Drop teaspoons of dough on to cornflakes and form into balls. Place on to greased trays, top with 1 cherry. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

BLACK-EYED SUSANS

One and three-quarter cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup peanut butter, vanilla, 1 egg, chocolate drops, extra sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars, peanut butter, and vanilla. Add egg and beat well. Stir in sifted flour and mix thoroughly. Place in small teaspoonfuls on sugar and roll into balls. Place on greased oven-trays and bake in a moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven and place a chocolate drop on top of each, pressing so that outside of biscuits crack. Return to oven and bake 2 to 5 minutes longer. Cool on trays. Store in airtight tins.

ORANGE CRYSTALS

Two and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup coconut, crystal sugar, colored icings.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with orange juice. Lastly mix in coconut. Chill mixture for a few hours or overnight (if possible). Roll spoonfuls of chilled mixture in crystal sugar, place on to greased oven-trays and bake in a moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen on trays and, when cold, if desired, top with colored icings.

CHOCOLATE CLUSTERS

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup salted peanuts.

Chocolate Topping: One cup drinking chocolate, 6oz. melted white shortening (cool), finely chopped nuts.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add egg, and beat well. Stir in salted peanuts and sifted flour; mix well. Chill few hours. Shape mixture into tiny balls and bake on greased oven-trays in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool. Prepare chocolate topping, combine melted shortening and chocolate; mix well. When beginning to thicken, coat biscuits which have been placed in lots of three on a rack over greaseproof paper. Place a fourth biscuit on top and coat with chocolate. Top with finely chopped nuts.

CHOC-ORANGE BISCUITS

Three cups flour, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons orange juice, pinch salt, 2oz. grated chocolate or chocolate pieces.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars and orange rind. Add egg, then orange juice; beat well. Work in sifted flour and salt. Lastly add chocolate. Form into long rolls 1in. in diameter. Wrap in wax paper, place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into 1/2in. thick slices, bake on ungreased tray in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

WALNUT TOP-HATS

Two and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1-3rd cup walnuts.

Caramel: Half pound caramels, 1 cup water, 2 cups walnuts or other nuts.

Melt butter in saucepan, add brown sugar, vanilla, and chopped nuts. Add to sifted dry ingredients in mixing-bowl; mix well and shape into balls. Flatten on to ungreased oven-trays and pinch the top to form a peak. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 18 minutes. Cool.

Caramel: Melt caramels with water in top half of double boiler over hot water. Dip flat end of each biscuit into caramel, then into chopped nuts. Allow to set before serving.

CHOCOLATE LIQUEURS

Quarter pound butter or substitute, 1lb. sifted icing sugar, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1-3rd cup coconut, 1 cup sultanas and walnuts, liqueur or brandy to taste, 1 unbeaten egg-white, chopped walnuts, coconut or chocolate sprinkles.

Beat butter until soft and creamy, adding sugar and cocoa gradually. Beat well, add coconut, chopped sultanas, and walnuts, then liqueur or brandy to taste. Add egg-white, mixing well. Leave 1/2 hour to firm before shaping into balls the size of a large marble. Toss in chopped walnuts, coconut, or chocolate sprinkles.

TRIPLE TREATS

Two cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 2oz. melted chocolate.

Cream butter with sugar and

vanilla until white and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg. Stir in sifted flour alternately with milk, mixing well. Divide into halves and to one half add melted chocolate; chill until firm. Divide white and chocolate mixtures in halves and roll to approximately 8in. x 4in. rectangles on floured board. Sandwich alternate chocolate and white layers together and cut sandwich in halves. Place one half on top of the other, so forming 8 layers. Pinch off small amount and roll into balls. Arrange 3 together, sides touching, on greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen then allow to cool on trays.

CINNAMON CRISPS

One and a half cups sifted flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon shredded orange peel, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup bran flakes, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Thoroughly cream butter and sugar. Beat in egg and orange peel. Sift together dry ingredients; add to creamed mixture. Stir in bran flakes and walnuts. Chill 1 hour. Shape in 2 long 1 1/2in. rolls. Wrap in waxed paper; chill well. Slice 1/2in. to 3/4in. thick. Bake on greased oven-tray in a moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes.

RAISIN BARS

One and three-quarter cups sifted flour, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup water, 1 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, icing sugar.

Combine raisins and water; bring to boil; remove from heat. Stir in softened butter. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in sugar and egg. Sift together dry ingredients; beat into raisin mixture. Stir in nuts. Pour into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until done. When cool, cut into bars. Dust with icing sugar.

CHOCOLATE SURPRISES

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup maraschino cherry juice, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. melted chocolate, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped maraschino cherries, 18 marshmallows (cut in halves), walnut halves, cherries, coconut.

Cream butter and brown sugar until fluffy. Add egg

and beat well. Stir in half the sifted flour, cherry juice, and milk, then add the remainder. Mix well. Blend in chocolate, walnuts, and cherries. Place rounded teaspoonfuls on to greased trays and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Place marshmallow on top of hot biscuit cut side down. Cool. Frost with chocolate frosting, decorate as desired.

Chocolate Frosting: One-third cup milk, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 2oz. chocolate (chopped), pinch salt, vanilla, 3 to 3 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar.

Place into top half of double saucepan the milk, butter, chocolate, and salt, and heat until thick, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and flavor with vanilla. Gradually add icing sugar until mixture is a good spreading consistency.

CARAMEL CRUSTED SQUARES

One cup self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or ground ginger.

Topping: Four tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or ground

ginger, 3 teaspoons golden syrup.

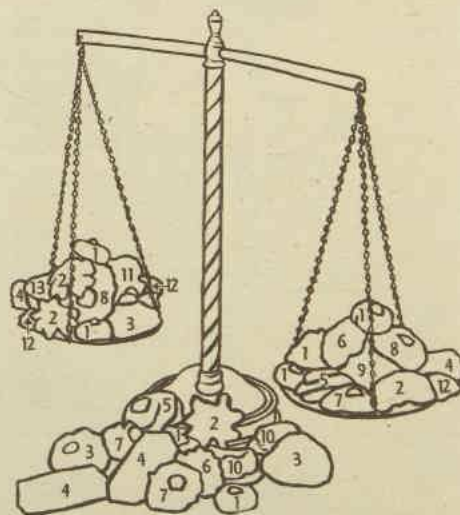
Cream butter and sugar and add sifted dry ingredients. Press into greased slab-tin and prick with fork. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Place all topping ingredients into saucepan and stir over low heat until butter is melted and well mixed. Pour over biscuit while both are still warm. Cut into squares when cold.

PEANUT BALLS

Two and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 1 cup butter or substitute, 3oz. melted chocolate, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup salted peanuts or almonds, sifted icing sugar.

Melt butter and chocolate in saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in sugar and add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in flour and nuts. Chill overnight if possible or a few hours. Mould into balls and toss in icing sugar. Press down on to greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 12-15 minutes. Cool on trays.

Continued on page 58



KEY TO PICTURE on previous page: 1, Black-eyed Susans. 2, Aniseed Stars. 3, Chocolate Surprises. 4, Butterscotch Finger Biscuits. 5, Orange Crystals. 6, Walnut Top-Hats. 7, Fruited Cherry Drops. 8, Cherry Roughs. 9, Pineapple Treats. 10, Angel Haloes. 11, Chocolate Clusters. 12, Three in Ones. 13, Pink Blossoms.

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BAKE A BATCH OF BISCUITS

Continued from page 56

PINEAPPLE TREATS

Three cups self-raising flour, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 2-3rds cup drained, crushed pineapple (reserve juice for icing), 1 cup walnuts, 1 1/2 cups toasted coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with brown and white sugar until fine and fluffy. Add the 2 unbeaten eggs, vanilla, and lemon essence; beat well. Fold in crushed pineapple, sifted flour, and walnuts, and mix well. Place in small spoonfuls on greased trays, and bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Cool. Frost with lemon icing, and dip each in toasted coconut.

Lemon Icing: Quarter cup cornflour, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 1/2 cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, lemon coloring, 1 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar.

Blend cornflour with pineapple juice and water in a saucepan. Bring to boil and stir until thickened. Add lemon juice, butter, vanilla, and coloring. Gradually stir in sifted icing sugar.

ANGEL HALOES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg.

Cream butter with brown sugar. Blend in vanilla and unbeaten egg. Add flour and soda and mix thoroughly. Chill at least one hour. Prepare filling and meringue.

Lemon Filling: One cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks, 3oz. butter.

Combine in saucepan sugar, lemon rind and juice, and slightly beaten egg-yolks. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Add butter. Cool.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites until slight mounds form. Gradually add sugar, beating until mixture stands in stiff glossy peaks. Blend in lemon juice; beat until mixture again forms stiff peaks. Shape level teaspoons of dough into balls. Place on ungreased slide and press to 1-in. thickness. Top with a spoonful of meringue. Form a hollow in centre of each, using back of teaspoon dipped in cold water. Bake in slow oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Fill hollow with filling as needed.

CHERRY ROUGHS

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup chopped cherries, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup chopped almonds, extra cherries.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, beat in egg and almond essence. Fold in the sifted flour, cherries, coconut, and nuts; mix well. Place in teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-slides and top each with a cherry piece. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool, and then remove; store in tin.

FIVE-POINT BISCUIT MIXTURE

Three and one third cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 1/2 cups butter or substitute.

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Stir in rolled oats. Rub in butter until mixture is crumbly. Store in covered container.

Rolls Cookies:

Two and a half cups biscuit mixture, 1 egg (beaten), 1 teaspoon vanilla, colored sugar, mixed fruit, nuts, or coconut.

Combine biscuit mixture with egg and vanilla. Knead dough until well blended. Chill one hour. Roll on lightly floured board. Cut in fancy shapes and decorate with colored sugar, mixed fruit, nuts, or coconut. Bake on ungreased oven-trays in a moderately hot oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

Butterscotch Bars:

Crust: Two cups biscuit mixture, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Topping: One egg (beaten), 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup rolled oats.

Combine biscuit mixture, milk, and vanilla. Press in a layer in greased shallow tin. Bake in moderately hot oven for 15 minutes. Let cool slightly while making topping. Combine all topping ingredients, except rolled oats, and beat well. Fold in rolled oats. Spread over top of baked crust. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. (Be sure not to bake these bars too much. They appear soft when taken from the oven, but become very crisp in cooling.) Cool 10 minutes. Cut into bars.

Coconut Snowballs:

Two cups biscuit mixture, 1 egg (beaten), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup coconut.

Combine biscuit mixture, egg, vanilla, and 1/2 cup coconut. Shape dough in small balls. Roll in remaining coconut. Bake on greased trays in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Chocolate Drops:

Two cups biscuit mixture, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate (melted), 1/2 cup hot water, 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, icing sugar.

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into balls one inch in diameter. Bake on greased oven-trays in moderately hot oven for 12 minutes. Remove to wire rack and sprinkle with sieved icing sugar.

SPICED HONEY COOKIES

Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup honey, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 1/2 cup chopped peanuts or mixed nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg; mix well. Fold in honey and nuts and lastly sifted flour, cinnamon, and salt. Drop a teaspoon at a time on to greased oven-slide, leaving sufficient room for a little spreading. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool, store in airtight tin.

ALMOND COCONUT SLICES

Eight ounces flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. ground rice, 2oz. ground almonds, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 teaspoon almond essence, apricot jam, grated chocolate, chopped nuts.

Rub butter into sifted flour and salt. Add sugar, ground rice, and almonds. Mix to a stiff dough with egg-yolks, milk, and almond essence. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into two. Roll each piece into oblong shape nearly 1/2 in. thick. Pinch edges, place on trays. Partly bake in slow oven 20 minutes. Spread each piece of pastry with jam, cover with grated chocolate and chopped nuts mixed together. Bake in slow oven further 15 to 20 minutes. Cool slightly, cut into 1 in. slices.

DATE AND NUT MERINGUES

Half pound stoned dates, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 table-spoons sugar, vanilla essence, cherries to decorate.

Put dates and walnuts through food mincer or chop together finely, add orange rind and juice. Stir over gentle heat 1 or 2 minutes until softened slightly. Roll into balls with the fingers. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar; continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla. Press each ball on to the prongs of a fork and, using a knife, coat each ball completely with meringue. Push each ball carefully off the fork with knife on to greased oven-slide. Bake in slow oven 30 to 35 minutes or until lightly browned and firm to touch. Cool on trays. Top each with piece of cherry.

PEANUT COFFEE DREAMS

Half cup flour, 2 eggs, 4 table-spoons sugar, 1/2 cup corn-flour, 1 dessertspoon coffee powder, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beating well. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Drop a small teaspoon at a time on to hot, greased oven-slides. Bake in a hot oven 5 or 6 minutes. Lift on to cake-cooler and when cold join in pairs with peanut cream filling.

Peanut Filling: To 1/2 cup cream add 2 dessertspoons peanut butter and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence.

AFGHANS

Six ounces flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1oz. drinking chocolate, pinch salt, few drops vanilla, 2oz. cornflakes, blanched almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Work in sifted flour, drinking chocolate, and salt. Lastly add vanilla and cornflakes. Mixture is very stiff and takes considerable mixing. Place a teaspoon at a time on greased tray; bake in a moderate oven approximately 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. When cold top with chocolate icing, and decorate with split blanched almonds.

RAINBOW FINGERS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. custard powder, pinch salt, a little milk, pink coloring, 1 tablespoon cocoa, lemon-flavored warm icing.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Work in sifted flour, custard powder, and salt, then sufficient milk to make a stiff paste. Divide mixture into 3 equal portions. To one portion add pink coloring; to another add cocoa blended to a smooth thick paste with milk. On floured board press or roll each portion to a long narrow strip. Join the three layers, one on top of the other, with the pink layer in the middle. Lift carefully on to greased oven-trays. Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cold top with icing and cut into fingers.

JACK HORNERS

Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup currants, 1/2 cup chopped lemon peel, 1-3rd cup grated cheese, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter or substitute and gradually add sugar. Add egg, mix well. Stir in fruit, peel, cheese, and vanilla. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon. Add by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-trays, leaving 2 inches space in between to allow them to spread. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

SPECIAL COURSE:

The Australian Women's Weekly presents a wonderful cookery course by Leila C. Howard, our Food and Cookery Expert.

● Whether you are starting from scratch or just wish to refresh your memory this course will prove invaluable. We begin with two lessons and a selection of recipes on roasting. All the lessons and recipes will fit into a loose-leaf book 10in. by 8 1/2in. Paste them in as we present them and you will have your own easy-to-follow complete cookery guide.

ROASTING I

—Meats and vegetables

ROASTING or baking, one of the oldest known methods of cooking, originally meant cooking meat, suspended from a spit, over an open fire. Today the term embraces meats and vegetables cooked in the oven by radiated heat.

OVEN ROASTING

There are three methods of oven roasting. The method used depends on size, type, and cut of meat selected, time available, whether or not other foods are to be cooked at the same time, and personal preference.

METHOD 1

Use for small joints, or as an alternative method for larger joints.

Brown meat quickly at a high temperature to give a tasty "roasted" exterior, then lower heat and cook until interior is moist and tender.

A certain amount of shrinkage is unavoidable.

METHOD 2

Use for large joints. Maintain a steady moderate temperature to brown and cook evenly and minimise shrinkage and loss of moisture over a long cooking time.

Increase heat for last 15 to 20 minutes' cooking time to brown vegetables if necessary.

METHOD 3

Use for roasting cheaper cuts. Roast in a slow or very moderate oven for a long time to retain moisture, reduce shrinkage, and improve tenderness and flavor.

Increase heat to brown vegetables if necessary, as in Method 2.

(See oven roasting timetable on opposite page.)

BASTING

The necessity for this depends on type of meat. Be guided by the following points:

Lean Meat: Baste frequently to prevent dry, stringy surface.

Fat Meat: Place joint fat side up in baking-dish and basting will not be necessary.

Pork: Brush lightly with oil or melted fat during cooking for crisp crackling.

Poultry and Game: Baste often or cover with greased paper or aluminium foil. For a crisp, brown surface, remove covering and increase heat for last 15 minutes' cooking time.

Basting Effect Without Opening Oven Door: Place strips of pork fat or fatty bacon across top of meat.

Extra Flavor Introduced by Basting: Add herbs, wine, or other flavorings to fat in pan. Use sparingly until you have tested family reaction.

OVEN POSITIONS

Cooking positions in oven depend on type of stove (i.e., gas, electric, etc.), and vary according to shape and size of oven and whether or not the oven temperature is automatically controlled.

GENERAL GUIDE

Method 1: Start cooking in hottest part of oven, then move to centre heat.

Method 2: Cook in centre heat.

Method 3: Cook in most moderate section of oven.

MEATS SUITABLE FOR ROASTING

Beef: Ribs, sirloin, topside, round.

Veal: Breast, fillet, leg, shoulder.

Lamb or Mutton: Leg, shoulder, loin, saddle.

Pork: Leg, loin, fillet.

Poultry and Game: Chicken, duck, turkey, goose, rabbit (whole or sections).

POT ROASTING

Use for small roasts, or when no oven is available, or to tenderise cheap cuts.

Brown meat slowly and thoroughly in very little fat in a heavy saucepan. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, reduce heat, and cook slowly to retain moisture.

ROAST VEGETABLES

Cook vegetables in same pan as meat, or in a separate pan with hot fat 1/2 in. deep.

Suitable vegetables: Potatoes (plain or sweet), pumpkin, carrots, parsnips, onions, chokoes, marrow, squash.

For roast vegetables golden-brown and crisp on the outside and soft on the inside:

1. Choose firm, even-sized vegetables.

2. Peel thinly, wash and dry thoroughly, sprinkle with salt and pepper.

3. Place around the meat in hot fat in baking-dish, about 40 to 45 mins. before end of cooking time.

4. Baste occasionally or turn with spoon or tongs once or twice during cooking. Don't use a fork, it will pierce crisp shell and allow fat to soak into vegetables.

5. Increase oven heat for last 15 to 20 minutes' cooking time to brown vegetables.

6. Remove from fat when tender and golden-brown and drain on kitchen paper.

Cooking time varies slightly according to type and size of vegetables and heat of oven.

Time-delay roasting

Roll vegetables on all sides in hot fat, place in cold oven ready for cooking when required.

To prevent soggy roast vegetables:

a. Dry vegetables thoroughly after washing.

b. Have fat no more than 1/2 in. deep in baking-dish.

c. Have fat thoroughly hot when vegetables are placed in it.

Baked jacket potatoes: Scrub and dry unpeeled old potatoes. Prick well with a fork to prevent bursting and to allow steam to escape and so keep potatoes soft and fluffy. Place on oven bars and bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven.

Baked new potatoes: Wash and dry well, roll in melted butter or substitute and chopped parsley. Roast in oven for 30 minutes.

LEARN HOW TO COOK WITH US

ROASTING 2

EVEN the most delicious roasted meats need the right gravies and stuffings to accompany them.

A small quantity of smooth rich gravy enhances the delicate flavor of roasted meat, an excessive amount of thick, greasy gravy swamps and destroys it.

GRAVIES

Gravy is made from juices which ooze from roasting meat, sediment which forms on the base of the dish, and water or stock.

Seasonings and a thickening agent such as flour, potato flour, or cornflour are added to make a tasty gravy, which is spooned over individual servings or served separately in a sauceboat.

To Make a Simple Thickened Gravy:

1. Remove cooked meat and vegetables from baking-pan, keep hot.
2. Drain excess fat from pan, leaving pan juices, sediment, and about 1 tablespoon fat.
3. Place pan over low heat, sprinkle 1 to 1½ tablespoons flour over surface.
4. Cook, stirring constantly, until well browned, but not burnt.
5. Remove from heat, pour in approximately 1½ cups cold stock or water, stir briskly.
6. Continue stirring over heat until gravy thickens and boils.
7. Add a few drops Parisian essence if a richer brown color is required, simmer 3 or 4 minutes.

— Gravies, sauces, stuffings

8. Season with salt and pepper, strain if necessary, and add extra flavoring as desired.

Additional Flavorings:

Select from: Tomato sauce, puree, or juice, piquant sauce, meat cubes, meat or vegetable extract, wine, herbs or spices, condensed broths, lemon rind, minced red or green peppers, chopped pickles, chopped cooked giblets, chopped cooked mushrooms or tomatoes.

To Make Rich Brown Gravy:

1. Drain off excess fat, leaving 1 tablespoon in pan.
2. Add ½ cup wine or brandy, warm slightly, set alight. This flaming lifts sediment from pan and gives concentrated flavor.
3. When flame subsides sprinkle pan with 1 dessertspoon potato flour or cornflour, add 1 dessertspoon tomato paste and 1 teaspoon meat extract.
4. Stir in 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, mix well.
5. Stir over heat until gravy thickens and boils, strain if necessary.
6. Season to taste, add additional flavoring as desired.

Note: A spoonful of red-currant jelly added before straining gives extra smoothness and a gloss.

To Make Cream Gravy:

1. Leave 2 tablespoons fat in pan.
2. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, stir briskly to mix.
3. Stir in 1 cup stock or water and 1 cup evaporated milk or cream.
4. Stir over low heat until smooth, thick, and near to boiling point.
5. Season, flavor as desired.

TRADITIONAL TRIMMINGS

Beef: Yorkshire pudding.
Veal: Force meat.
Mutton: Red-currant jelly.
Lamb: Mint sauce.
Pork: Apple sauce, baked or fried apples, cranberry sauce.
Poultry: Bread sauce (chicken or turkey), apple sauce (duck or goose), cranberry sauce (turkey or goose), orange sauce (duck).

SEASONINGS OR STUFFINGS

(FOR MEAT, POULTRY, OR FISH)

Seasonings are used to:

1. Increase flavor.
2. Extend number of servings.
3. Help preserve shape.

Most stuffings swell during cooking, so pack meat, poultry, or fish cavities lightly to allow for expansion.

To prevent distortion of shape and splitting of flesh, allow room for swelling when sewing or skewering the opening.

Two types of stuffing in general use are:

1. **Breadcrumb or Rice Stuffing:** Bound with egg or milk and flavored with onion and herbs. Additional flavorings are added as desired.

Used for: Mild-flavored poultry, any type of meat, fish, rabbit.

2. **Force meat:** Finely minced meat (liver, veal, pork, sausage mince), fish, or poultry mixed with a small quantity of breadcrumbs enriched and moistened with eggs, butter, or minced suet and flavored with herbs.

Used for: Poultry such as turkey, duck, goose; large whole fish such as snapper or cod.

Sauce and stuffing recipes

(Roasting 2)

BREADCRUMB SEASONING

Melt 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, add 1 chopped onion, saute 2 or 3 minutes. Mix with 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped fresh herbs (thyme, marjoram, rosemary, sage, etc.), salt, pepper, and 1 egg-yolk or ¼ cup milk.

Variations:

Oyster: Season sparingly, add 1 cup chopped oysters, pinch grated lemon rind.

Mushroom and Bacon: Add 2 rashers chopped, cooked bacon and 2 or 3oz. peeled, sliced mushrooms.



BASIC SAUCE recipes can be varied with the addition of unusual spices.

RICE SEASONING

Saute ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons good shortening until soft but not brown. Add ½ cup chopped, skinned tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and 1½ cups cooked rice.

Variations:

Kidney and Bacon: Add 1-3rd cup chopped sauteed kidneys and 1 or 2 rashers chopped, cooked bacon.

Bacon and Celery: Add 1 or 2 rashers chopped, cooked bacon and 1-3rd cup finely chopped celery.

FORCEMEAT

Combine 1lb. lean minced veal or sausage mince, ½ to ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, pinch grated lemon rind, and nutmeg, salt and pepper. Bind with beaten egg and milk.

Variations:

Mushroom: Peel and chop 4oz. mushrooms, saute in 1oz. butter or substitute. Add 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pinch cayenne, and 1 or 2 egg-yolks.

Prawn: Mix 1 cup chopped, shelled prawns with 1 cup soft crumbs, pinch mace or nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, pinch cayenne, 1 egg-yolk and a little milk, or 1 whole egg.

MINT SAUCE

Two tablespoons chopped green mint, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Wash and dry mint, remove stalks, chop finely. Boil sugar and water 1 minute, add vinegar, pour over mint. Stand 15 minutes, stir well before serving.

BREAD SAUCE

One cup milk, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion or chives, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pepper, salt.

Combine all ingredients, beat thoroughly. A little mustard can be added if desired.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

Two tablespoons grated horseradish, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 3 tablespoons thick cream or 3 tablespoons white sauce, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Mix ingredients together, adding cream or white sauce last.

APPLE SAUCE

Peel, core, and slice 6 tart apples. Cook until soft with 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons water, pinch salt, squeeze lemon juice, and nut of butter. Beat until smooth, serve hot.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ¼ pint milk, 2oz. good fat.

Sift flour and salt, make a well in centre. Add egg, work flour in from sides, add half the milk, a little at a time. Beat until smooth and light, add remaining milk, stand aside for 1 hour. Pour into heated fat in baking-dish, cook 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Drain fat off, cut into squares.

ORANGE SAUCE

(For Roast Duck)

Three dessertspoons good shortening, 4 dessertspoons flour, ½ cup stock or water, salt, paprika, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1-3rd cup hot orange juice, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Melt shortening, add flour, and brown slowly. Stir in stock, continue stirring until boiling. Season; just before serving add orange rind and juice and sherry.

RICE AND ORANGE STUFFING

(For Turkey or Duck)

One cup raw rice, 1 onion (minced), 1 tablespoon shortening (or fat from turkey or duck), 1 orange, 1 tablespoon raisins, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon celery salt.

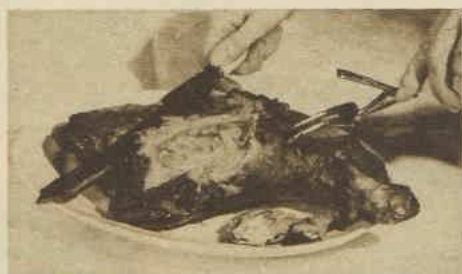
Cook rice in boiling, lightly salted water until barely tender. Drain. Saute onion in shortening. Grate skin of orange, peel, and remove membrane and seeds, chop orange meat coarsely. Place peel, orange, rice, onion, and raisins in a bowl. Add seasonings and mix well.

Meat and vegetable recipes

LEG OF LAMB BRETONNE

One leg of lamb (3 to 3½lb.), 1 rasher fat bacon, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, small whole carrots, parsnips, onions, potatoes, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper.

Remove excess fat from meat. With sharp-pointed knife stab meat all over, piercing through to the bone, and insert small pieces of bacon and garlic. Place meat in greased baking-dish. Spread fat over meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Add carrots, parsnips, onions, and potatoes (prepared for baking in the usual way), continue cooking until meat is tender, turning vegetables while cooking. Serve garnished with parsley.



LAMB or veal shoulders can be roasted with the bone or boned and rolled.

SAVORY BEEF POT ROAST

Four pounds round steak, cut in one piece, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 3 tablespoons good shortening, ½ cup stock or water.

Cut a deep pocket in side of steak, fill with the following mixture: Place breadcrumbs, peeled chopped mushrooms, finely diced onion, parsley, salt and pepper in basin. Bind with beaten egg and milk. Secure pocket opening with small skewers or sew with needle and coarse thread. Heat shortening in heavy saucepan, add meat, and brown on all sides. Drain off fat, leaving about 1 tablespoon in pan. Add stock or water, cover closely, simmer 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Serve with baked whole onions, carrots, potatoes, and sauteed whole mushrooms.

STUFFED LAMB BREASTS

Four unsalted breasts of lamb, each about ½lb., 1 dessertspoon fat, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk.

Using coarse thread and a strong needle, sew two pieces of meat together, leaving broad end open for stuffing. Melt fat in small pan, add celery and onion. Cook until celery is soft and onion lightly browned. Add all other ingredients, turn into basin, bind with egg-yolk. Fill into lamb pockets. Skewer open end of each stuffed joint with strong cocktail sticks or sharpened matches, lace with fine string. Place joints in baking-dish with hot fat to a depth of ¼in. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours, basting and turning joints at frequent intervals. Place prepared vegetables in for last 45 to 60 minutes. Remove sticks, thread, and string.

TIMETABLE FOR OVEN ROASTING

THE following times are approximate only. Allowance must be made for size and thickness of joint, personal preference for rare, medium, or well-done meat. Allow shorter time for larger joints, birds.

Pork and veal must be well done, other meats as desired.

Frozen meat: thaw before roasting.

Partially thawed frozen meat: use method 3 and allow extra time.

Numbers below indicate minutes per pound of meat.

	METHOD 1	METHOD 2	METHOD 3
BEEF	20-25	25-30	40-45
VEAL	30-35	35-40	45-50
LAMB	20-25	25-30	30
MUTTON	25-30	30-35	40-45
PORK	30-35	35-40	40-50
CHICKEN	20-25	25-30	30
RABBIT	20-25	25-30	40-45
DUCK	20-25	25-30	30
TURKEY	20-25	25-30	30

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CORNFLOUR CONTEST

● Here are four more progress prize winning recipes in our £1200 Maize Cornflour Contest. Each wins £5. Wonderful cash prizes are to be awarded for recipes using maize cornflour as an ingredient. Closing date is March 20 and particulars about entering are given below.

THE Grand Champion prize in the contest is £400 plus a return air trip for two to Tahiti. There is also a first prize of £100, second prize of £40, and third prize of £20 in each of the four sections. Plus a special prize of £20 for the best hint using maize cornflour and ten consolation prizes of £1 to be awarded in each section.

In addition to all these, four progress prizes of £5 each are given weekly throughout the contest.

To enter the contest send in your recipe or recipes in which maize cornflour is one of the ingredients.

Write or type each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, and at the top of the sheet mark the section in which the recipe is to be entered. Also mark the sheet with your name, full address (including State), and send it to

CORNFLOUR CONTEST,
Box 5252, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

SECTION 1

Soups and Sauces

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Stevenson, 17 Park Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI OR RICE

Two tablespoons olive oil, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 4 very ripe tomatoes, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 2 cups meat

stock, 2oz. minced beef, 2oz. minced veal, 1/2 teaspoon chopped chives, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 firm tomatoes, chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in pan, add garlic, cook one minute. Add meat extract, tomato paste, sliced skinned ripe tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper, cook slowly for five minutes. Mix cornflour to a paste with a little of the cold stock. Add remainder of stock to mixture in pan, bring to the boil, then strain through a fine strainer. Return to pan and thicken with cornflour paste, stirring until it comes to the boil. Gradually add the meats, chives, butter, and the firm tomatoes (diced, skinned, and seeded), then lastly the chopped parsley.

SECTION 2

Main-course Dishes

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Ferris, Hereford Hills, Calliope, Qld.

TONGUE WITH CHERRY SAUCE

One beef tongue, 1/2 cup brown sugar (well packed), 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 1 cup stock, 1/2 teaspoon whole cloves, 1/2 bay leaf, 1 cup drained, pitted sour cherries, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Simmer tongue in salted water until tender, about 1 hour for each pound. Trim and remove skin. Cut in 1/2 in. slices, place in baking-dish. Mix brown sugar and maize cornflour; combine with stock. Add cloves and bay leaf; cook until thick. Add cherries, lemon juice, and butter; bring to the boil. Pour over tongue and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

SECTION 3

Desserts

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss

A. Parsonage, Queen Mary Nurses' Home, Grose St., Camperdown, N.S.W.

CHERRY PARTY PIZZA

Pastry: One and a half cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup lard or margarine, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 to 5 tablespoons milk.

Crumble: Half cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Filling: Three-quarter cup sugar, 3 tablespoons maize cornflour, 1 large tin sour pitted cherries with liquid, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon red food coloring, 1/2 teaspoon almond extract, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts.

Pastry: Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse bread-crumbs. Then cut in butter until it resembles large peas. Toss dough lightly with a fork and gradually sprinkle milk over it. Continue tossing until dough clings to fork. On a large baking-sheet roll out two-thirds of dough into a 10 x 14 in. rectangle. Turn up edges to make a 1 in. standing rim; flute rim with fingers. Roll out remaining dough and cut into 1/2 in. strips.

Crumble: Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Sprinkle two-thirds evenly over rolled-out pastry. Save remainder to sprinkle around filling.

Filling: Mix sugar and maize cornflour in saucepan. Slowly add all cherry liquid. Stir over low heat until thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in remaining ingredients, plus drained cherries. Spread on crumble-topped pastry carefully. Sprinkle remaining crumble mix round edge of filling. Arrange pastry strips

diagonally over top, sealing to fluted edge. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with ice-cream.

SECTION 4

Biscuits

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Rice, C/o Post Office, Biggenden, Qld.

MINT CREAM WAFERS

Wafers: One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 4oz. lard, 1 egg-yolk, 1/2 cup ice water, 4oz. butter.

Topping: One egg-white, 1/2 teaspoon lemon essence, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, almonds.

Mint Cream Filling: Three-quarters cup sugar, 4 tablespoons maize cornflour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon peppermint essence, green food coloring.

Wafers: Sift flours and salt three times into basin. Cut in lard coarsely. Beat egg-yolk into ice water and add to flour. Mix until firm dough is formed. Turn on to a floured board and roll into a long, even strip about three times longer than wide. Dot with 1-3rd of the butter, fold outside edges of pastry to centre, fold in half, and roll out. Repeat twice. Chill. Roll out chilled pastry to 1/2 in. thickness and cut into strips 2 x 3 inches. Spread pastry with topping made by beating egg-whites, add essence, beat in icing sugar.

Spread thinly on top of strips and sprinkle with slivered almonds. Place on greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven about 20 minutes, cool, split in halves, join with Filling.

Filling: Mix sugar, cornflour, and salt. Add water slowly and cook over boiling water until very thick, stirring constantly. Add egg-yolks; cook 3 minutes longer. Beat until smooth, add butter, cool. Add mint essence and color green.



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Fruit sweet wins prize

● A simple fruit and creamed rice sweet wins £5 for a Tasmanian reader in our popular recipe contest.

A NEVER-FAIL meringue recipe which can be covered and stored in the refrigerator for at least 24 hours without the mixture separating wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

TASMANIAN FRUIT DELIGHT

Three cups boiled drained rice, 1 small tin peach halves (drained), 1lb. pears (peeled and halved), 1 small tin apricot halves (drained), 1lb. pitted cherries or use fruit of your own choice, 1 cup milk, 2oz. white sugar, 4oz. brown sugar, cream or ice-cream.

Combine rice with one cup of the fruit, which has been roughly chopped. Spread over base of a large greased oven-proof dish and pour over half the milk. Sprinkle with half the white and brown sugars. Arrange fruits of your choice in an attractive pattern on top of the rice. Pour over remaining milk and sprinkle with remaining sugars. Bake in moderate oven until most of the milk has been absorbed, about 30 minutes. Serve warm with whipped sweetened cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Cox, P.O. Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

NEVER-FAIL MERINGUE

Half cup egg-whites (about 5 eggs), 1 cup sugar, 1/2 tea-



ATTRACTIVE arrangement of summer fruits on top of creamed rice mixture. Recipe is Tasmanian Fruit Delight, and can be found, together with consolation prize recipe, at left.

Pour egg-whites into top half of double boiler and beat slightly until bubbly. Place over lukewarm water and stir until the egg-whites are lukewarm, remove from heat, add sugar and salt, and beat until meringue holds its shape with an electric mixer or rotary

beater (about 10 minutes). Use as desired. Any leftover meringue can be covered and placed in the refrigerator for at least 24 hours.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marino Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961

Privacy for outdoor living

● In this attractive house the two main bedrooms and the living-room open on to a spacious terrace, which is screened from the street.

THIS is ideal for quiet relaxation, or for entertaining in the summer months.

A particularly attractive feature about the house, No. 810 in our series, is the entrance. The front door opens into a spacious living-room from a small paved terrace near the carport.

The living-room opens into a small dining area, conveniently placed next to the kitchen.

There are three spacious bedrooms with built-in wardrobes, and ample storage space throughout the house for linens, brooms, etc.

Through our Home Planning Centres, alterations can be made to this design if required. The living-room can

be enlarged, and the pitched roof can be replaced by a flat one.

Costs of building Plan No. 810 in brick are £3950-£4450 and in timber £3700-£4200.

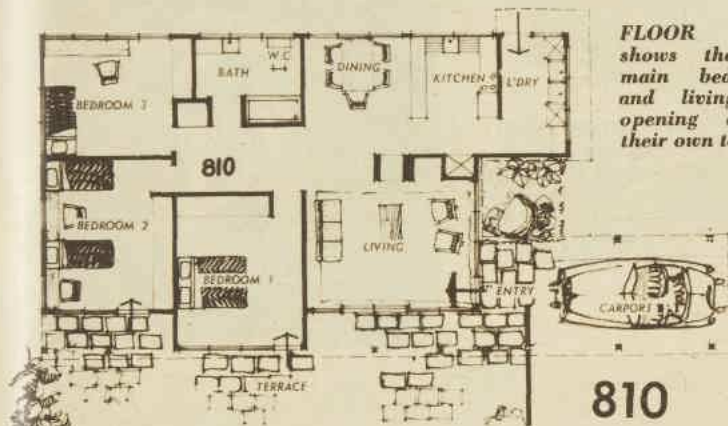
These costs are, of course, approximate. Our Centres (see addresses below) will give you accurate costs on your own land.

The plan shown above is



810

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows low-pitched roof and simple design of the house. It is No. 810 in our series.



FLOOR PLAN shows the two main bedrooms and living-room opening on to their own terrace.

810

one of many designs available through the Centres. Plans cost £10/10/- a full set (five copies of complete working drawings and three copies of specifications).

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you on your building problems.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centre is located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with your problem and return your plans as quickly as possible.

All plans are available in

mirror-reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site.

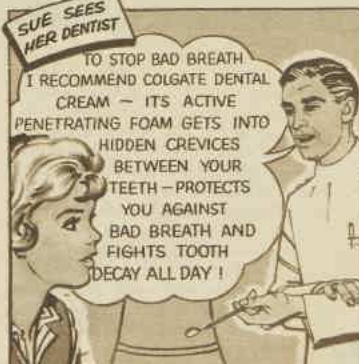
Remember, when ordering your plans by mail, please state the number of the plan, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, the

roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether the plan is required as drawn or in the mirror-reverse position. Please enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)
HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)
SYDNEY: Anthony Horden & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)
BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)
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AN EXOTIC TAHITIAN DISH

Saute 1 chopped onion in butter. Drain onions off and saute 1 1/2 lbs. cubed stewing steak in same pan for 5 minutes. Add 1/2 tspn. curry powder and stir until meat is well browned. Add salt, 1/2 cup coconut milk (or stock), 1/2 cup diced apple or rhubarb. Simmer for 1 1/2-2 hours. Stir in 1 tblspn. lemon juice and 1 cup shredded pineapple, thicken with 1 tblspn. Maize Cornflour and water and serve with rice.

OTHER STATES



in N.S.W.



in QUEENSLAND



Maize Cornflour has real Win-a-Trip Tricks

Fuchsia blossoms



LENA, a single or double fuchsia with violet-mauve tube and sepals, changing to reddish-violet as the flowers age. A very popular free-flowering type.

CARMEL BLUE (right), a handsome single type with dainty, slender blooms of bluish-purple with red sepals well turned back. Foliage is narrow and slender.



● Ranging from tiny creeping rockplants to shrubs so big they could almost be called trees, the fuchsia has many hundreds of varieties.

BECAUSE of their association with English gardens, many people think fuchsias are cold-climate plants. In fact, the first one was discovered in Haiti in 1703, and later varieties were collected from Mexico, Brazil, and Ecuador.

For the most part fuchsias should be planted in semi-shade, or at least in places where they are sheltered from the heat and afternoon sunshine, or from hot, strong winds, and from frost and cold winds.

In very frosty areas they need cover during winter months, or cuttings should be taken in summer, and these moved indoors during winter.

The tall varieties, some of which are illustrated on these pages, are much used as standards. This is achieved by obtaining straight canes and pruning them from the ground up to the crown so that they produce weeping standards from the top.

Varieties must be carefully chosen for the purpose desired. Many will make good plants without support, but for the

most part they show up to best advantage if staked and tied up, and carefully pinched back from time to time.

Pick out plants of strong, upright habit and alternate them with those of more pliant growth. Upright types are inclined to lose all their low foliage, and the latter can be made to cover those bare patches.

The fuchsia is one of the easiest of all plants to strike from cuttings, which may be taken at almost any season. Pieces 4 to 6 in. long, divested of leaves, will root in the ground in any place screened from direct sunlight.

They grow admirably in courtyards sheltered from strong winds, and do well in tubs or big pots, which should be well drained and filled with good quality sandy loam that has at least half fibrous material such as rotted manure or leafmould.

Water them regularly and keep a close watch for thrips, which make the foliage silvery looking with dirty rusty spots on the underside of the leaves. Spray with DDT emulsion. Caterpillars are troublesome at times, but DDT will control them if applied before the grubs reach large size.



BALLET GIRL, a handsome semi-double of scarlet and white. It is one of the most attractive, the blooms being large and long-lasting.

are so elegant



AUSTRALIA FELIX, a local variety with large, double, well-marked blooms that last well. Gets very heavy and needs strong support and ample ties to hold up floppy branches.

FLYING CLOUD (right), one of the newer American semi-double types, all white, a very strong grower, and free flowering. Needs ample shade, as blooms are rather delicate and inclined to sunburn.



CRINOLINE (left), a single (sometimes double) type, with rosy white tube having broad petals, often tipped with green and rose.

BURWOOD (right), a well-known single fuchsia with pink sepals, the inner whorl, or petals, a very bright pink. A showy type.



DOLLAR PRINCESS (left), a medium grower, has cerise-red sepals and rich purple corolla, very bushy — a gem among fuchsias and very free flowering all summer.

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SUNSHINE SPECIAL

Half fill parfait glasses with mixed fruit . . . berries, bananas, pineapple, passionfruit. Pour over Sunshine Custard (recipe below) while still warm, chill and serve.

BASIC SUNSHINE CUSTARD

Place 4 level tablespoons Sunshine Powdered Milk on top of 1 pint warm water, beat to dissolve, beat 1 egg, 2 level tablespoons sugar and 1 level tablespoon cornflour until thick. Add warm milk gradually, mix well. Place in saucepan and stir over gentle heat until custard thickens (do not boil). Add essence. Cool. (Not illustrated)

SUNSHINE CARAMEL CUP

Beat together 2 eggs, 1 pint warm water, 2 level tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence and 4 level tablespoons Sunshine Powdered Milk. Pour into greased dish, stand in pan of water and bake in moderate oven until set . . . cool, decorate with caramel: melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in saucepan over low heat until golden brown, stirring constantly. Drizzle syrup over baked custard in a swirl design. Cool in 'frig. Serve when caramel is hard.

SUNSHINE RIPPLE

Chocolate Ripple: Melt 6 ozs. Nestlé's semi-sweet chocolate over hot water. Add to basic Sunshine Custard (recipe above). Stir well, cool.

Sunshine Whip: Mix one cup of Sunshine with one cup of water. Chill thoroughly in freezing compartment. Beat until mixture begins to thicken. Add three teaspoons lemon juice and whip until stiff. Add icing sugar to taste. Spoon layers of chocolate custard and Sunshine Whip alternately into high glasses. Serve.

SUNSHINE MERINGUE

Meringue: Stiffly beat 2 egg whites and pinch salt, then gradually add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar; beat until stiff. Place 4 level tablespoons Sunshine Powdered Milk on top of 1 pint warm water, beat to dissolve. Heat in saucepan. Drop meringue in by tablespoons. Cook slowly, uncovered, till firm, about 5 mins. Lift meringues from milk (keep milk for custard) and drain on paper towels. Make basic Sunshine Custard. Place strawberries in serving glasses, pour warm custard over, top with meringues. Decorate with strawberries.



LEFT: A jug of Sunshine Milk left overnight in the 'frig has deep inches of cream on top. It's the cream that gives all your cooking rich, deep-down flavour.

RIGHT: Most powdered milks have no cream at all, like this.

SUNSHINE

FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK

ning he was walking up the main street of the town with Helen by his side.

"John," she said thoughtfully, "what's going on between your mother and father? Don't answer if you think I'm cheeky?"

"They split up," John answered laconically. "Ma wants to fight with Dad, but every time she gets properly started he just takes his coat and runs off to the pub. At first Ma didn't know where he was going, but when she found out she blew a fuse. You see, Ma enjoys fighting. She couldn't live without it. It doesn't mean a thing, and it's not serious. But, of course, she might shoot him for all I know!"

He scratched his head thoughtfully. Helen gasped.

"Shoot him?" she exclaimed. "Good heavens. Don't tell me she calls that enjoying herself!"

"But she does," John said. "Believe me it sounds worse than it is."

"Sounds worse than it is?" Helen gave him a long look. Then she asked in a small voice:

"Are you like that, John?"

"Like what, Helen?"

"Shooting people? Stabbing them?"

All the things they say . . . ?"

" . . . They say about us Italians? No, we aren't like that. Especially I am not. I came to this country when I was eleven. I've been here for eight years now, and I feel more like an Aussie every day. But Ma and Dad — they are older than I. They can't change."

"Talking about age," Helen said. "I am eighteen."

Continuing . . . THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT

from page 41

"I guessed it," John said happily. "But I do hope," Helen went on. "I do hope your mother isn't going to shoot your father. It would be awful!"

"I hope so, too," John agreed, frowning. "But it does look worse than it is. It's only the Latin temperament, you know."

The picture with Cary Grant wasn't so bad. Cary floated from one side of the screen to the other, talking smoothly, being very elegant. But John didn't really care for his bag of tricks. He was conscious only of Helen sitting beside him in her lovely

white dress. He could have cried for happiness. A feeling of warmth spread in his chest, and he breathed with difficulty. During the interval he got her an ice-cream, and grew acutely aware of the many stares directed at the two of them. The whole town knew about Ma and Dad, thanks to Mrs. Cartwheel, but this time she had been beaten to the draw.

"Well," said Helen at the door of her home, "it was lovely, John. Thanks for taking me!"

John took a deep breath. "What about next week, Helen?" he blurted out.

"Why, thanks," Helen said, a tiny quiver in her voice. "I would like it, too!"

Now that he had said what he'd wanted to say, he felt like running far away from her, hiding himself till he felt normal again.

"Good-night, John. And, John?"

"Y-yes, Helen?"

"I do hope it's only the Latin temperament!"

John came to visit Dad every day. He brought Ma's frigid messages with him, and took away Helen's warm smile. He had tea with Helen's parents, who at first were a little suspicious, but soon began to thaw. He started to take Helen regularly to the pictures, and sometimes Dad would come along, too. But he didn't go close to Ma's house and the situation remained unchanged.

"He says he hasn't seen the inside of a pub since he left," John would tell Ma, repeating Dad's words.

"Ha! The moment he got back he would start all over again. I know him. I know him only too well," Ma would rave.

"But, honestly, Ma, he has never been drunk so far!"

"I don't like the smell of whisky!"

"It's only beer, Ma."

"Never mind what! I don't like it!"

"But —"

"I'll blow his head off if he comes near this house. Just keep on telling him that! Men!"

Ma could say men in a dozen different ways, each one the ultimate condemnation of Adam and his descendants. John would protest occasionally, feeling very much like a man already, but Ma would just give him a queer look and he would know in her eyes he hadn't visibly changed from the fat, screaming baby whom Padre Barelli had baptised in the little Italian village church.

But sometimes, when he happened to mention Helen in that half-cautious, half-casual way which sticks out like a sore thumb, she would look up and her black

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WINNETT

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TO KEEP BABY CLOTHES silky soft, always use gentle Lux — particularly for machine washing.



HUSBANDS APPRECIATE the good looks of Lux-white shirts, the comfort of Lux-soft nylon socks.



IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX
(and so are your hands!)

● The extreme
delight we take
in talking about ourselves
should make us
suspect that it is
not shared by
those who listen.

— Rochefoucauld

eyes would try to focus on him in a bewildered way. A wary expression would pass across her face, like a frown.

One morning she said gruffly: "I want to see her."

"See whom?"

"That girl — Helen."

"All right. I'll bring her here to meet you."

That afternoon John and Helen were taking snaps of each other under the jacaranda trees in her backyard. He told her that Ma wanted to meet her. Helen nodded.

"Thanks for the invitation," she said, "but I am a little frightened of her."

"Oh — she isn't that bad."

"John?"

"Yes, Helen?"

She swallowed and gazed at him. Then she smiled.

"Nothing," she said. She lowered her gaze to her fingertips. It was very quiet under the jacaranda trees. After a while her eyes left her fingertips and travelled up to meet his gaze. She looked very lovely.

Suddenly she was in his arms and they were kissing clumsily.

He held her close to him and whispered: "You don't have to be afraid, Helen. I don't want you to be."

Slowly she put her head on his shoulder.

"I only want to know what you're like, John," she said. "I want to know because I love you."

"You know me, Helen!"

She shook her head.

"Not always. Sometimes when your funny little accent gets out of hand, when you frown — oh, I don't know how to say it . . ."

To page 74

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961

SHOW BUSINESS



MOZART OPERA ON TV

"THE ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO," Mozart's colorful opera, was a treat enjoyed by music-lovers when it was telecast in Sydney recently by A.B.C.-TV. The opera will be seen soon in all other States. In this picture, in the harem, Rae Cocking, as Constanza, spurns the advances of the Selim Pasha (Alan Light). The opera is gorgeously dressed; jewelled robes and gowns of lame and lace are worn. But watching their budget, for the Selim Pasha's costume, the A.B.C. did a masterful renovation of the embossed cerise satin robe worn by the King in their earlier successful production of Richard II.

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use new-formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever — faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feet how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 5/6 a tube; large size 5/8

NEW VEET

How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.



1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickest through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET AT ANY PRICE!

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sets
for
4/10

So — Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation were enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M23A

HUCK'S BACK!

Good news for adult viewers

By NAN MUSGROVE

● TV's big news is the return of that fabulous character Huckleberry Hound to Channel 9 in a brand-new set of adventures, and the introduction of another cartoon character, Rocky, with his friends.

CHANNEL 9 had more trouble than enough over "Huckleberry Hound" when the first series finished some time ago.

They received only token abuse from the children for whom it was specially shown, but copped the lot from the parents.

The elders wanted to know: Where was Huck? When they heard the series would be off for some considerable time, they behaved generally like spoiled children deprived of their favorite treat.

If you missed the first series, make sure you see this one. Huck is a hound based on the character of Tennessee Ernie Ford, and he has some fascinating friends.

My two favorites were Yogi Bear, who was supposed to be "Honeymooner" Jackie Gleason's mate, Art Carney, and spoke with his voice; and the Method-acting cat Mr. Jinx, said to be none other than Marlon Brando.

They'll all be back on your screens Wednesdays at 6 p.m. from March 15, so don't say I don't spread good news.

New cartoon

More good news for adult cartoon fans is the introduction of "Rocky and His Friends," Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 p.m. from March 14.

Rocky will be pretty stiff competition for Huck, once you get to know him.

Unfortunately for my work, I was given a comic book full of Rocky episodes (they last for half an hour). Dipping into it here and there, I met some intriguing people.

Rocky is a flying squirrel. His friend and henchman is Bullwinkle, a magnetic moose.

They start off their half-hour with the first part of a two-part serial — a suspense job in which they battle largely with two Russian spies, Natasha and Boris, moon men and girls, and peak-headed unidentified flying objects called Cloyd and Gidney.

The second part of the serial is shown in the last 10 minutes of the episode, so there is no waiting round from week to week.

The middle of the show concerns a dog called Mr. Peabody and a fractured fairy-tale, told by that dear old funnyman and master of the

double-take (or did he invent it?) Edward Everett Horton.

If this comic book is an average example of Rocky and his friends, I can recommend the series.

Huck and Rocky make their bow in the first week of what Channel 9 calls "strip programming."

"Strip programming" is an American expression that doesn't mean what it sounds like. It simply means that from March 13, Mondays to Fridays, you'll see an episode of a programme at the same time each day.

For instance, you'll see "Wheel of Fortune" every day, Monday to Friday, at 3.30; Desmond Tester and the Channel Ninepins every day at 4.30; cartoons or comedies every day at 6 p.m.

It's an excellent idea. There should be more of it.

"Route 66" is one to watch

I'VE just caught up with "Route 66," A.B.C.-TV's new one-hour show. Having caught up with it, I'm staying with it. It is outstanding and excels in all the departments that make a TV show good.

The continuing characters are Tod and Buzz, two young men who are driving on Route 66 looking for a place to settle.

Tod (Martin Milner) is the son of a wealthy family who went bankrupt. He drives an expensive sports car, a graduation present before the crash of the family finances and his sole major possession.

His mate is Buzz Murdoch



"ROCKY AND HIS FRIENDS" is a new "adult" cartoon (no relation to an "adult Western") starting on Channel 9 on March 14 at 6 p.m. Above are the four continuing characters in part of the show. From left, Natasha and Boris, who pit their wits against the magnetic moose, Bullwinkle, and his friend Rocky, the flying squirrel.

(George Maharis), a boy from the slums. He's a tough character, but has tons of practical experience and commonsense, which saves many difficult situations.

Todd and Buzz are in their early twenties. They are both likeable young men, good-looking enough, and they have a blend of sophistication and naivete that makes them seem real.

The story and dialogue in "The Strengthening Angels,"

TELEVISION PARADISE

the only one I've seen, was really superior TV.

I find that I watch some TV shows simply because there's nothing better on at the time. "Route 66" is not one of these. It is undoubtedly one that you watch even if you are reluctant to miss others on at the same time.

Jimmy'll be at the Show

AUSTRALIANS will first meet famous English comedian Jimmy Edwards as a horseman and farmer, for Jimmy has heard about the Royal Easter Show.

As soon as he did he sent a cable to his agents asking that all his TV commitments be rearranged so that he could go to the Show every day, and, if possible, at night when the polo is on.

Jimmy arrives on March 18 and is booked out from April 21, when the equestrian events start in Sydney's Centennial Park, three days before the Show opens on March 24.

So far, Jimmy's programme for his Australian season sounds very unlike a world-famous TV artist's programme.

From what I could see and hear, most of the entries were things like dressage events, grand parade, best ladies' hack, hunting, polo, with various notations about planes to Melbourne and back when necessary for TV.

Jimmy is a famous polo player, and often plays at Windsor Great Park with or against the Duke of Edinburgh. He hunts regularly and has a 500-acre farm in Surrey. He says he's determined to see every minute of the Show if he can. Happily, his TV commitments fit in with his wishes.



JIMMY EDWARDS

Well, stone the crows!

AS a sheila who works on The Australian Women's Weekly, I couldn't help saying "stone the crows" when I saw a recent episode of "Adventures in Paradise."

Gorgeous Gardner Mackay, who plays Adam Troy, skipper of the Tiki, was in Port Adelaide delivering a prize bull to a squatter.

The inhabitants of Port Adelaide (population more than 40,000) mostly wore bowler hats and a variety of flowered waistcoats, and looked as if they lived in the 1850s. They were found by Troy playing two-up in the banking chamber of the local bank, closed for Bank Holiday.

Troy found his squatter there, too. She was blond and shapely, and wore very 1960 riding clothes.

Adam remarked that he thought Port Adelaide was a fine place, especially when you found a sheila in the two-up school. But the squatter put him straight about that word. She wouldn't be called a sheila, she said, it meant a floozie.

And so it went. It was an uproar—surprisingly authentic in its background shots of the outback, but Twentieth Century-Fox, who make "Adventures in Paradise," just don't know about Australian slang.

There's one thing they do know. The Digger hat is worn by Australians. The squatter, who took Adam to her 60,000-acre station, added a hat to her riding ensemble when they went out to muster some cattle.

It was a Digger hat, turned up at the side and worn well back behind the front rolls and waves of the squatter's high-fashion hairdo, and looked extra grouse.

It was really funny to listen to the dialogue, so funny that I'm sure that if the Australian episodes of "Adventures in Paradise," of which I hear there are quite a number, continue the show's rating will rise considerably.

Last week, in a live telecast, the A.B.C. showed some very interesting paintings. Some were paintings by Australian children of what they thought England was like; others were what English children thought Australia looked like.

It was arranged through the A.B.C.-TV Children's Club in Australia and through the B.B.C. in England.

The pictures showed that Australian children have a better idea of what England is like than English kids have of us.

It was a good idea, and interesting TV curiosity. (Incidentally, Miss Tanya Halesworth was the commentator, and she did very well.)

What I am waiting for now is a competition for American TV producers. It could be pictures, or word pictures, of what they think Australia and Australians are like. That would be comic TV.



GEORGE MAHARIS (left) and Martin Milner, co-stars of Channel 2's new series "Route 66."



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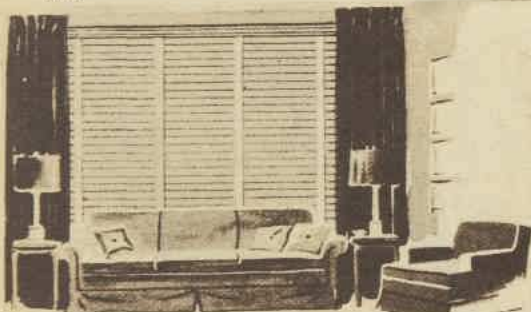


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Vivien the perfect Scarlett

● Even today, some 21 years later, many film-goers think that the casting of British Vivien Leigh — then a Hollywood unknown — as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind" was a publicity stunt.

IT was the Cinderella story to top all rags-to-riches yarns. It caused controversy throughout America and the world.

Scarlett, a vivacious vixen, was a very special person to all who had read "Gone With The Wind."

Photos of Miss Leigh proved she was piquant, pert, and pretty. Newspapers revealed she had scored in "Mask of Virtue," a British stage hit, and had appeared in English films. But still the fans weren't satisfied.

An English girl as a Southern belle! How would she master Scarlett's Southern accent?

But she did. And in a memorable, Academy Award-winning performance which zoomed Vivien Leigh to international stardom overnight.

A dramatic love story played against the pageantry and spectacle of America's Civil War, a magnificent milestone in motion picture history, the pioneer of all modern big-scale productions, "Gone With The Wind," starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland, will be re-released in Australia later this year to coincide with the now famous Miss Leigh's Australian "Old Vic" tour.

TAB HUNTER has made good his threat to sell his 50,000-dollar Glendale home and move away from the neighbors who testified that the star beats his Weimaraner dog, Fritz. "I've traded the house for another in a Beverly Hills canyon," Tab said. "There's plenty of room for Fritz to dig all the holes he wants, and I'm planning to get another dog to keep him



IN A SCENE from the immortal "Gone With The Wind," shortly to be re-released, Vivien Leigh (Scarlett O'Hara) finally agrees to marry suitor Rhett Butler (Clark Gable).

company. As for the neighbors who testified against me, I've never considered them friends. I'd like to see them blown up."

ROCK HUDSON rented the swanky Beverly Hills mansion — perched high on top of a mountain — where he now lives, so he can switch on his stereo phonograph without "irritating my neighbors."

**New
Films**

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★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★★ THE BIG FISHERMAN

From the powerful pen of author Lloyd C. Douglas, whose earlier novel, "The Robe," set the trend towards biblical period films, this story is broadly based on the early life of Simon Peter as a disciple.

Its fictional romantic plot brings vividly into focus the people and ways of life in first-century Arabia, Judea, and Rome.

Howard Keel brings sensitivity to the dynamic role of Simon Peter. Susan Kohner lives up to her recent award as the most promising actress of the year in the part of Princess Fara. — **Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word... **ABSORBING.**

★★ FLAMING STAR

Elvis Presley finds a straight role he can master in this lively Western drama. As a part-Indian cattleman living with his Indian mother (Dolores Del Rio), settler father (John McIntire), and white half-brother (Steve Forrest) in Kiowa-Injun country, Elvis — naturally agile, swarthy, and piercing-eyed — plays out his split-loyalty tragedy with surprising sensitivity. Loved by his family, despised by folks "in town," pressured by warring Indians, and feeling the complete misfit, Elvis takes a lone stand in bitter redskin-whiteskin skirmishes. Only four brief songs, woven through the plot, are a reminder of the guitar-singing hero. — **Regent, Sydney.**

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"John?"
 "Yes, darling?"
 "Are they ever going to make up?"
 "Ma and Dad! I hope so. Why?"
 "It's — it's very important to me."
 "They will. At the moment they are fighting. It's just like grand papa, you know, darling. Nothing's real, but it looks that way."
 She giggled.
 "The Latin temperament, John?"
 "Yes darling. But let's stop worrying about it."

When John came to fetch Helen on the following Saturday afternoon and Helen told him that Dad wasn't in his room he had a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"He didn't say where he was going?"

"He just talked about not being able to go on like this, but most of it was in Italian," Helen said.

Continuing . . . THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT

from page 68

"Well," John muttered uneasily, "let's get going."

They got on their bikes and rode up the main street.

"I wonder where he could have gone to," John said after a while. "Usually he sleeps on a Saturday afternoon!"

"Yes, maybe . . ." Helen said, and let it hang. Their eyes met. Both of them knew what they were thinking of. They pedalled faster. They bent away from the main street, went down Kelso Street, turned around a corner, and stopped short before John's home half-way up a deserted street.

"Oh, no," John whispered, as they got off their bikes.

Dad stood solemnly at the gate looking up the pathway at Ma, who stood

at the cottage door, resting the gun in the crook of her elbow.

"What are we going to do, John?" she murmured, trembling.

He shook his head. "Just wait. We can't do anything."

They stood and watched. Dad slowly opened the gate and Ma lowered the gun. "I warn you!" she shouted in Italian.

Dad didn't say a word. With amazement John watched him. Dad seemed to have changed. John had never seen him like this before. The stoop had left his shoulders. His eyes were like two black diamonds, his moustache bristled with energy, and he wore a

new red shirt. He went through the gate.

"This is my house," he answered steadily in Italian.

"Not any more," Ma shouted back. For a few seconds they stood like that, glaring at each other. Helen gripped John's arm and held on to it.

Then Dad began to walk up the path, step by step, looking at Ma. Ma lifted the rifle and levelled it at him.

Dad didn't bat an eyelid. Ma's mouth dropped open. Then she took a grip on herself.

"You heard what I said," she yelled. "I should never have married you!"

He stopped walking. He looked like a general, ready to attack.

"I'm the man in this house and I

say what's to be done," he said in deep voice.

He went close to her till the muzzle of the gun touched his shirt. He tore his red shirt open with both hands so that the rifle pointed at his hairy chest, and said calmly:

"Shoot!"

Ma went on staring at him as he stood before her, his curly black hair shivering in the wind, his eyes steady and clear. They remained like this for a few seconds, then Dad began to smile a dry smile, and, shaking his head, he lowered his hands, took the gun gently out of her hands, and flung it away.

"Come into the house," he said. "I want to talk to you!"

For a moment Ma's chin was about to rise another inch, but then her gaze withered away, and she turned and went into the house. The door closed behind the two of them.

John took a deep breath.

"Well," he said happily, "they're making up."

He looked at Helen, but Helen lowered her gaze.

"So it's true!" she murmured.

"What is true, darling?"

"What they say about . . ."

"But, Helen, darling . . ."

"Don't tell me that wasn't real," she shouted suddenly. "That mightn't be real to you, but it is to me! One of them could have been killed! And you say it's not real. Grand opera! The Latin temperament!"

"Helen, listen—"

"Not real," Helen sobbed. "So it's quite commonplace for you to point a gun at somebody, or to walk into one and get shot. Just like that. What do you do when you're really angry?"

"Helen, listen for a moment!"

"I am listening, but nothing you can say is—"

"Listen, Helen. Did you ever see my father like this?"

"No, and I—"

"My father," John said triumphantly, "would never even dare to walk into a gun! Do you know why he did it? Because he was drunk. I've never seen him drunk before, but I know he was! He probably will never be drunk again, but this time he was! He would never have done this under normal circumstances!"

Helen shook her head wildly.

"And even if he was, your mother—"

"My mother," John said quietly, with a grin spreading to the corner of his lips, "my mother would never have aimed a gun at the man she loved had she not known with absolute certainty that it wasn't loaded!"

He picked up the rifle, clicked it open, and showed Helen the empty chamber. Helen put her hand to her lips, and suddenly she began to giggle uncontrollably.

"So all the time," she began, but couldn't go on for giggling.

"Yes," John said, "Dad was loaded, all right, but the gun wasn't. Ma doesn't know his bluff and Dad doesn't know hers, so everything's all right. Don't you see, darling?"

Helen hooked her arm through his, laughing as though she'd never stop.

"Shall we join them now, John?" she asked.

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"We're only getting fifteen miles to the ice-cream cone!"

didn't know what to do about it, couldn't say now. She was uncomfortable.

"So you are in Chicago to stay, Tony, dear?" asked his grandmother.

"Yes, I am, Gran. Settled down. A job. A flat. A wife."

Tony lounged. Old affection made him easy.

"Are you a Chicagoan, my dear?" The calm eyes were inquiring of Alice.

"I come from Indiana..." Alice began. "A little town which little town. Her smile accepted the State of Indiana as one blob. "But I was working in Chicago," Alice went on.

"You are very young to have been holding a position, surely." The gentle voice was smooth.

"Holding a position" struck Alice as a fantastic description of her typing job.

"She's nineteen," Tony said teasingly. "Not even twenty."

"Very young," repeated Mrs. Redfern. "Alone in Chicago?"

"I'd been going to college," Alice explained. "But after my first year I thought it . . . best to work a year to pay for my education." Alice knew now that the subject of the "chat" was going to be her own biography. The pressure was gentle, but it was not to



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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 45

he evaded. "So I went to Chicago and got a job. But then I met Tony . . ."

"So there went everything," Tony said. "Education! Career! She's done for, all right."

Mrs. Redfern did not think this was amusing. "Your parents live in Indiana, do they still?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Your name is Hensen? Isn't that so? Your father has retired, perhaps?" A roundabout way to ask what he did.

"My father is a pharmacist," said Alice.

"I beg your pardon?"

Alice raised her voice. "My father owns a drugstore. Hensen's Drugstore."

"I see." The voice glided over and on. "Do you have brothers and sisters, my dear?" Mrs. Redfern forgave her father for owning a drugstore.

"I have a brother," Alice said, hearing in her own voice a small defensive hostility she had not wished to feel.

"Older?" This was Hortense chipping in.

"No, ma'am, younger," Alice said. "Joey's still in high school."

Hortense looked rather blank, as if she'd never heard of such a thing.

Then Alice had a vision of her brother Joe's big feet planted on this silken rug, in his disreputable shoes. The shoe was not made that could stay looking reputable on those huge, restless, churning, busy feet. The vision made her smile.

"Your parents are well?" purred Mrs. Redfern.

"Oh, very well, thank you. Very pleased," said Alice, "about my marrying Tony."

She was beaming, partly in relief. "That's all!" she was thinking. Story of my life, so far. It occurred to her that she had not said how her mother helped her father in the drugstore. To make the statement now would come in awkwardly.

Anyhow, these ladies, who didn't even seem to think a public high school was natural, could not possibly imagine the flavor of her mother's preiding presence in the drugstore where the little town's pulse beat, where its troubles were known at the prescription counter, and its dreams among the cosmetics and the magazines.

But there was a silence. Alice

looked up and saw that Mrs. Redfern's eyes were slightly frosty. What did I say? thought Alice. She had said her folks were pleased. But now she perceived that it was not for some obscure couple in Indiana to be pleased with Tony Page. It was for Mrs. Redfern to be pleased, or not pleased, with Alice Hensen. "That's all about me," said Alice in a slight panic.

"Forgive me for asking so many questions," said Mrs. Redfern, "but we are so interested, you know. So fond of Tony." She did not say she was pleased. She said, "Let

FOR THE CHILDREN



me tell you about this house. My husband built it when all these slopes below were vineyards and pastures. He liked the elevation and the seclusion. We still keep the meadow, to protect ourselves."

Alice listened to the voice going on. She got the impression of wealth, although Mrs. Redfern did not quite mention wealth. She was told that Tony's mother had been born here, died here.

"I know," Alice murmured.

"Hortense," said Mrs. Redfern, "is my brother's daughter. She and her husband very kindly live with me."

"But of course," said Hortense, coming in gushingly, "Gregory will be home by six o'clock."

"And where's Bee?" asked Tony.

bell and Ellen came. "Will you show Mr. and Mrs. Page to their room please, Ellen?" The voice altered very subtly. The quality of this kindness was shaded delicately, going to a servant.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen, a willing little body serving in the shrine.

"We'll dine at a quarter to seven," the old lady said.

Alice did not know whether to say, "Thank you" or "Good-bye" or just an obedient "Yes, ma'am," very much like Ellen's.

Tony took her arm. "We'll go settle our stuff," he said cheerfully. "See you, Gran."

As Ellen led them upstairs by the straight staircase toward the back of the house, Alice wondered what had become of Mrs. Redfern's solicitude about the differing time zones. A

quarter to seven, by Chicago standards, was a quarter to nine p.m.—a long time to wait for one's dinner. She dismissed the thought as mean and unworthy. She was dismayed to know that she did not like Tony's grandmother. Not yet.

The bedroom was large and comfortable, if rather old-fashioned. Alice looked out the window and there was a mountain. It was so close that she shrank away. A mountain had no business rearing up right outside one's bedroom window. But there it was.

Looking again, she saw that it was actually fifty or sixty feet away. She could look down and see the green tangle of the grounds. She would have to lean out and crane her neck to look up and see the sky, because this steep of earth rose like a wall. It was just parched dry earth, all scraggly with brown wild grass and strange weedy shrubs.

Behind her in the room Tony was saying, "You want a bath and a nap, hon?"

"Love it." They had risen early in Chicago.

She heard him go into the bathroom and turn on the water. She had forgotten about that intuitive moment at the airport. All kinds of new impressions were bouncing upon her. She was not to know that Tony had now drawn on an old mask, one he knew how to wear so skilfully that no one—and certainly not Alice in this moment—could tell it was there.

"Tony," she said when he came up behind her, "I see what you mean about a lady."

"You stood up pretty well to the inquisition," he said teasingly.

"Did I?" She turned with a gasp of relief. "I felt so foolish."

He shook her slightly, lovingly. "It's only Gran's way, from her own day. Antique. Hon, you could pity her."

"Oh, no! Not just because I am young—" she said, and Tony kissed her.

"You . . . are . . . a . . . doll . . ." He spaced this out to be emphatic. "But if you are going to nap . . . I think I'll go off. Mind?"

Alice was only a little surprised. "Go off where?"

"Thing is, I wish we'd brought Gran something." He

jingled coins in his pocket. "If I can get the loan of Hortense's car . . ."

"Oh, I didn't think of that, at all!" If I'd been a lady, she thought, I would have known to bring a gift.

"Some tokenish thing," said Tony. "You go to sleep. Because," — his face crinkled — "there's Uncle Greg and Cousin Bee coming up, and you may need your strength."

"Oh, Tony!" Alice wasn't feeling foolish any more. Was she not a doll? She had no idea that he was very skilfully lying to her. He kissed her again, with satisfactory vehemence, and then he left her.

In a few moments Alice saw

To page 76



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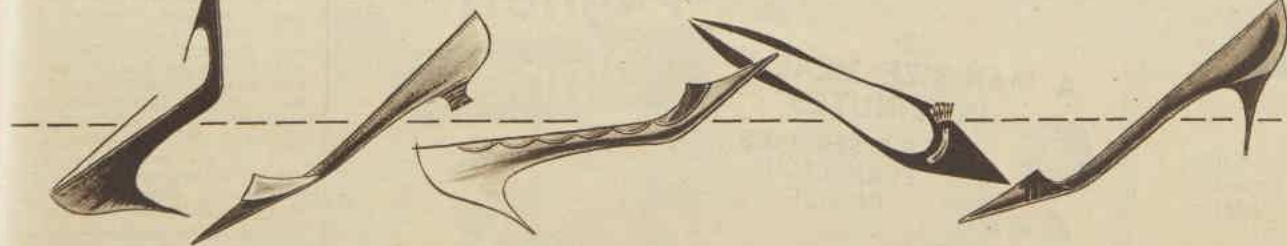
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from the window a grey cartop passing through the green, underneath.

That mountainside looked hot. The westering sun blazed upon it. She drew the blind against it. The room was cool, and now very dim. Alice undressed dreamily. The bath was luxurious. The bed was immaculate and soft.

Alice thought: "These people have had 'elevation and seclusion' a long time. I don't know anything about this kind of life. How could I?" Her mood was detached, speculative, unworried.

The bedroom door opened with a bang.

Alice started up on her elbow.

A tall, bony old woman in a crisp striped cotton dress stood in the doorway holding a metal bucket in her hand.

Then Ellen's voice in the hall cried, "Mrs. Peele! Mrs. Peele!

Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 75

Don't go into the guest-room! The guests are here!"

The woman with the bucket made a sound that was not a word but a formless emission of annoyance. She reached in for the knob and, with a rattle of starch in her skirts, yanked the door shut against herself.

Alice sank back, nerves a-twitter. She snuggled her face against the pillow. Who was that? A cleaning woman? Somebody willing and eager to tackle dirt . . .

"I don't want to be 'elevated and secluded,'" thought Alice with a curious sadness.

When Tony woke her it was nearly six o'clock. They must dress for dinner. When they went down

it was Alice who gave Mrs. Redfern the pretty little enamelled tin box.

"My dear, how sweet! My favorite ginger!"

"It was Tony who . . ." Alice caught up with her tongue and changed the verb from "bought" to "chose" just in time . . . "who chose it . . ." she stammered.

"Dear Tony! How sweet! Alice, this is Gregory. This is Beatrice."

Uncle Gregory began to talk.

They trooped into the dining-room and his voice poured over the table in a tide of syllables that flooded it half-way. Alice had a curious impression that he was able to make

it stop, tactfully, before it encroached upon the old lady's territory. For Uncle Gregory — a rounded, smoothly tanned, massaged-looking man with brown eyes that he kept wide open — deferred to Mrs. Redfern, too.

Alice, in her metallic blue which Tony had advised, with Tony's mother's silver-and-sapphire earrings pinching her lobes, watched who took what fork, what spoon, and tried to listen to Uncle Gregory.

He sounded as if he ought to be very interesting as he shifted fluently from one civic-minded topic to another. But he was stupefying. He wanted . . . and, in fact, permitted . . . no response. So it wasn't conversation at all. He couldn't sell me

any insurance. Alice thought, feeling her ears close defensively.

She was able to marvel at the silver and the china and the glass. She couldn't help wondering who washed all these dishes, polished all this silver. There were service plates, whisked away after the crab-meat cocktail, never to reappear. (But they'd have to be washed.)

The napkins were fine linen, embroidered with a long-legged R. (They'd have to be hand-laundered.)

Mrs. Redfern sat at the other end of the table, opposite the man of the house, she the mistress and hostess here. She wore lavender. Hortense was at her husband's side, having changed to another black dress. (Dresses must be cleaned.)

I am a barbarian! thought Alice.

Next to Alice and on his grandmother's right, Tony faced his Cousin Bee. Bee, who wore green, was as thin as her mother, as tall as her father, and nothing like either. She was intense, with a burning intensity. Black hair. White skin. She kept talking to Tony, across his grandmother, with an effect of rudeness.

Her large dark eyes rolled and flashed. Every word she had, so far, said to Alice was perfectly mechanical. Bee just didn't bother with Alice. She bothered with Tony, however, seeming to expect him to be, in some way, on her side against the world.

Mrs. Redfern's ladylike calm didn't bother with Bee.

Alice wondered.

Dinner went on for what seemed a long time. Alice came out at the end minus a fork and knew not where she had lost her way.

At last they left the table and proceeded to the huge room where they disposed themselves along the rug's edge.

Now Uncle Greg began to talk to Mrs. Redfern. Their voices actually became a duet. He allowed her to respond from time to time and he would reply.

Bee was still telling Tony some long tale filled with unfamiliar names.

So Alice smiled at the one she tended to forget.

Hortense had some needlework in her lap. She had put on a pair of dark-rimmed glasses. The effect was odd.

"Do you play, Alice?" asked Hortense.

"Play? Oh, the piano? Only a little bit . . ."

"Won't you play for us?"

"I couldn't!" Alice panicked at the thought.

"Bee, will you play?" Hortense's thin neck made a preening motion.

"Come on, Bee," said Tony resignedly.

So Bee went to the huge concert grand at the far corner of the room and shook the foundations of the house with booming chords, sent flashing runs rippling up the plaster.

Alice was impressed. "But surely you give concerts," she cried, when Bee stopped.

"I am not," said Bee with what seemed to be great satisfaction, "good enough."

Alice found her mouth to have been left agape and humbly closed it.

Now the doorbell pinged. Ellen could be heard in the hall, greeting someone she called Doctor. The people in the big room simply waited, pretending to be deaf. "Dr. Devon," Ellen announced.

"Ah," Uncle Greg rose as if this news were a surprise. "Good evening, Walter."

Dr. Walter Devon was a rather nice-looking, middle-aged man, with a long jaw, a slow smile filled with tumbled teeth, and quite remarkable eyes. Nobody explained him to Alice. Tony seemed to know him of old. Quite evidently he was not here in a professional capacity. Alice thought he rather pleasantly brought with him an air of relating to the world below.

So soon as to seem abrupt, Dr. Devon and Uncle Greg removed to a far corner, disposed themselves at either side of a chess table and fell into silence.

Almost at the moment that Gregory's tongue ceased, Hortense began to chatter. She talked on—about clubs, about clothes. Alice had the impression that Hortense braced herself every afternoon against the deluge of Gregory, but once he was shut up for the night she burst forth in her own flood, in reaction. Oh, how lonely, Alice thought.

Bee was not listening. She seemed to brood. Alice began to realise that Bee was very conscious of the presence of Dr. Devon. Mrs. Redfern, who had picked up some crocheting, nodded from time to time, but added no comments. What a strange life here, thought Alice.

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you
can
tell by
the heavenly smell
that it's
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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

Tony said, "Gran, we are still on Chicago time, remember? Will you excuse us if we go to bed?"

So Tony got them away. When they were upstairs Alice said, "Why isn't Cousin Bee good enough, Tony? I guess I don't know anything about music."

"It's Cousin Bee you don't know about," he said. "She's sure she'll be defeated."

"Why?"

"I don't know. She works like crazy on that piano. She won't do anything with it. Those committees of hers are another thing. Society stuff. The great issues she throws herself into! Shall we use pink or blue in the decorations? Bee wastes herself." Tony was no longer casual about Cousin Bee. "I don't think anyone is properly helping her. Hortense is all over Gran, always has been. Uncle Greg is lying in wait for the land."

"Land?"

"The meadow. It's worth a fortune. Bee is worse. I don't like the way she is going."

"Maybe she is so used to being . . . elevated," Alice gaped. "that she is afraid to start . . . you know . . . at the bottom. With music, I mean."

"Maybe she wanted to get married and nobody was good enough," said Tony sadly. "So Bee mixes with women and

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hates women . . . All except Gran. Bee has always adored Gran. I don't like the way she acts towards Gran."

Alice remembered Bee's possessive air towards him, "Weren't you good enough?" she asked mischievously.

"Not me," said Tony promptly. "My mother married beneath her."

"Oh, good for her," sighed Alice.

She forgot to ask about Dr. Devon.

Morning was glorious. Even the mountain was shaded, cool, and benign. Alice felt young and beloved.

Breakfast was served in the dining-room with the same pomp and extravagance of dishes. Only Uncle Greg was there. He was evidently accustomed to breakfast all alone.

Alice was trying to guess how many people served in this house. She divined the presence of a cook. And there was Ellen, who waited on them with spry cheer.

"Who is Mrs. Peele?" she asked Uncle Gregory.

"Mrs. Peele? She cleans, my dear. A very hard worker."

Tony's brows went up. "How did you know about any Mrs. Peele?"

"Oh, I—"

The phone rang.

"—saw her yesterday."

Ellen answered, in the hall.

"She came in by mistake,"

Alice explained. "It was just a minute—"

Uncle Greg said, "By the way, my dear . . . I do believe Mrs. Peele also comes from Indiana . . ."

Alice had no time to respond.

Ellen came, saying, "Long

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; short short stories from 1100 to 1400; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Readers' questions on antiques are answered by Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

"This jug that I own is 9in. high and almost 21in. in circumference. It is ornately decorated and the spout is shaped like a seaman's hat. The face below rather resembles Father Neptune. I would appreciate any information about it that you could give."

Mrs. W. M. Sobey, St. Morris, S.A.

Without examining the jug, it is difficult to say whether it is English or Continental. If it is English, it was made in one of the Staffordshire potteries about 1850. It is a very fine specimen.

Note the elaborate leaflike pattern on the centre. The base of the jug has an attractive fluted rim.

FOR INFORMATION about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

UNUSUAL jug sent in for identification by South Australian reader Mrs. W. M. Sobey.



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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 77

distance call for you, Mr. Page."

"Page speaking . . . Oh, Mr. Delgado . . ."

Tony's boss in Chicago! Alice, who had trailed him to the phone, stood still.

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir . . . You are at the cabin now?"

Tony's arm called Alice to his side so she stood within it and could hear the agitated voice at the other end of the connection.

" . . . broken in two places and I can't move. And the Carter job has gone absolutely haywire. Can you fly up here right away?"

"Why, I—"

"I need you. I want you to come right here to the cabin and be deputised. Then you can go down to Chicago and knock some heads together."

"Yes, sir. I can be in Chicago in the morning—"

"No, no. Fly direct to Minneapolis. Call me when you get in and I'll send a car. Time is of the essence."

The voice was impatient. "This should take no more than a few days. You can have your full two weeks afterwards. On me. Did you get that? You coming?"

"Yes, sir. Where do I call you?"

"Lake Partridge. Ask the operator. You get here as quick as you can."

"Yes, sir. My wife and I—"

"Not your wife," the voice snapped. "No facilities in this cabin. She'd be in the way. Leave her there. Aren't you visiting relatives?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, Tony. I'll go to Chicago," Alice said.

"And snap into it, Page," said the voice on the phone. "This means a lot . . ."

"Okay, Mr. Delgado. You can expect me."

Tony hung up. "There it goes," he said amiably.

Gregory said, "Trouble?"

"My boss. Busted his foot. Seems to think he's marooned in his weekend cabin."

"Where's that?"

"Minnesota. Meantime, something drastic has happened in the office."

Tony shrugged. "Seventy-five million things are always ready to go wrong in the building business."

"Tony, I'll go home and wait for you," Alice said eagerly.

"No," he said, drawing out the syllable thoughtfully.

"Stay here, honey. That's okay, isn't it, Uncle Greg?"

"Certainly," said Uncle Greg. "Too bad, laddie. But we'd love to keep Alice."

Alice wanted to cry. No. Don't leave me here! Please!

"Look, my angel!" said her husband. "I don't want you alone in Chicago, waiting for me, when it's possible I can get stuck . . . I want to know you're safe and sound . . ."

Tony's eyes flickered, and Alice knew that Uncle Greg had drifted off, because Tony said, "Maybe you'll be bored

FROM THE BIBLE

• *"For by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God—not because of works, lest any man should boast."*
—Ephesians 2, 8, 9 (R.S.V.)

In a letter to the people of Ephesus, Paul reminds them that their salvation was achieved through faith in Jesus Christ. They can do nothing of themselves.

stiff, but you will be safe and sound, honey, and that matters to me. This is evidently a real mess, and I'll have to concentrate. Anyhow, Delgado's going to send me back again, and then we . . . boy, will we take advantage! Palm Springs! On him!"

Alice said gravely, "All right, Tony."

He kissed her. She had not been bribed, as he could tell.

Tony began to call airline ticket offices.

So that morning was all rumpled and upset with Tony's emergency plans. When she heard the news, Mrs. Redfern agreed that Alice must stay. But she prodded Tony. He was required to explain to her who this man in Minnesota was, and by what right he interrupted her grandson's plans. The values ranking in her mind did

not seem to include economic pressures at all. It was like explaining to a child what a job is, what a boss is.

By eleven o'clock Tony was all set. Flight for Minneapolis, going out at 3 p.m. He'd get the bus in Hollywood. Take the one-thirty, giving him time to pick up his ticket.

Alice had packed for him. At noon she was closing his suitcase. Tony was leaning over the dresser, signing traveler's cheques for her. "Get Uncle Greg to cash these for you."

"Tony, I won't need all those."

"You might."

"Oh, Tony, do you think it will be so long?"

"Can't tell until I see. With luck, four days, five. A week at the most."

Alice started over to the window to look out at the dreary mountain. She was wondering how to endure even part of a week here in this house without him. Then somebody screamed.

Tony stiffened. "What's that?" There had been, entangled with the scream, a thump. A fall?

Whatever Tony had in his hands fell on the dresser-top. His hands scrambled. The top drawer opened and closed. Alice was on his heels out the bedroom door.

A railed passage went around above the oblong of the lower hall. Hortense stood halfway along, having screamed. At the front of the house old Mrs. Redfern was lying against the jam of her door. Tony rushed to her.

Cousin Bee came out a door half-way back. Bee simply glowered. Hortense stood still, hysterically helpless.

"I am afraid I tripped on that mop," said Mrs. Redfern with surprising aplomb. She was decorous, even on the floor. "So sorry," she said. "Thank you, Tony."

Tony was kneeling, his back young, supple, and strong. His one arm held her around her shoulders. The fingers of the other hand were gentle upon his grandmother's thin ankle. "Does that hurt, Gran?"

"It does, rather," she said.

Something scuttled in the upper hall at the far end. Alice glanced over her shoulder but saw nothing.

Tony looked up at the three women standing there, and

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

• Novelty motifs of a Dutch boy and girl are the subject of this week's Iron-on Transfer No. 1C, shown below. They are available in colors of red and blue.

No embroidery is required for these transfers. They are simply pressed on to the fabric with a warm iron. Price is 2/6.

The pattern for the girl's sunfrocks at right comes in sizes to fit girls of 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years of age. Also included in the pattern, but not shown here, is a short, collarless bolero with cap sleeves. Price of pattern is 2/6.

Transfers and patterns can be bought by our readers for the special price of 4/6. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



Continuing . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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He went on talking about Minnesota. When they had got down across the valley and were on the stretch around the bottom of the hills, she waited no longer. Alice said quietly, "Tony, I'll have to tell you this. I saw your itinerary."

He made no reply. "You are going to Dallas and then to Mexico?" "How did you happen to see it?" he asked quietly.

"You left the paper on your dresser when your grandmother fell."

"Now," said Tony soberly, "by rights and by rules I shouldn't go at all."

Alice said nothing, but her heart jumped, hoping.

"Ought to be taken off the job."

Trouble is, how can I be? I'm the only one who can do it." Alice realised that he was very upset. "Alice, my darling, I wish you hadn't seen," he said unhappily.

"I needn't tell . . ." she said, not looking away from the road.

He groaned.

"I can keep a secret," she said gravely, proudly, "Don't you know that, Tony?"

"I believe you, my darling," Tony said. "But . . . you don't know . . ."

"Then, could you tell me?" Alice was quiet and patient.

"Evidently I don't have to tell you

I was going to Mexico." He was bitter and it hurt very much.

"On a job, you said? For the— the service?"

"Yes, I was called. I went to see . . . an old boss of mine. Fellow we call the Old Man. Yesterday. I think I'll have to tell you some of this. It can't matter, now that I won't be going . . ." He sounded very bitter.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Basically, it's narcotics. Which I never had anything to do with." His voice got bitter again. "And won't now."

"Tony—" She felt like crying. "I wish I hadn't spoken."

"It's just as well you did."

she said, honestly.

"Listen," He faced her. "I'll tell you. There is a man, here, in this town. He is . . . well, you could call him a traitor. He's—employed by importers of drugs, over the border. Tips them off every time there's any kind of raid planned here. He must have sources here from inside. It's driving the authorities slightly crazy. Where I come in . . . it seems that I happen to be personally acquainted with the man at the Mexico City end of the line. Big shot in the international drug business, Big Frank's his nickname. He knows me under a cover name from another job, two years ago. And that's why nobody could do this job but me . . ." He mourned, as she could tell.

"Do what, Tony?" she asked, meekly.

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dramatic

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phone up here . . . hall table . . .

The number?" Alice asked quietly.

Neither Hortense nor Bee said a number. They were both useless, not functioning, thrown out of mesh by sheer surprise.

"Look in the book," said Tony impatiently.

So Alice turned, knowing that he was gathering the old lady up in his arms, and went back along the railing to the telephone. It was dark back here. Alice missed seeing the book in which the family's collection of phone numbers were written. She took the other book—the printed public one. Couldn't see. Dragged the phone on its long cord and the book into her bedroom, where the light was better. Book on the dresser. Found Dr. Walter Devon's number. The only doctor whose name she knew.

"Dr. Devon, this is Alice Page, at Mrs. Redfern's house. Mrs. Redfern has had a fall. She has injured her ankle, at least. Could you come?"

"In ten minutes," the doctor said. "Keep her quiet."

So Alice put the phone down, feeling comforted by the contact of her own efficiency with his. Must return the phone—

She saw then a bit of white paper on the dresser with typing on it.

Lv. L.A. 2.30 p.m. Ar. Dallas 8.00 p.m.

Lv. Dallas 9.00 p.m. Ar. Mexico City 2.00 p.m.

What in the world? Alice touched it. It was real. She remembered the movements of Tony's hands, and slowly she pulled open the top drawer. She saw the traveller's cheques in a heap within. Saw an envelope. Saw the plane tickets in it. Read the word Mexico.

Then she knew that the bit of white paper was the record of Tony's true itinerary.

She dropped it into the drawer and closed the drawer.

She took the phone and phone book back into the hall, put them where they belonged, and went along to see whether she could help.

When she was out of her bedroom, a white head popped out of Alice's bathroom. Striped shoulders followed. "Where'd I leave my mop, I wonder?" muttered Mrs. Peele, to the empty air.

In the front bedroom Alice found Hortense jittering and Bee scolding her mother's alarm, while Mrs. Redfern waited quietly for the doctor.

There was some flurry about him when he came. For a reason Alice couldn't quite fathom, he was not the right doctor. Yet he would do.

All became clear gradually. The cleaning woman, Mrs. Peele, had carelessly left her wet mop leaning against Mrs. Redfern's door, and the old lady had stumbled over it and fallen, spraining her ankle slightly. Nothing to be alarmed about.

The doctor bound up the ankle. Bee trailed him down the stairs as he left. Ellen said tremulously that luncheon was served. And Tony pleaded his plane.

Mrs. Redfern, of course, remained in her room, and Hortense with her. But in a moment or two Bee, red-eyed, joined the Pages at the luncheon table. Bee had been weeping.

"Gran's all right, Bee," Tony said gently.

"I know that," flared his cousin. So Tony talked about the building business.

"I'll drive you to Hollywood, Tony," Alice said, as they were finishing the meal. "If I can have a car . . ."

"Honey, you could get lost in this town."

"I can take him, I suppose," Bee said dispiritedly.

"No, I want to do it," said Alice, "by myself. Please?"

"Oh, certainly." Bee's lips were contemptuous of newlyweds and love.

So Alice drove Bee's car, while Tony tried to impress upon her which way she was going so that she could get back again.

"What was Bee crying about?" asked Alice, as soon as they started off.

"Heaven knows," said Tony sadly.

"Gran, I guess. She's pretty confused. In fact, she's—Hortense told me this—Bee is Dr. Devon's patient."

"Patient?"

"In a kind of—irregular, friendly way, I guess. He is a psychiatrist—psychologist. One of those."

"Oh? Oh, dear!"

"I expect she has got six million complexes or whatever," said Tony gloomily. "She's wound up in knots. Don't you pay Bee any mind, Hon, you'll be all right."

"Um-hum . . ." She waited.

"I'll wire as soon as I find out what the score is. I'll miss your birthday. But this is the way it is."

"I know."



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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 79

"Look, I could have shown up in Mexico in my old character. I could have talked to him. He knew me as a . . . well, somebody on the criminal side of the fence." Tony sounded dreary now. "Suppose I could have got, at the very best, a name . . . ? Or a phone number? Something to indicate to them here who this traitor is. Then they could jump him, stop him. It would scarcely be evidence. But it would be knowledge and they could dig for evidence later. I'm the one man who could have tried . . ."

"I understand," she said. She still felt the hurt. "Your boss, Mr. Delgado, isn't—didn't . . . ?" She was groping past the lies she had been told, that were hurting her, also.

"That was all rigged," Tony said, somewhat impatiently. "Herb Innes did it."

"Innes?"

"Man we bumped into at the airport. Sent to contact me. Then sent on to Minnesota to fix me a cover. I'm supposed to get lost in the North woods long enough . . ."

"And I wasn't supposed to know where you really were?" she asked numbly.

"No, you were—part of the cover. How I wish you didn't know!"

"Why?"

"Because, my darling, your knowing stops the whole project." He was sunk in gloom and disappointment.

"Tony?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't tell."

"If I go now," he said dully, "my life will be in your hands."

Alice looked at him. "Well?" she said, rather coldly.

His eyes changed as if now he saw her instead of his own problem. "I'd leave it there any day," he said, warmly.

"But it's more difficult than you know . . ."

"Tell me how difficult."

"All right," Tony's eyes sent her a flash, a communication, a certain respect. "Here is the worst part of it. The Old Man is inclined to think—he has a pure guess that this traitor may be — Dr. Walter Devon. Now do you see? Uncle Greg is his crony. They play chess, as you saw, and you've heard

how Uncle Greg runs off at the mouth. Devon comes to the house couple of times a week. He treats Bee. She'd have no secrets from him whatever. Damn it, I don't like Bee in his hands. That's one reason I wanted—well, too bad. But don't you see?"

"If you, knowing the secret, were to let on to any member of the family where I'd really gone . . . and that gets to Devon, and Devon is the traitor . . . why, the word goes over their communication line—which does exist, believe me. My description goes over. And I am dead. Not a figure of speech, Alice. Corpse-dead."

"Nobody," said Alice, in panic shrillness, "in the family, or anywhere on earth, will ever know from me." Her heart was shaken. She was terrified.

"Oh, Tony, would there have been danger for you, anyway?"

"Not a lot," Tony said easily. He used the easy voice to calm her. "No, this man in Mexico would have no reason to distrust me, except as he naturally distrusts everybody. I could have handled that. Whether I would have got anything useful . . ."

"You think you would have." This was statement.

"Hoped," Tony moved restlessly.

"I will not tell anyone," Alice said, very low. "You can be absolutely sure of that. But—don't go."

"I can refuse now," he comforted her quickly. "They'll get him, finally, some other way—in time."

"In time?" she quavered. Something in his voice frightened her.

"Yes, time, frankly, I don't know what I should do. What I'm worth."

"Couldn't you ask this . . . this Old Man?" she queried, lost and out of her depth.

But Tony said, "I'm . . . not obliged. I never was. But after they talked to me yesterday I wanted to go. On account of the family. On account of Bee. And also— they peddle this stuff to high school kids," he said.

Alice saw her brother Joey's feet, which were to her suddenly the symbols of his energy and curiosity and inexperienced courage. Her heart leaped. But this was monstrous!

"I guess you ought to go and

do what you can," she said, "to stop that." Her heart was pounding.

"Ought," he said bitterly. "Ought." He groaned. Then he began to talk fast. "If I go, a letter will come for you from Minnesota. And a birthday telegram. I wrote them out yesterday afternoon in the Old Man's office. Herb Innes is back there, covering for me." He groaned. "It isn't just a matter of keeping still. It's my old business, Alice. It means telling lies. You'd have to pretend I'm in Minnesota. You haven't had the training. You're not an actress. Are you?"

"No," she said, "except that all females are, somewhat." Her lips felt frozen.

"Turn left, up the hill," he said.

They went up a hill in silence. "Over the bridge and left again," he directed at the top. "We are almost there. I don't know what to do. I could be lucky. Solve it fast. I was all steamed up to do it. But suppose . . . it was the end of me? You'd feel . . . I haven't any right to leave you in such a spot. I cannot go. If you were to look cross-eyed at Dr. Devon . . ."

"But Dr. Devon . . ." Alice frowned. "How could he be the one?"

"Could," Tony said sharply. "Honey, I've been in a world where nothing is what it seems."

"I don't see where he'd be able to find out—"

"The Old Man does. Devon is . . . personally close . . . to an inside person," said Tony painfully. "Makes it tough for the Old Man. Especially since he's got nothing in the way of evidence. Nothing but his sense of smell."

"But narcotics? A doctor? A healer?"

"We trust them," exploded Tony. "And rightfully so. And if Devon is abusing his honorable profession . . . he is a traitor ten times over." Tony grimaced. "There's a lot of money in drugs, you know."

"Money!" she gasped. "I can't . . . I don't . . ."

"You wouldn't," he said sadly, "know about things like that."

Alice thought: Then there are degrees of elevation and seclusion. I think I've seen

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Personal questions answered about problem days

Q. Why do I feel blue at certain times of the month?

A. This is related to your complete monthly cycle. The hormones that stimulate the bodily processes that result in the monthly flow also stimulate a feeling of well-being. Just before the flow begins, these hormones recede and a let-down feeling may follow briefly. Just don't give in to it. "Blues" can become a habit. Take your mind off yourself. Do the things you enjoy doing.

Q. How can I feel my best on those days?

A. One way is to start out your day right—with a relaxing bath—yes, bath. It's important to bathe during your period, you know, for that's when you perspire more freely. You'll find that a warm bath will relax you, while restoring you to flower-freshness. Tampax internal sanitary protection lets you bathe or shower with complete protection. One of many good reasons to try it.

Q. How can I look my best on those days?

A. Take a tip from the woman you'd most like to be. You'd never know when her time of the month rolls around. She takes it in her stride. Dresses comfortably—pretty. Keeps her make-up fresh, her hair well groomed. Relies on Tampax. Knows that Tampax prevents odour and chafing. Banishes unsightly lines and bulges. Ends problems of disposal and carrying spares. Tampax users say you hardly know there's a difference in days of the month!

Q. Can unmarried women use Tampax?

A. Indeed they can—just as soon as they are completely matured. Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women—married or single. In fact, it is approved by doctors all over the world. It's easy to learn how to use. Insertion and changing are always dainty (fingers never touch it). You'll especially like the way it keeps you feeling poised and confident, as on any other time of the month.

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Intimate with the great, she blithely gives them away as human beings—especially Winston Churchill, whom she refers to as Our Boy, and to his wife as Clemmie. She is sometimes "airy fairy" with her literary allusions and obscurities about people. But it's fun working it out, and following her witty pen into the world of

salons, high councils, and, yes, pig farms. She ran one at Bognor during the war, now lives in France.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 15, 1961

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VENCAT
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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

seamier sides than Mrs. Redfern has. But Tony's seen much worse. Seen evil. And fought it. What are we here for, anyhow? To make ourselves comfortable? To keep ourselves ladies and gentlemen? Or . . . Tears swam into her eyes, because she could tell that under fear, under tension and danger, under all of that, there was a spot of fierce joy. To be tested was not merely an ordeal. It was life.

"Go," she said impulsively. "Sweetheart." Then Tony changed. "I'll tell you what you'll do," he cried. "The whole point of keeping you out of Chicago is gone. Now that you know, why can't you just go back to Chicago? That's good! That gets you out of range. I think I can still go."

"Oh, I'd rather," sighed Alice. "I'd so much rather go home."

"Right. Tomorrow. Okay? Now, you've got enough money. You get a plane as early as you can."

"I will," said Alice. "Yes, I will."

"And I'll call the Old Man. Stop the letter and the telegram."

"Right," she said.

They drove on. They were in Hollywood now. Their nerves vibrated with the relief of a decision.

"But will you write me, Tony?" Alice said.

"No," he said. "No, darling."

"How long?"

"Just can't say. They routed me around by Dallas in case of a check. I change names there. But I'll come back to L.A. direct. When I land back here, I'll call home."

"All right."

"Be careful, darling. You will have tonight at the house. It's not one of Devon's nights. Just play dumb."

"I will never tell," she said in her grave sweet way. "But I'm not sorry I know. I'd rather not be left out."

"Ah, darling," he said. "I never want to leave you out and this will be the end . . ."

She left him at the hotel, took the wrench bravely. On her way along the route she

kept herself busy making plans. Tell the family that she and Tony had decided she'd better be nearer him. Call for a reservation. Tomorrow. In Chicago, she could wait and worry alone . . . but in her own place in her own way, and that was so much better. Tony would do this job. She understood. Exultantly, she understood how he wanted to go.

She drove around the mountain meadow and past the

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you, Miz Page?" She seemed to wish to be friendly.

"Yes, thank you."

"Imagine!" said Mrs. Peele with admiration. "Mexico City!"

After one moment of stunned stillness Alice reached behind her and shut the bedroom door. "What did you say?"

"Mexico City, I said. Long way, ain't it?"

"We are both from Indiana."

Mrs. Peele cocked her head. "What's that got to do with Mexico City?"

The black eyes mocked at her. They rolled up and down Alice's trim body. Alice had made a mistake. To call herself a fellow country woman had destroyed the woman's need to respect a guest in this house. Alice swallowed.

"Have you said anything about Mexico to anyone?"

"No." Mrs. Peele was brief and positive.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



shrouded house to the garage, went in at the back, where the cook, a dumpy woman in her sixties, nodded, and Ellen spoke.

"Oh, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Redfern's sleeping. Mrs. Stafford is resting, too. Miss Beatrice is at the piano."

"That's all right," said Alice. "I have things to do." (I'll pack.)

She ran upstairs, music pursued her. Bee was rocking the house. They are not really sleeping or resting, she thought, they are just in seclusion. Then she began to be able to hear the vacuum cleaner from the open door of her bedroom. She went into her bedroom and there was Mrs. Peele.

Mrs. Peele put a long flat foot in a white oxford on the vacuum's switch and stopped it. "Bout through," she said apologetically. "I'll polish your bathtub up a bit and I'm done."

Alice smiled a little uncertainly. The old woman was fiercely clean. She had pure white hair, drawn tight, and sharp black eyes that were a surprise on the colorless face. "Got him off, did

"My husband has gone to Minnesota," Alice said.

The old woman had a mobile mouth that had been speaking through a half-smile, conciliatory, anxious to please. Now the mouth turned prim. "I thought you saw his ticket," she said. "I seen you look in the drawer, Miz Page." The eyes were taking offence. Don't try to fool me, they said.

Alice was starting to shake. She fought to control this.

"Mrs. Peele . . . isn't that your name?"

"That's right, Miz Page." Alice took a few steps towards the woman. She was making herself smile and it hurt her face. "Mrs. Peele, aren't you from Indiana?"

"That's right. How did you know?" The offended look vanished.

"Oh, I could tell," Alice smiled even harder. "I know it, because so am I!"

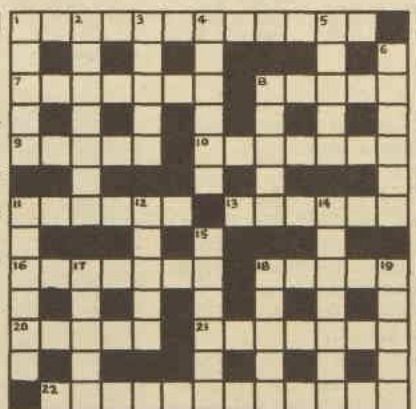
"Don't say? What part, dear?" The question was mechanical.

"Crawfordsville." "That so? Well, I've born in Gary."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Superfluous artistic activity (5, 3, 4).
- It is paid, though there is no charge for it (7).
- Seat in a theatre containing everything that is holy (5).
- Deserves, probably because it can be saner (5).
- Nine met to become distinguished (7).
- A donkey in a wager for a dog (6).
- Immerse, keeping the lung covered (6).
- Get near (Anagr., 7).
- Gluts the asset (5).
- Raise with tackle (5).
- Tin drag (Anagr., 7).
- Being in a motor, it is not a first-class warhorse (12).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- A thick soup and not an unadulterated common vowel (5).
- Fits in (7).
- Rests for a lock of hair (5).
- Proverbially insane craftsman (6).
- Crossing of warp-threads in loom (5).
- Cowardly spirit (6).
- Birthplace of many spirits, but not the one above (5).
- Woman's name with her tab (6).
- Occurrence starting the evening before a day of note (5).
- On night (Anagr., 7).
- Pertaining to bodies at rest, and you can cast it (6).
- Farewell in Paris (5).
- Famous opera house in ominous calamity (5).
- Its anagram had a hundred eyes (5).

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eyes roved avidly over the table top. "If you are nice enough to do me a favor," Alice said, sick inside with fear for Tony, "I'd love to give you a little present. Do you like pearls?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Peele. Alice rummaged her "jewel" box, which was three-quarters full of costume jewellery and picked out a fat triple strand, a choker. "Would you like these?"

Mrs. Peele hesitated, in some conflict. "From Indiana, eh?" she said, resolving it finally. "Say, it's always nice to meet somebody from back home."

"I think so, too," said Alice as warmly as she could. "Why don't you try these on?" She shifted away. Mrs. Peele took the pearls in her sinewy hands. She held them up to her throat. "Can't get the dohinkus fastened. It ain't broke, is it?" Suspiciously.

"Oh, no! Here. Let me help you." Alice reached up, for the woman

Continuing . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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was very tall. Alice took the clasp in fingers that felt thick. "It's not hard when you get on to it," she said chattily. "Do you like them?"

"Kinda pretty," said Mrs. Peele. "Expensive, are they?"

"Oh, not too — but they are good ones. From Marshall Field's."

"Is that right?" Mrs. Peele had heard of Marshall Field's.

"I beg your pardon!" said the voice of Hortense Stafford in a gasp of surprise.

Alice turned her head and there she was, elegant, mummified, in the half-open door. Her astonished face was turning cold. "I knocked," she said righteously. "but I am afraid Bee's music..."

Alice did not guiltily drop her

hands from their task. Her fingers kept on trying to make the two ends of the clasp meet. "Just a minute," she said sweetly, implying that Hortense was an interruption that could very well wait. "Oh, I see what it is, Mrs. Peele," she said. "I had the thing upside down. Now I've got it. There." Only after this did Alice say, "Won't you come in, Mrs. Stafford?"

The old cleaning woman turned around, fingering the pearls. She made her face and posture meek, but Alice knew that her eyes were maliciously pleased with Hortense's discomfort.

"I only came to ask if Tony got off all right," Hortense was cool.

"Oh, yes, he did," said Alice. "Thank you."

"And to say that Aunt Geraldine suggests you might care to come talk to her, Alice. If you have a moment..." A dagger shot from Hortense's eyes.

Alice smiled. "Mrs. Peele comes from Indiana, too," she said gaily.

"Does she, indeed?" said Hortense frigidly. Then Hortense went away.

Mrs. Peele was now smiling as wide as her mouth could go. None of the overtones in the scene had escaped her. Neither Hortense's class-conscious horror nor Alice's deliberate partisanship. "Thanks, Miz Page, dear," she said chummily. "Thanks a lot, I really appreciate these pearls, I really do."

"I'm glad you like them. You'll remember what I said?"

"Listen, I wouldn't tell them nothing," said Mrs. Peele with enthusiasm. "You and me, we don't have to tell them our business. Let them mind their own business, that's what I say. Okay if I do your tub now?"

"Okay," said Alice. "And I suppose I had better..."

"You better go talk to the Duchess," said Mrs. Peele in nasal tones. A vicious resentment ripped out of her. "Ain't she the Duchess, though? She thinks! If she didn't keep her nose in the air so high all the time she'd a seen where I left the mop. But not her. The way she sticks her nose in the air."

"I know," said Alice, "you certainly didn't mean to make anybody fall. It was just an accident."

"That's right," said Mrs. Peele with virtuous pride. "Well, it is sure nice to meet somebody from home." Mrs. Peele's hand fell heavily on Alice's shoulder. Alice did not wince; she smiled. Mrs. Peele took her tall bones into the bathroom, wearing pearls.

"Our business," thought Alice. What is right? Bribery? Oh, have I done right? What can I do?

She knew that she could not go to Chicago tomorrow. She could not leave this place, with this woman and her knowledge in it. Alice would have to stay, to keep Mrs. Peele quiet.

She heard Tony saying, "My life in your hands."

She couldn't trust Mrs. Peele an inch. The woman was full of spite. She couldn't be appealed to on the basis of life or death for Tony. This would only excite her to the point where the secret would burst out of her because it would make her so important. Alice knew this beyond any doubt.

Nothing to do, then, but try to keep her quiet. Succeed in keeping her quiet, for Tony's life!

No! No! She couldn't do it! It was too perilous!

Alice slipped into the hall. She wouldn't use this phone, in Mrs. Peele's earshot, so she hurried to the instrument below. She called the airport. If Tony hadn't left he must not leave. It was altogether too dangerous now.

She hung on the phone while they paged him, her finger stuffed tight into her right ear against Bee's music. The music stopped and Bee came into the lower hall. "Oh, sorry, I didn't know you were on the phone."

Alice took her finger away. "I'm trying to reach Tony. I forgot something."

"Oh," said Bee, glancing at her watch. "Well, you should have time." Bee brushed on going upstairs, not bothering much with Alice.

It was just 2.45 by the clock on the wall. Alice realised that he must have flown off already. Had it not said, on the piece of white paper, Lv. LA 2.30? He was on the plane to Dallas now.

Alice put down the phone and tried to think. Call people who also knew the secret? But she didn't know the Old Man's name, or where he was, or even within what organisation he functioned. She didn't even know, she realised, what name Tony himself was using from Dallas on. How could she, even if she knew how to try, catch him in Dallas, before he jumped out of the country?

It was already too late.

She rose slowly. Mrs. Peele was coming down the stairs accoutred with brushes and bucket. They passed. Alice gave her a conspirator's smile and received its sly, satisfied counterpart.

Alice went up to talk to Mrs. Redfern. "I understand," said that dainty lady from the throne of her bed, where she lay wrapped in flercy pink. "that you knew our Mrs. Peele in Indiana?"

Hortense hadn't taken long to pass the word, thought Alice bitterly. Inaccurate word, too. She was about to protest the inaccuracy when she said to herself: Wait, Hortense jumped to a conclusion. But this could be good, could seem to explain—

A female is a natural actress, she'd said to Tony. Or, to put it differently, a natural liar? Tony's old business took talent for lying. He had told her so. Now Alice was in Tony's old business. She must lie and pretend for her own secret objective, which was Tony's safety.

So she lied smoothly. "Why, yes," she said. "Isn't that amazing?"

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

Mrs. Redfern said, "I understand, my dear, that you must, of course, be gracious to Mrs. Peele. Tell me, do your parents have servants in the house?"

Mrs. Redfern doubted it. If they had, Alice would have earned long ago not to be found fastening pearls upon the cleaning woman's neck. Alice perceived all this clearly.

Mrs. Redfern, obliquely, was instructing a member of the lower classes. But Alice was a dedicated girl now. Good! she thought. Let me be lower class. Let me be something Tony married beneath him. What does it matter? But I am going to have to be more "gracious" to Mrs. Peele in the next few days.

So she said, pretending to misunderstand innocently, "Oh, no, ma'am, Mrs. Peele wasn't my servant. She's a very old friend of my mother's." And Alice smiled.

"Is that so, my dear?" Mrs. Redfern's murmur was polite. If her eyes showed a little dismay, this did not count, since the voice was gentle, the surface was unruffled. Everyone is some kind of liar, thought Alice.

Mrs. Redfern changed the subject. "We must think of something to entertain you. Some people are invited for tonight. We had planned a musicale, to present you and Tony . . ."

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The grey eyes were flat. Alice could not help meeting them somewhat saucily. "Oh, you mustn't," she said. "You don't want to present just me."

"I think perhaps," said Mrs. Redfern coolly, "we had better postpone it."

Now Alice caught herself up. No, no, she must not be saucy. "Please don't worry about me at all," she begged earnestly. "You must rest your poor ankle. I'll wait for Tony."

"It will be dull for you, Alice," said Mrs. Redfern. "I am not used to a house like this," said Alice gushingly. "It's all so lovely. So new to me."

The grey eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

When Alice found herself gracefully dismissed, ten minutes later, she went downstairs slowly, listening to the house. She did not know where anyone was or who might be talking to whom. She felt now as if all her thinking, acting, reacting had been done impulsively in a few moments of panic.

Could she not, after all, speak openly to Tony's own people?

Surely if they could be brought to understand that Tony's life might really be in the balance, then they would help her. They, too, would try to keep Mrs. Peele quiet.

But could they? No one

could order her not to tell. And Mrs. Peele resented them. But Alice—and perhaps only Alice—could coax her, conspire with her, and keep her from telling.

From telling whom?

Dr. Devon?

But Mrs. Peele would scarcely tell Dr. Devon directly. It would be through Uncle Greg.

And what about Uncle Greg? Would he believe with any readiness that his crony, Dr. Devon, might be a dangerous criminal, mixed in with the drug traffic? Alice didn't know Uncle Greg very well. But she reflected that even if he did believe this to be possible, then Uncle Greg would be faced with the task of keeping the secret from Dr. Devon. And could he? Was Uncle Greg any kind of actor?

Also, there was Bee, emotionally tangled with Dr. Devon, who was her confessor.

Also (Alice's heart shook with the onrush of so many anxieties), was Dr. Devon the only possibly dangerous one? For all Alice knew, Mrs. Peele might be in touch with others somewhere in this city. Who could say where the tentacles of this criminal operation might lie hidden? The news of Tony's real destination mustn't . . .

Yet why was that so dangerous? Merely the news of Tony's destination? What would it prove to anyone who heard about it? Even if the woman told somebody that he was going to Mexico City, how could anybody guess what his job was there?

Alice couldn't understand this very clearly. But it came to her that she did know one thing, surely. Tony had said it was dangerous to him if his destination were known. She could only believe it. And she had promised him—a half a dozen times—that she would never tell. Therefore, she could not tell. And over and above that simple duty she would not let Mrs. Peele tell, either.

So it was simple enough, what her duty was. How to do it wasn't so simple.

But Alice was not going to find it dull.

She had wandered into the big room; Bee was there, reading. "Oh, hi," Bee said.

"What days does Mrs. Peele come?" Alice asked her.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Why?"

"She comes early, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes . . . and leaves early. Leaves about four. Why?"

"Then she hasn't left?"

"It's quarter to," Bee glanced at her wrist. "What's this about?"

"She's turned out to be an old friend of my mother's, you know," Alice repeated this lie with ease.

Bee's dark brows rose on the white forehead. "That's awkward, isn't it?"

"I don't think so," said Alice, gently.

"Where did Tony meet you?" The accents were even. Bee had just enough grace not to come down on the pronoun you.

Alice said demurely, "He picked me up."

"Wha-at?"

Alice smiled. "People do," she said. It was true. In the real world, people did. Tony had. He had seen her on a bus. Got off when she did. Made in pursuit, in the real world, which is essentially the same old jungle. Had intervened with his nickel when

DANGLE A LINE!



"Let him have a little more line."



"I thought you said she could cook anything we'd catch!"



"Am I casting right, dear?"



"Okay—jump"



"Any luck?"

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"ELIZABETH"—Smart Angora wool dress, with collar, buttons to waist, and inverted-pleat skirt. Colors include pale beige, plum, royal-blue, and blue-grass-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7/2/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/19/6.

Postage 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 87. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

To page 86

Alice had rummaged for change, buying the evening paper at her corner.

Tony had said, "I followed you. I had to."

Alice, searching his face, trying to read the strangeness of it, had said, "Why?"

Tony had said, "Because I want to get to know you. How can I get myself introduced?"

Alice had said, gravely and realistically, "Lots of ways. You can find out whose office I'm in and fake some business with my boss. You could follow me to church on Sunday."

"I will do that," he had said enthusiastically.

She'd said, with the grave air that was peculiar to her, "All it would mean is that you want to know me."

Tony had said, "That's the meaning of it. I think it's partly your

Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 85

nose, but I don't know what it is. Frankly, I've got to find out what it is."

They had been so happily "honest" and "realistic" and mutually enchanted. They had gone into a hamburger joint, right there, next to the news-stand, to discuss Alice's nose or whatever, and Tony's premonition.

If marriages are made in heaven, heaven's around us, where we can't guess it's going to be. Heaven's on a bus, heaven's on a news-stand. Heaven comes smelling of onions and ketchup. Heaven's accidental to this world. Angels come in obliquely. Alice smiled over this.

Then, in the huge room in Tony's grandmother's house, his Cousin Bee

said scornfully, "Oh, I suppose they do." As if she were not people. People were somebody else.

Alice pitied her. "You were never properly introduced?" Bee said. "Really?"

Alice smiled. "Actually, we were introduced in church, one day, by one of the elders . . ."

Bee's face showed a rise of anger. "You've been pulling my leg, I think," she murmured, and looked back upon her book.

But Tony had turned up in church the following Sunday. And he had "known," as people say, one of the elders. Dear, wonderful Tony! Then

he had gone down to Crawfordsville with Alice, for the next weekend, and he had had a long talk with her father. Alice thought it had all been perfectly proper . . . and perfect, too.

But now her mind fled to the problem, here and now. Be sure Mrs. Peele told nobody, anywhere. She had better catch the woman on her way out.

Bee said, casually: "How old are you, Alice?"

"I'll be twenty tomorrow." The answer came out of Alice's mouth without thought. Then she remembered that Tony had stopped the telegram. No word from him on her birthday? That would seem strange. "Oh, please don't tell anyone, Bee,"

she begged. "Promise me? I don't want a fuss made. Please?"

"Up to you," Bee shrugged indifferently.

"Please excuse me," said Alice. She drifted, quaking, into the oblong hall and peered through the latticed glass, between the leaves. Oh, wasn't she making a mess of everything. When she saw the white head of Mrs. Peele being carried along the driveway. Alice flew out of the front door and down the crazy steps to catch up with her.

"I'll walk you to the end of the drive. Okay?"

"Why not, Miz Page?" Mrs. Peele trotted now, in black, decent shoes. She carried a paper shopping bag in which were folded her working clothes. Alice said, "Why don't you call me Alice? You know what I told Mrs. Redfern?"

"No. What did you tell the Duchess?" The old woman was at ease.

"I said you were an old friend of my mother's." Alice had realised that Mrs. Peele had better know this.

Mrs. Peele didn't utter the word "Why?" but Alice answered the question, anyway, as best she could: "Oh, I don't know . . ." she said, hitting out at a shrub discontentedly. "She's so . . . My people are just as good— Maybe you did know my mother. Her name is Molly Hensen. Used to be Molly Mercer."

"Could be I met her some place," said Mrs. Peele without enthusiasm.

"She's tall, like you," said Alice. "Her hair is grey now. It used to be reddish brown."

"You homesick for your mama, dear?"

"Maybe."

"Well, your hubby, he'll be back soon, eh?" Mrs. Peele's white brows had

peaked up.

"Oh, yes . . ."

"Has he got money?" asked Mrs. Peele. Her lively eyes were curious about this match.

"No, he hasn't. Except . . . you know . . . there is the chance of it in this business he's on . . ." Alice spoke low and then smiled up at her. "So you won't tell anyone, anywhere, will you?" (Let her think I have a profit motive.)

"Not me!" said Mrs. Peele shortly.

THEY were nearing the end of the grounds. "Say, Alice, dear, I wonder if I could ask you something," she said.

"Of course."

"See, I got a payment due and I'm short a little bit. Could you maybe loan me a few dollars?"

So Alice knew she had made a mistake. Mrs. Peele was nobody's fool. If Alice had lied to Mrs. Redfern about her, Alice had a better reason than she had been able to give. Also, Alice had pressed too hard with the warning not to tell. Mrs. Peele had already sensed her power. Mrs. Peele was now testing it out a little more. Mrs. Peele had a profit motive.

"I haven't any money with me right now," Alice said rather indifferently.

"Oh, well, tomorrow would be time enough. All I mean is, say, twenty dollars?"

"I suppose I could help you," said Alice slowly. She looked at the woman directly and steadily for half a moment. "Of course . . ." she let her voice go dreamy, as if she were thinking out loud . . . "if you mentioned this trip to anybody, anywhere, so that Tony missed out on the deal . . . why then we couldn't afford . . ." She pretended to come to a decision. "I could let you have it tomorrow," she said in a different voice. "Do you live alone, Mrs. Peele?"

"No, but I mind my business," said Mrs. Peele, looking away. "Sure be nice of you." Her voice was absentminded. Mrs. Peele was thinking things over.

"Well, so long, then," Alice stopped walking. She was nervous enough to scream. She wanted the woman gone and herself alone.

Mrs. Peele stopped also. "You and me will get along," she said boldly. "I ain't been back East for twelve years. How old was you then, dear?"

"I was seven or eight," Alice said. "I believe you was," said Mrs. Peele. "Molly Mercer's little kid, huh?" She actually grinned. When the mouth widened so, it was not pleasant. "Well, hasta la vista, like they say down Mexico way."

Alice turned on her heel. Mrs. Peele marched on into the road that skirted the meadow.

Alice thought, How can I do this? It's impossible! I've got to do it!

To be continued



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Fashion PATTERNS

F7064.—Girl's frock has box-pleated skirt, three-quarter sleeves. Sizes four to 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F7062.—Smart slacks and waistcoat outfit for the eight-to-14-year-old girl. Slacks require 1 to 1½yds. 54in. material, A and waistcoat takes ¾ to 1yd. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

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F7039.—Demure shirt-waisted style has large collar finished with a bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 54in. or ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/9.



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• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 13

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in results.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a new friendship.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in advertising talents.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in change.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in playing safe.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck through others.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in a new personality.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, blue.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck through the unexpected.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck through elders.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in variety.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a crowded place.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a new chapter.

★ You may launch that new venture with doubts of your ability to carry it through. By careful work in details, you can succeed beyond expectations. Whether you are making a dress, planning a party, or making a present for a loved one, you can be proud of your efforts. If you are after a job, the interview will be the decisive factor.

★ If you are a teenager there is an attractive lad in the offing likely to become your escort to parties in the winter. If a little older and your love affair has gone awry, fresh romance is in bud. Young marrieds find that a young couple with similar interests have moved into the neighborhood. If older, a new friend will draw you into a group.

★ Play to the gallery, dramatise your efforts so that they appeal to the imagination. Your sign has a flair for finding the right word or gesture to clinch a deal. Give a forceful but original turn to whatever you attempt, and you'll win the attention of those who count. There is one danger, talking too much; it could spoil a wonderful performance.

★ If you are tired of the same old round, do something about it. New associates bring new interests and spare-time activities. Shift the furniture around in your rooms for a different effect. Put away pictures, ornaments, replacing them with strong contrasts. Choose a new color for your next dress. This will alter your routine.

★ This is not a good time to mingle with people you hardly know. Resist the high-pressure salesman, the new friend who wants you to invest in a wild scheme, or any proposition which is not completely above board. Don't tangle with the traffic laws; keep well inside the speed limit. Avoid emotional upsets and disputes.

★ Your week will be influenced more by other people than by your own actions. The man in your life may take a step up the career ladder; with increased resources you will be able to make more ambitious plans. If hunting a job, you hear of a wonderful opportunity. If quite young, your parents may decide to grant you an old wish.

★ The stars favor those who go on a diet, take regular exercise, study themselves in the mirror with a view to improving that so-important image. Beauty treatments and hairdos can work exciting changes as the new season approaches. The right dress gives your spirits a lift. A pleasing low-pitched voice will win friends and influence people.

★ You may be asked to make up a foursome and your "blind" date turns out to be a charming companion. You could go to a social affair expecting to be bored, only to have the time of your life. Dear old Aunt Martha that you haven't seen for years might leave you a small legacy in her will, or those gold-mining shares may become active again.

★ An older person will play a part in your plans, hopes, wishes. Should it be a relative, you are likely to be helped by the loan of a sum of money, advice, or personal services. If you have just left school, the influence of an elder could lead to your first job. Should your romance have been opposed by parents they may now withdraw.

★ You'll attempt a dozen things and succeed in most of them. You'll need to adapt yourself quickly to changing situations. You'll meet with support for your ideas from some and bitter opposition from others. You may jump from one task or activity to the next without a breathing spell, but underneath you'll enjoy being the king-pin.

★ A tall building, a shop, or office could be fortunate for your hopes. Where there is great activity you should do best. You may find an article of value or a sum of money and receive a reward. However, guard your own belongings in public places, particularly your handbag. You might be singled out by winning a gate prize or similar award.

★ This week ends one chapter in your life story and starts another. Possibilities are great. Choose what you want most and concentrate on it, work towards your goal with zest. You can force changes now while everything is in a state of flux, because later it will be more difficult. Whether you desire love, fame, or money, you'll have to work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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March 15, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**SKI
KNITWEAR
Patterns,
pages 6, 7.**

LETTERS

Australia the 51st State?

WHY isn't Australia made the 51st State of America? We speak like the Yanks, American songs are predominant in our hit parades, and Australian songs which are taken to the States are literally murdered. Our picture shows are dominated by American films, and our TV is full of awful American shows. We are getting to the stage where there is no Australian culture. — "True Aussie," Bronte, N.S.W.

Teen in the '20s

I ENJOY the Teenagers' Weekly and often compare this carefree and gay present with the past. In my teens, 40 years ago in Scotland, we must have looked a riot with hair up in buns, flatheeled shoes, woollen stockings, long skirts, no cosmetics allowed, dancing and debuts absolutely forbidden, constantly chided to be ladylike in all things, to keep your back straight and never speak to men. Helping at home, with an odd trip to the pictures to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I'm really looking forward to my second childhood. — Annie Rooney, Port Augusta, S.A.

Boarding blues

UNTIL last year I had never been to a private school. I did my Intermediate at a co-educational high school, but then I was sent to a private boarding school. Brother, I sure hope most teenagers don't believe all that ballyhoo you read in books, etc. about boarding school. Believe me, boarding school is nothing like that. It's awful.

Imagine rising every morning at 5.45 and going to bed at 9.0. People say you get great social training at boarding school. What a laugh! Last year we had one dance the whole year. By the time the vacation came I had almost forgotten what girls look like. Then there's the food. Boarding school sure isn't a gourmet's paradise. Stale bread, rotten eggs, cold tea, meat to strengthen those old jaw muscles

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

and porridge in the pot 19 days all help to make the healthy, contented student. One more year, then I can try to adjust myself to society and a normal life. — "Polished Pupil," Wilberforce, N.S.W.

Surf licences

I AM in favor of surfboard licences. This way inspectors can keep check of surfboard riders and deprive them of their licences if they cause serious accidents through carelessness. — D. R. Cann, Deewhy, N.S.W.

Good eating

IT is amazing the number of people who do not know or care about the nutritional value of food. I work in the city and every day see people buying pies, cakes, and fizzy drinks for their lunch. These foods do not provide one-third of our daily needs, and they are bad for our skin, our teeth, and, in fact, our whole bodies.

We must, of course, have carbohydrates, but the bread we have for breakfast, the puddings at night, and the sugar in our tea and coffee surely provide all that is necessary in this type of food. Thousands of Australian children seem to be brought up to eat pies and cakes every day, which does not make it surprising that they have a great deal of tooth decay. This ignorance of nourishing food is appalling. — "Catherine," Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Peas, please

COULD anybody please tell me the correct way to eat peas? — "Etiquette," Sunshine, Vic.

What would we do without LUV?

WHEN I read G. Schmidt's letter I did a double take. Marriages arranged by parents? What? Does G.S. want a revolution raging around his head?

Does he want to abolish that most important of emotions, that peak of rapture, LUV? Shocking! Without LUV the teenage world would simply disintegrate; it would collapse into ruins. For one thing, what would the pop singers sing about? — "You're 16 and Father Says You're Mine"

And what a dreadful fate lies in store for the girls! No use trying to look like Brigitte Bardot, because most of the boys are "attached" already. No more gazing out the window in that uninspiring English lesson dreaming about the fab-ulous boy you saw in the train this morning; his father's probably got him engaged to the boss' daughter.

I think perhaps I should leave any more gruesome details of this appalling situation to your imagination. But, parents, I appeal to you . . . don't matchmaking. Don't put several hundred pop singers out of business; they'd be a burden to the community. Don't do away with Louise Hunter and all the Lonely Hearts enthusiasts. Just leave the adolescent world to sigh over, gaze starry-eyed at, and fall in love with the opposite sex. — M. A. Ferguson, Hornsby, N.S.W.

CERTAINLY our parents should help us in every way possible to choose the right boy or girl whom we will

● Marriages should be arranged by parents, said G. Schmidt (T.W., 1/2/61), suggesting the divorce rate would drop and lots of family troubles would disappear. Readers definitely, but definitely, do not agree.

eventually marry. One of the best ways is to point out to us the good and the bad qualities in the people we are mixing with and dating, so we will know what to look for in a person when we are thinking of settling down.

I know that it is a very happy situation when a girl or boy has found a partner and both families approve, but I cannot agree that if the parents concerned arranged for their children to marry each other family rows would be decreased. What fun would it be knowing we had to sit around at home learning to be good mothers and fathers until our parents got together and arranged a suitable marriage for us?

Every girl and boy should learn to manage a home but we only have a few years to bustle around getting ready for dances, parties, and other outings; to make ourselves look as nice as possible for the boy we like the best at that moment; to wear the latest crazy fashion; or to just laugh and joke with our pals. Most of the fun of being a teenager isn't looking forward to the future seriously — but it is the fun of being almost grown-up and we naturally try to attract the opposite sex.

BEATNIK



"Ready . . . Aim . . ."

How to sleep

HOW do people go to sleep? I lie awake tossing for hours each night. I don't get up too early or too late, and I go to bed about half past nine. Please don't suggest counting sheep because I've tried it and it doesn't work. — "Sleepless," Windale, N.S.W.

That color bar

AS an aboriginal I would like to say we are grateful every time we read of someone taking our side in the war against our color. A lot of people are doing very good work on our behalf—I think it is up to us not to let them down. — D. M. Kosinski, Lindfield, N.S.W.

surely it is their children's right and privilege to choose their own marriage partners.

I think the main reason for so many divorces lies not in the teenagers' rush to catch a husband or wife but because we live in such a tense and fast-moving world where money is perhaps too easy to get. — Rae Fox-Ashwin, Tottenham, N.S.W.

EACH one of us is an individual with a right to our own lives and happiness and we alone know what we want out of life and a marriage partner. History proves that ambitious parents who can arrange their children's marriages are apt to use them as barter for wealth or social position, thus forcing them into a loveless marriage and causing much grief and unhappiness. This would not alleviate "family troubles."

These marriages are anything but beds of roses, especially if one of the partners is immature. This would come about because parents would marry their daughters young in order not to let a good "catch" escape.

The present system of choosing one's own marriage partner is quite satisfactory under the condition that both parties are mature enough to understand fully the step they are taking. If parents consider otherwise they should refuse their consent until the party is of age. This I feel would do much to cut the divorce rate. — Marion A. Goodier, Carnegie, Vic.

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A chequered career



TWO VARIATIONS on the same theme. Left: Checked or diamond braid on the side seam of your slacks, teamed with a plain top. Right: Same outfit, new angle — plain slacks topped by simple jacket with checked braid trimming.



CHECKMATES! Simple jacket frock — checked silk lining — and floppy Garbo in matching silk.



BE A SQUARE, and like it, in this party-pretty outfit. Giant squares, multicolored, on a full-skirted dress and matching stole.



DIAMONDS are a girl's best friend, especially when the diamonds are on brightly colored binding around neck and down front of that little black dress.



BEAT, BUT NEAT. Chequered stockings, a red-hot accent to a one-color jumper suit. Cool! (But oh, so warm.)

YOUR MOVE! Choose a draught-board check for handbag and shoes. Have the shoes covered and do the bag yourself (if you're smart).





HENRIETTA GALBRAITH has many interests besides sailing her Moth, at right. Above, she shows us a "stained-glass" window she made from colored plastic as a project in her interior design course. Below: she demonstrates how her loom works.



The salt of the sea is in her blood

● Toast of all the sea salts down at Daveys Bay, Victoria, is 17-year-old skipper Henrietta Galbraith, who recently won the Daveys Bay Yachting Cup — the exclusive property of senior males of the D.B. Yacht Club for 50 years.

HENRIETTA has doubly defied tradition — she's both female and junior.

She sailed her Moth — the only one of its class in the event — over the finishing line to win by a clear five minutes from the other 21 Sharpies, VJs, and Gwen 12s.

"It's a handicap event," she said, "and I was first over the line last year, too, but only 14th on handicap, so this year no one took any notice of my line honors at first."

"And no one was more surprised than I when I was announced winner of the 2½-hour race."

Henrietta, who races "just for the heck of it," has Viking blood and was born in a house-boat.

And her grandfather sailed from England to New Zealand in a schooner, and used to ship the produce of his market garden to Australia.

The house-boat where Henrietta began life was anchored on Lake Nagin Bagh, at Srinagar, in Kashmir, India, when her father, Lieut.-Colonel P. H. M. Galbraith, was serving with the Indian Army.

Slim, dark-haired, and vivacious, Henrietta began sailing three years ago with a VJ.

"I think I 'busted' everything I could, including myself, in that boat, but it was good practice," she said.

Henrietta got her grounding in the sport from Mr. Cuth Collingwood, Harbor Master at Daveys Bay. With her boat rigged on the lawn at "Little Gorm," the Galbraith home overlooking the bay, she mastered all the elementary points.

She keeps trim and agile by exercising in her "practice seat," a replica of the side of

her boat in which she rocks back and forth to keep her stomach muscles firm and able to cope with balancing the craft in the strongest wind.

"My present boat—Mark II—is 14 years old—and is the original Moth—the first of the type ever built," she said.

"It had 13 layers of paint on it when I started doing it up two years ago. I had to get them all off before repainting it."

Henrietta does all her own maintenance work on Mark II, and keeps it among the most ship-shape boats in the club.

When racing, Henrietta wears several layers of old bathers ("Those high-fashion ones are strictly for sand-strutting, no good for tumbling round in a yacht"), two pullovers, a slicker, and a lifebelt.

She has decided ideas on crew personnel. "I'm no feminist, but I do think girls crew better than boys," she said. "Boys argue incessantly, and, of course, resent being bossed around by a girl skipper."

"Naturally, it's no use having a boy-friend crew for you because you lose him right away."

Henrietta has now earned her place as the only girl on the senior sailing committee of the Yacht Club.

She is in her second year of a five-year course in interior design—different from interior decorating in that it goes into the structure of buildings, covering everything from plumbing to plastering.

As a contrast in interests, she makes beautiful woven materials on her loom, makes all her own clothes, and makes a point of reading a chapter of a book in the bath every night.

Beachcombing is cool

By GEOFF LAMBERT

● How about beachcombing to fill in your spare time next weekend or at Easter? It's not only enjoyable and healthy—it can be quite profitable, too.

FUN in the sun is now mostly over (except for these north of Capricorn), but fun on the beach can last through the winter.

So why not get the gang (including that sweet little girl from around the corner) and spend the day combing the beach? Oh, one other thing—it's free!

The best time is after high tide, following a storm.

My "combing" ground covers a 20-mile stretch of sandy, tidal beach, and you wouldn't credit some of the things that have been picked up here.

A large inflatable rubber mattress, a surfboard, and a couple of dinghies are among some of the larger items that have been picked up along this stretch, the latter being returned to their owners and rewards gained by the finders.

If there are any handymen in the party, they would revel

in the pieces of wood they can pick up. Cedar is one of the best. Others include exotic oriental pines with twisted yellow and brown grains and soft and hard woods.

So, fellas, if that special person's birthday is coming up, why not make her a trinket box of incense-smelling Japanese pine?

But don't worry, girls, it's not all as dull as that. You probably all read that article on shellcraft in the January 4 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. Well, here's a chance to put your knowledge to practice.

Get the rest of the gang to keep an eye out for shells, and you'll have a stock to last you for a month of Saturday mornings. You'll have a really pretty lot of "painted ladies," "mussels," "ear" shells, and so on, as well as coral and rock formations of all kinds, twisting into all the shapes imaginable.

For any enterprising teenager, the variety of bottles could be put to good use.

After a good scouring with soap and hot water, a first-rate TV lamp could be made from any one of them. Think of any other ideas?

While you're fossicking around, if you keep your eyes open, by the time the girls are beginning to moan of sore feet you should have a knapsack full of the most "valuable" and "interesting" things you could have got for much less trouble in your backyard. But you can never tell when you might come across a piece of wood engraved in Japanese, or a "treasure" chest.

All the equipment you need is a pair of shorts and a T-shirt until you get that "beachcomber - bronze," together with something to lump your finds in. I wouldn't dare suggest anything for you girls to wear.

But, whatever happens, don't confine your activities to the still, sunny days. Go down when there is a howling wind from the south and a deep blanket of clouds rolling in!

By KIRSTEN WARD

Reaching for the stars

● Russia's space rocket now hurtling towards Venus is of special interest to a 13-year-old Newcastle boy — Algy Butkus.

ONE of the things the Russians hope to learn from the rocket is the depth of the atmosphere which shrouds the planet—and Algy, a young astronomer, once thought he had discovered a way to measure Venus' atmosphere through a telescope.

"I thought I had made a tremendous discovery," he told me. "I was doing routine observations of Venus, and just to see what would happen I put the telescope out of focus."

"Suddenly I saw two concentric circles around the planet. I got terribly excited—I thought that if I measured the first circle and the second circle and took the second away from the first I'd get the depth of the atmosphere."

"I tried the same idea to measure the atmospheres on Mars and Saturn—but got the same answer. Astronomers know already that the atmospheres on these planets can't have the same depth—so my theory was wrong, but it was exciting while I thought I was on to something new."

But false alarms don't worry Algy. If a theory doesn't work this time, another might next time.

And it's people like Algy — the ones who find it so interesting they can take set-backs philosophically—that have become the great inventors, scientists, and astronomers of the world.

Early start

Algy says his interest in astronomy goes back to the time he was first allowed up after dark—and saw the night sky.

For the last six years he has watched the heavens almost every night. He has recorded positions of the stars and planets, their color detail, and identified the craters and seas on the moon.

Algy's parents gave him a 2½in. telescope last Christmas, and Algy plans to make another one, a fully astronomical telescope, himself—including the lens, a long job of grinding glass to microscopic exactness.

But Algy doesn't shy away from work or responsibilities.

Only two months ago he started his own society—the Newcastle Junior Astronomical

Society—and already he has a member in Fiji, four in America, 11 in Newcastle, and one in Sydney.

The overseas members were Algy's pen-friends, who've also become interested in astronomy. Of the Newcastle members, one is only 12 and nine are 13. The other is an honorary member, Mr. W. J. Parsons, who is Algy's science teacher at the Cook's Hill High School.

And the society is really reaching for the stars.

Big plans

They're already in the process of bringing out a small magazine which will contain the latest astronomical news, star data, and new ideas.

They are also arranging for a complete survey of the eclipse of the moon next August.

Members meet regularly and each has a special project to study.

Being a keen reader of the stars (to find what fate has in store for us), I asked Algy about astrology.

He looked at me in silent horror.

So I quickly switched to Men-from-Mars.

"If there is life on other planets," Algy said, "it's impossible for it to be life in the way we know it. Certainly not human life. Their atmospheres and temperatures are too different."

Astronomical societies

● Astronomical societies operate in each of Australia's capital cities and welcome junior members, who pay a yearly 10/- subscription.

IF you want to join, ring the secretary for details—you'll find the number in the pink pages of the telephone directory.

The activities of the Sydney Amateur Astronomers are typical.

The society publishes a free monthly junior bulletin and holds two meetings a month, from 4.30 to 8.30 p.m., so that both day and night observations are possible.



ALGY BUTKUS, the 13-year-old Newcastle astronomer, with his 2½in. telescope.

But he does agree there might be something.

"You never can be sure, you know. I saw a U.F.O. one night when I was photographing the moon with a couple of other kids."

"U.F.O.?" I asked.

"Unidentified flying object. They were moving too fast to be satellites and too slow to be meteors. They were not high-altitude planes—and not opti-

cal illusions, because several of us saw them and we couldn't all need glasses.

"The first one appeared in the north-east sky, moving fast southward. The second one came in at right-angles to the first, moving just as fast, and disappeared at exactly the same point."

No one quite knows what it was Algy saw, but there's no proof they WEREN'T spaceships.

Any observations such as this will go down in the records of the Unidentified Flying Object and Satellite Tracking Section of the society.

Box camera

When Algy started talking about photographing the moon, I asked him how he raised the money to buy the necessary equipment.

"Money?" he said. "I started with a box camera, and we are still experimenting with them. However, I'm now using a 35mm. camera, and this is much more satisfactory."

The society has just established a Rockets and Chemistry Section, and if they get permission they plan to launch their rockets (they'll make them themselves) at a deserted granite quarry surrounded by walls of up to about 200 feet.

Algy and a friend, a retired man also interested in astronomy, are working together on a new principle for rocket propulsion.

"Liquid or solid fuels are not going to be good enough—they take up too much space and are heavy," Algy said.

"Maybe we can create a centrifugal force by having two blades rotating at angles in opposite directions inclined to each other . . ."

It all sounded so complicated that I stopped taking notes, but Algy assured me it wasn't as difficult as it sounded.

"We're experimenting with small models—just at the rubber-band-and-balsa-wood standard," he said. "Nothing much—and nothing might come of it. It's just an idea."

But then again something MIGHT.

It's an absorbing hobby, but both Algy and his father agree it mustn't interfere with his schoolwork.

Algy's in second year at Cook's Hill High School, and so far he has thought of becoming either a journalist or following in his father's footsteps and becoming a doctor.

"Astronomy will always be more of a hobby, I think," Algy said. "It has the one defect of being very expensive. Instruments, books—they cost the moon!"



ATTRACTIVE Fair Isle pattern adds interest to this crew-necked jumper. Directions for making the design are complete on this page at right.

SKI WEAR

● Include these chic tops in your luggage on your next ski-ing holiday and you'll be the glamor girl of the snowfields. Knitted in thick wool for warmth, they feature the very latest in styling.

Materials: 24 balls main color, 4 balls contrasting color of Patons Ski and Sports wool; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 36-38in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21½in.; sleeve seam, 17in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; st., stitch; alt., alternate; beg., beginning; m.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color.

BACK

** With m.c. and No. 8 needles cast on 88 sts. and work 2in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 5 needles, work 6 rows in st-st., then proceed in the Fair Isle pattern, which is worked in st-st. throughout.

1st Row: C.c.
2nd and 3rd Rows: M.c.
4th Row: * 3 m.c., 2 c.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., 3 m.c.

5th Row: * 2 m.c., 4 c.c., rep. from * to last 2 sts., 2 m.c.

6th Row: As 4th row.
7th Row: As 3rd row.
8th Row: As 2nd row.
9th Row: As 1st row.
10th Row: As 2nd row.
11th Row: As 3rd row.
12th Row: As 2nd row.

13th Row: 9 m.c., * 1 c.c., 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 2 sts., 2 m.c.

14th Row: As 2nd row.
15th Row: As 3rd row.

16th Row: 8 m.c., * 1 c.c., 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., 3 m.c.

17th Row: As 13th row.
18th Row: As 2nd row.
19th Row: As 3rd row.
20th Row: As 16th row.
21st Row: As 3rd row.
22nd Row: As 2nd row.
23rd Row: As 3rd row.

Rep. these 23 rows once, then from 1st to 15th rows once.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 58 sts. remain.

Work straight until 4 patterns have been completed from beg., then work from 1st to 9th rows once **.

With m.c. work 6 rows.
To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

FRONT

Work as given from ** to ** for back.

To Shape Neck: With m.c. work 21, cast off 16, work 21. Cont. on last 21 sts. leaving remaining sts. on a st-holder.

Dec. once at neck edge in every row until 16 sts. remain.

When armhole measures same as back armhole, shape shoulder.

Cast off in rows that start from armhole edge 8 sts. twice. Fasten off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on remaining sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

With m.c. and No. 8 needles cast on 44 sts., work 2in. in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 8 sts. evenly spaced across last row (52 sts.).

With No. 5 needles cont. in the Fair Isle pattern but beg. with the 10th pattern row and working 8 sts. in m.c. instead of 9 at beg. of row.

Inc. once at each end of needle in the 5th and every following 8th row until there are 72 sts. on needle.

When 3 patterns and from 10th to 15th rows have been completed, shape top. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 5 patterns have been completed from beg. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and with m.c. and No. 8 needles, knit up 90 sts. evenly round neck edge and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Finally press all seams.

WITH STYLE

Materials: 20 (21-22) balls Villawool Kashmira double knitting; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 6 and 7 needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.); 6 buttons; 2 patent fasteners.

Measurements: To fit bust loosely 34 (36-38) in.; length, 26in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.
Abbreviations: C 8— slip next 5 sts. on to c.n. to front, k 3, k 5 from c.n.

Pattern Panel of 12 sts.

1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th Rows:

P 2, k 8, p 2.

2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th Rows: K 2,

p 8, k 2.

11th Row: P 2, c 8, p 2.

Rep. these rows with a c 8 on every following 10th row inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 88 (92-96) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and proceed as follows:

Next Row: K 21 (22-23), p 2, k 8, p 2, k 22 (24-26), p 2, k 8, p 2, k 21 (22-23).

Next Row: P 21 (22-23), k 2, p 8, k 2, p 22 (24-26), p 21 (22-23).

Cont. in patt. as established and c 8 on every 10th row.

Cont. until work measures 24in., ending on wrong side of work. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 10th row 5 times altog. until 98 (102-106) sts. Cont. until work measures 18in. (or length required), ending on the wrong side of work.

TO SHAPE RAGLAN

Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (3-4) sts. 4 times, 2 (2-2) sts. 4 times, 1 st. 18 (18-18) times, 2 sts. 4 (4-4) times, 1 st. 12 (12-12), times (44 sts. rem. for all sizes).

TO SHAPE NECK

Next Row: Cast off 1 st., k until 15 sts. on needle, cast off centre 12 sts., k 16.

Cont. on last 16 sts. only, casting off on raglan edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 1 st. 6 times, at the same time casting off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. 5 times. Return to rem. 15 sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 52 (54-56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and proceed as follows:

Next Row: K 21 (22-23), p 2, k 8, p 2, k 19 (20-21).

Next Row: P 19 (20-21), k 2, p 8, k 2, p 21 (22-23).

Cont. in patt. as established and c 8 on every 10th row.

Cont. until work measures 24in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 stitch at beg. of the next and every 6th row thereafter 9 times. Cont. on these 61 (63-65) sts. until work measures 18in. (or length required), ending at side edge.

TO SHAPE RAGLAN

Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 (2-2) sts., 4 (4-4)

times, 1 st. 6 (4-2) times, 2 sts. 6 (8-10) times, (35 sts. rem. all sizes.)

TO SHAPE NECK

Cont. to shape raglan at beg. of each alt. row as before 2 sts. 5 times, 1 st. once, at the same time on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row cast off 11 sts. once, 4 sts. once, 3 sts. 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse, with the addition of 5 buttonholes. When work measures 24in., with right side of work facing k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., patt. to end. On the next row cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. Make 4 more buttonholes at intervals of 5in.

LEFT SLEEVE

* Using No. 7 needles, cast on 41 (45-49) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 24in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row until 51 (55-59) sts., then every 6th row until 61 (65-69) sts., then every 4th row until 67 (71-75) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required), ending on a p row.

TO SHAPE RAGLAN

Shape both edges at the same time as follows: At beg. of every k row, cast off 2 (3-4) sts. twice, 2 (2-2) sts. twice, 1 st. 6 (6-6) times at the same time at beg. of every p row cast off 2 (2-2) sts. 4 times, 1 st. 6 (6-6) times, ending on a p row with 39 (41-43) sts. *

SHAPE CENTRE OF SLEEVE

Next Row: Cast off 1 st., k until 16 (17-18) sts. on needle, pick up horizontal loop between, k into the back of it, k 5, pick up loop as before, k 17 (18-19) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Cont. to shape both edges as follows: Cast off at beg. of every k row 1 st. 2 (2-2) times, 2 sts. 2 (2-2) times, 1 st. 6 (6-6) times, at the same time cast off at beg. of every p row 2 sts. 10 (10-10) times, 1 st. 1 (1-1) time, at the same time inc. 1 st. as above each side of centre 5 sts. every 4th row 6 times altog., ending on a p row and 16 (17-18) sts. rem.

Cont. to shape for raglan edge by casting off at beg. of every k row 1 st. 6 times, at the same time shape neck for edge on sleeve top by casting off at beg. of every p row 2 sts. 2 (2-2) times, 1 st. 4 (4-4) times, and 2 (3-4) sts. once.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Work exactly as left sleeve from * to *.

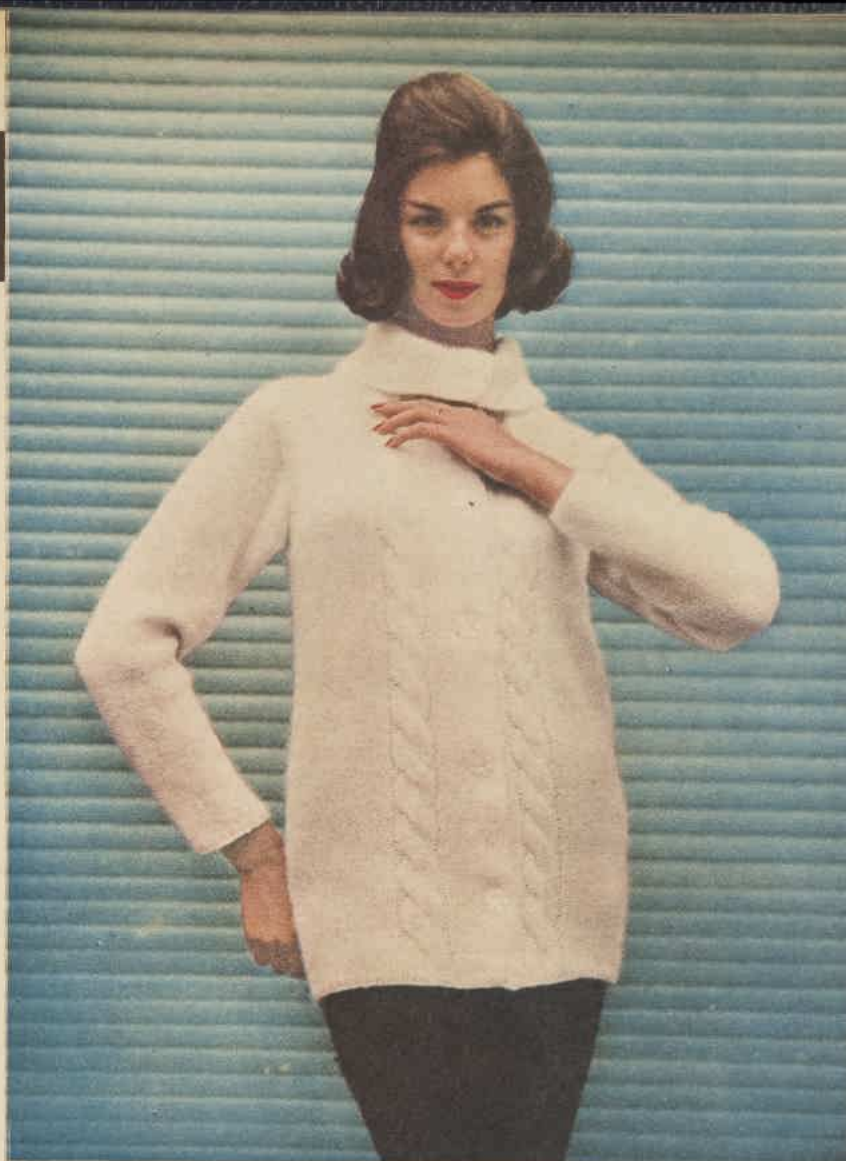
SHAPE CENTRE OF SLEEVE

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k until 15 (16-17) sts. on needle, inc. 1 as on left sleeve, k 5, inc. 1, k 17 (18-19) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 1 st., p to end.

Cont. to inc. each side of centre 5 sts. as for left sleeve

Continued on page 8



ZANY thigh-length jacket has cable-stitch panels and high, warm collar. Directions for knitting it begin at left.

COVER DESIGN DIRECTIONS

PULLOVER

Materials: 20 (21-22) balls "Peacock" Chunkyknit (white); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 3 and 6.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 23 (23½-23½) in.; bust, 34 (36-38) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½-18) in.

Tension: 3½ sts. to 1in.; 5 rows to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 60 (64-68) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 3 needles, inc. 1 (1-1) st. and work as follows:

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P 1, * k the next st. double by knitting into the st. below the next st. on left-hand needle and sl. off, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these two rows and when work measures 15 (15-15) in. shape armholes by casting off 2 (2-3) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. ea. end of the next 2 (3-3) rows.

When armholes measure 8 (8½-8½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 (7-7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Cast off 6 (6-7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until work measures 14 (14-14) in.

Next Row: Work 29 (31-33) sts., k 2 tog. (leave rem. 30 (32-34) sts. on a spare needle).

Cont. on last 30 (32-34) sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge every

Continued on page 8

CABLE-STITCH JACKET Continued from page 7

and to shape both edges at the same time as follows: Cast off at beg. of every k row 2 sts. 10 (10-10) times. At the same time at beg. of every p row 1 st. 1 (1-1) time, 2 sts. 2 (2-2) times, 1 st. 6 (6-6) times, ending on a p row and 16 (17-18) sts. rem.

Cont. to shape for neck edge on sleeve top by casting off at beg. of every p row 2 sts. 2 (2-2) times, 1 st. 4 (4-4) times, at the same time shape raglan edge at beg. of every k row 1 st. 6 (6-6) times and 2 (3-4) sts. once.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on wrong side. Using small b-st., sew up the 4 raglan seams. Press seams. Fold a facing of 8 sts. on front edges

to inside and sl-st. down. Neatly sew round the buttonholes and over seam each end. Press seams and facings. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on for outside edge 121 sts. (all sizes) and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Cast off ribwise at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 6 times, 6 sts. 4 times, 8 sts. 6 times, 25 sts. once.

Left Front Piece of Collar: Using No. 6 needles, cast on 17 sts. and work in st-st. until the same length as collar edge. Cast off.

Right Front Piece of Collar: Work exactly as left piece with the addition of 1 buttonhole. Work the first 10 rows.

Next Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., k 3.

Next Row: Purl and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts.

Cont. until exactly the same as left piece. Cast off.

Press collar and collar pieces without stretching rib-stitch. Neatly attach collar pieces at each end, fold in half and sl-st. down to edges. Attach collar from right front piece round neck edge, but do not attach left front piece of collar to the top of front facing, just oversew the ends. Neatly sew round buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew on 2 patent fasteners at neck edge to keep left collar piece in place underneath right-side piece.

COVER-GIRL DESIGN Continued from panel page 7

3rd row, at the same time, when work measures 15 (15-15) in, cast off 2 (2-3) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 2 (3-3) rows. Cont. to dec. at neck edge every 3rd row until dec. to 12 (13-14) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½-8½) in, shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7-7) sts. at armhole edge of the next row.

Work 1 row. Cast off.

Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on loosely 28 (30-32) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 3 needles, inc. 1 (1-1) st. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. ea. end of every 8th row until inc. to 45 (47-51) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17½ (17½-18) in, or required length, dec. 1 st. ea. end of every 2nd row until dec. to 15 (15-15) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 1 st.

1st Row: K into front, back, and front of st. (3 sts.).

2nd Row: P 1, k 1, p 1.

3rd Row: K 1, k 3 times into next st., k 1.

4th Row: P 1, * k next st. double, p 1, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: K 2, k 3 times into next st., k 2.

6th Row: Rep. 4th row.

7th Row: K 3, k 3 times into next st., k 3.

8th Row: Rep. 4th row.

Cont. in this way, working 3 times into centre st. every 2nd row until inc. to 23 sts.

Next Row: (P 1, k next st. double) 3 times, p 2 tog., leave rem. 11 sts on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 11 sts. in patt. until long enough to go from centre to shoulder edge. Cast off 2 sts. at inner edge every 2nd row until dec. to 3 sts. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

BACK OF NECKBAND

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in patt., casting on 2 sts. at same edge every 2nd row until inc. to 11 sts. Cont. in patt. for 7½in. Cast off 2 sts. at shortest edge every 2nd row until dec. to 3 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch neckband round neck as shown in illustration, joining corners at shoulder edge neatly.

GLOVES

Materials: 2 balls "Peacock" Double Crepe (red), 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: To fit average hand.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.; 10 rounds to lin.

RIGHT GLOVE

Using 4 No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. (16 sts. on each of 3 needles). Join and work in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½in. K in rounds for 1½in.

Next Round: K 24, k twice into next st., k 2, k twice into next st., k 20. K 3 rounds.

Next Round: K 24, k twice into next st., k 4, k twice into next st., k 20. Cont. in this way inc. 2 sts. every 4th round and work 2 more sts. between inc. until inc. to 60 sts. K 3 rounds.

Next Round: K 24 and leave on spare needle, work 16 sts. for thumb, leave rem. 20 sts. on a spare needle.

Thumb: Cast on 4 sts., then arrange these 20 sts. on 3 needles and k in rounds for 2in.

Next Round: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next Round: K.

Next Round: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Break off wool, thread end through a darning needle and draw through all sts. and fasten off.

Join wool and pick up and k 6 sts. at base of thumb where 4 sts. were cast on, k to end of round. Cont. in rounds on these 50 sts. for 1½in.

1st Finger: K 18 and leave on a spare needle, k 14 sts. and leave rem. 18 sts. on spare needle. Arrange these 14 sts. on 3 needles, cast on 2 sts. and k in rounds for 2½in. or required length.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to end.

Next Round: K.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Break off wool, thread end through darning needle and draw through all sts. and fasten off.

2nd Finger: Join wool at base of 1st finger and pick up 2 sts. where sts. were cast on, work 6 sts. from 2nd spare needle, cast on 2 sts., work 6 sts. from first spare needle. Arrange these 16 sts. on 3 needles and k in rounds for 2½in. or required length, then shape top the same as first finger.

3rd Finger: Work as for 2nd finger, working for 2½in. or required length.

4th Finger: Join wool at base of 3rd finger and pick up and k 2 sts. where sts. were cast on, work the rem. 12 sts. from spare needles. Cont. in rounds on these 14 sts. for 2in. or required length.

Next Round: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Round: K.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Break off wool, thread end through a darning needle and draw through all sts. and fasten off.

LEFT GLOVE

Work the same as for right glove to thumb shaping.

Next Round: K 20, k twice into next st., k 2, k twice into next st., k 24. Cont. to inc. 2 sts. every 4th round, working 2 extra sts. between inc., until inc. to 60 sts. Work 3 rounds.

Next Round: K 20 sts. and leave on a spare needle, k 16 sts., leave rem. 24 sts. on a spare needle. Cast on 4 sts., arrange these 20 sts. on 3 needles for thumb. Cont. to work to correspond with right glove.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth.

POLO NECK INSET

Materials: 4 balls "Peacock" Double Crepe (red), 2 sets of 4 needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.; 8 rows to lin.

Using 4 No. 10 needles, cast on loosely 240 sts. (80 sts. on ea. of 3 needles). Join and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rounds, then k in rounds until work measures 3in.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to end (180 sts.).

Cont. in rounds until work measures 6in.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., k 1,



COVER outfit comprises jumper, gloves, polo-neck inset and hood inset pictured above. Directions for making begin on page 7 in panel and are completed on this page.

rep. from * to end. (120 sts.). Change to 4 No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts except ribbing with a warm iron and damp cloth.

HOOD INSET

Materials: 7 balls "Peacock" Double Crepe (black); 1 set of 4 No. 10 needles.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.; 9 rows to lin.

FRONT

Using 2 No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) into 1st st., K 1, (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. ea. end of every row until inc. to 129 sts. When work measures 9in., shape shoulders by casting off loosely

7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Leave rem. 101 sts. on a spare needle.

BACK

Using 2 No. 10 needles, cast on loosely 129 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 2in. Shape shoulders by casting off loosely 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows.

Work these 101 sts. in rib, dec. 1 st. at end of row, then work the 101 sts. of front, dec. 1 st. at end of row. Arrange these 200 sts. on 3 needles (66, 66, and 68 sts.) and work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 14in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams. Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Nineteen-year-old silver-blond Patty Markham is all ready to give up work in her father's engineering office and become a full-time singer—if her new Rex single does well.

THE girl with the in-built sob in her voice certainly lives up to her "Miss Emotion" billing with Hal Saunders' locally written song, "Close The Door," one of those the-romance-is-over ballads, and "Graduation Waltz."

It's only her second recording, but Patty has been picking up a good deal of work in recent months, and a couple of weeks ago went to Adelaide for TV appearances — her first interstate trip.

A typical Australian girl, she's interested in all sports, with tennis her speciality, and has a fairly extensive collection of records, with the accent on old instrumentals.



Robert Wetherburn

Local talent: Something new and topical in the novelty line comes from Booka Hyland with "Transistor" (Leedon 45). The presentation's bright and zingy and the lyrics make good sense. "Is It Me?" won't do much on its own account, but it gets by as a flip.

IN this country we have a bad habit of claiming as our own anyone who has been here a couple of years and does well. But in the case of Les Meade (born in India of Irish parents), the claim is more justified. Now 22, he came here when he was 10, and until recently, when he moved to Sydney, has been living in Perth.

His second disc, a Rex 45 coupling two of his own compositions, "I Know Why" and "Give, Give, Give," is now out. Les sings easily and pleasantly. He seems to have quite a flair for composition, and generally could be a boy worth watching.

THOSE who follow the fortunes of young people embarking on careers as classical musicians might like to get to know Robert Wetherburn. He's a 22-year-old former piano student of Sydney Conservatorium, who's now furthering his studies in Europe. You can hear him playing Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Mendelssohn on a Festival LP, "Moments With Great Composers."

Pops: Likeable 19-year-old Chubby Checker, of Philadelphia, is my bet for the boy most people would like to have at their place on a party Saturday night. With "The Chicken," "The Pony," "The Slop" (yes, that's it), and a whole lot of better-known dance tunes, he just invites you to get a few friends round and have fun. "Twist With Chubby Checker" is the name of the LP record, and the label's H.M.V.

IT'S only fair that new girl singer Shelby Flint should have America's top-selling version of "Angel On My Shoulder" (Warner Bros. 45), because she's the one who wrote it. Though her surname might be hard, her voice isn't. Nor are the sentiments of a pair of prettily romantic tunes. Shelby also wrote the flip, "Somebody."

THINGS these days are getting a bit crowded in the Sinatra-style field, but there should be room for Buddy Greco, who makes an entry with a Philips LP, "Songs For Swinging Losers." A nice choice of senior-teen-appeal material, with "That Old Feeling," "The Masquerade Is Over," and "You Don't Know What Love Is."

"HAVING FUN" (Top Rank 45), the second single from Dion without The Belmonts, should put him firmly on his feet as a pop singer in his own right. Despite the title, the song's a saddy, but a good one, and "North-east of the Corner," which backs it, is punched home with a big, dramatic beat.

UNDER the gimmick title of "Wings of Song" English orchestra leader Philip Green presents a string of exceptionally agreeable and well-arranged tunes, all having the name of a winged creature in the title. Some of them are "Woodpecker Song," "Cry of the Wild Goose," "Two Little Blue Birds." Equally good to dance to, romance to, or even just listen to on your own. (Top Rank LP, mono or stereo.)

IF you don't go overboard for the more or less predictable "I Love You" side of Cliff Richard's new Columbia single, there's a chance that you'll take the dive for the more original and lively "D In Love"—which is all the poor girl scores.

WHILE it hasn't got that irresistible appeal of a big hit, Mary Johnson's "Happy Days" (London 45) is no hardship to listen to—the same goes, of course, for just about anything this very capable and attractive singer tackles. On the other side he sings "Baby, Baby."

Movie music: The little, sad-faced Mexican comedian Cantinflas, whom we got to know as David Niven's valet in "Around the World," is the star of "Pepe," due to have its Australian release soon. The title-tune, played by Duane Eddy on a London 45, was a big hit in the States. Somehow, though, the slow dramatic "Lost Friend" on the



PATTY MARKHAM, who hopes to give up office work to make her career as a singer.

flip, a tune written by Duane, is the one I go for.

Jazz: A cheery New Orleans-flavored jazz session comes from the flourishing Dutch Swing College Band on a Philips LP, "Dutch Swing College On Tour." Though they throw in a few modern moments, it's clear that the Hollanders' hearts belong to Dixie, and that's where they mostly go on this trip. Some of the tracks are "South Rampart Street Parade," "Ory's Creole Trombone," "Jazz Me Blues."

Classical: The romantic lyricism that makes Schubert one of the best-loved classical composers is given full expression in a D.D.G. LP of Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in Schubert's Symphonies No. 4 (the "Tragic") and No. 8 (the "Unfinished"). Maazel, who is 31, and one of the new generation of European conductors, will be touring Australia for the A.B.C. this year.



DION, without the Belmonts.

WORTH HEARING

TCHAIKOVSKY: Sixth Symphony

TCHAIKOVSKY'S Sixth Symphony ("Pathétique"), perhaps the most popular of all romantic symphonies, has been richly recorded by the veteran conductor Pierre Monteux with the wonderful Boston Symphony Orchestra, which some Australian cities heard last year.

The symphony was written shortly before the composer's death, and it sums up his music, which was tuneful and colorfully exciting, and his personality, which was passionate and gloomy. This may seem a contradiction, but one of the secrets of his appeal to generations of music-lovers was his ability to combine emotional and tragic ideas with lushly melodious music. He delights the ear and at the same time touches the heart—though perhaps not as deeply as some composers.

The symphony, like so many of Tchaikovsky's works, seems to be trying to tell a story. The composer left some hints of the meaning of the work, but gave it no official "programme" beyond the title "Pathétique," which does not mean pathetic so much as tragic and emotional. The word could be used to describe Tchaikovsky's life and works as a whole.

— Martin Long

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

FEMERITAL

dispels depression, eases period pain, making you feel bright and confident again.



5/6

At all Chemists

Want to be different?

There are times when a girl feels the need to pull herself together. A flash of insight or a clear view in a full-length mirror tells you that your grooming plan no longer fills the bill. Or suddenly you're just plain bored with the way you look. Whatever the stimulus, if you decide to do something about yourself, there's no time like the present.

By Carolyn Earle

WORK on the theory that first things come first and start your plan-to-be-different by deciding what needs to be done; then economise your time so that attention is given where it is needed.

Take a look. What's happened to your hair while you've been beachcombing and sunbathing? Has it grown a bit long, rather straggly at the ends? It probably needs a good trimming or shaping now, and possibly a soft new permanent wave.

Have you allowed the sun to dry your locks into an unmanageable mass? Then get at it with oil treatments, but quick.

Check your hairdo. Maybe you're a bigger girl now, and that mop of hair should be pruned for symmetry. Perhaps your face and neck are thinner and you need a hairdo with more fullness at the sides.

Has your hairline slipped back? Try the flattery of short, soft bangs—they're tops in popularity just now.

Throat and lower part of face heavier? Have your hair cut shorter or arrange it up off the neck.

Try a new part for hair that has just grown, like Topsy, and lost its look of hand-box neatness. Usually hair doesn't take too kindly to being parted in a different way, but a bit more care in setting and brushing will soon set things right.

How about your skin? Perhaps last year's skin-care programme has outlived its usefulness. In the teens oil glands may become more active all of a sudden, making it necessary to wash the face and hair oftener and to use corrective preparations.

If your complexion seems less pretty, inspect it closely in a good light, and make up your mind whether a different SORT of make-up—or a spell of wearing no make-up at all—would benefit it.

Above all, don't make the mistake of becoming type-set. Your skin, your hair, your figure inevitably change from year to year. If you keep a sharp lookout that your good-looks plan keeps up with you, then you reduce the risk of becoming tired of the way you look.



GO WEST, YOUNG GIRLS!

● The Wild West is traditionally a place where men are men and women are proud of it.

BUT, after a bit of thought about the West, I believe that too many of the men are men — and I'm tired of it!

I mean, why does a cowpoke have to be a bloke? Girls are just as suited, even more so, to be at home, home on the range.

I'll give you some examples of the way in which girls are natural cowboys (you might say I'll explain how every lass-oe has a do-it-yourself Kit Carson!):

For instance, a patch in a girl's hair is often an in-Zane Grey and her popularity at a dance is determined by her Hop-along Capacity!

Lasses also like to buffalo blokes until they finally put their brand on them.

They do this because, like current cowboys, they fancy wearing chaps — wedding rings!

And after the boy is in the corral he soon discovers he's cornered by the fastest tongue in the West.

But, while the courtship is on, the boy isn't saddled with such a bad time — although, on a dinner date, the lass can go pretty Wild with the Bill (Hickok)!

She will willingly rustle up a meal for him and won't cut him off at the "pass"!

Girls, too, are better gunsmiths than those two cats, Smith and Wesson, ever were. Who else than a pretty popsy could make an old .45 feel like a young Colt?

All this ranching, of course, doesn't necessarily please girls.

For example, while most lasses like the idea of homesteading with some pardner, who wants to look forward to eventually having a middle-age "spread"?

As well as being cowboys, girls also have the Indian-sign on them. I say this without reservations because I know the squaw!

Yes, many a girl is a sweet Sioux who has a multi-colored scalp — you might say Apache hairdo! And, presumably, a female wears fancy head-dresses to keep her wig-wa(r)m!

Well, that's my story on how cowboys could go West, literally, because into each girl's life some rein must fall.

Actually, I'm not alone in my belief that on a prairie a Belle would Starr. Haven't there already been two famous numbers that sing the praises of cowgirls and fine feathered (girl)friends?

You've heard 'em. "Mustangs for the Memory" is one. The other is that old, (Black)foot-tapping tune, "Cheyenne, Cheyenne, Harvest Moon"!

— Robin Adair

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Uncertain love

"I AM a teenage boy of nearly 19. I am in love with a very nice girl who is nearly 18. I was going with another girl before I met this one and asked her out, and ever since then I have been taking her out about twice a week. About a week after I met the second girl I finished with the one I used to go with. It is now two months since then, and I've only taken the new girl out. I've told her that I am very much in love with her, but she says I am just saying that because she thinks I am still going out with the other girl. How can I prove it to her that I am not going out with any other girls and that I am very much in love with her? Please help me, as I do not want to lose her."

"Wake," N.S.W.

You won't lose her, but only time will prove to her that you really love her. Her disbelief is symptomatic of the uncertainties of love—one minute she's sure you love her, the next she's certain you don't.

It is a trying time for you, but really better than a later stage that sometimes comes when the girl of your choice takes you and your devotion completely for granted. Don't ever let this stage be reached if you can help it. If you can manage it, keep her guessing enough to keep her feelings a blend of both types.

Young love

"AFTER having followed your advice column for some years, I would like to express my feelings on young marriages. You say that girls of 15 or 16 and young men of 19 and 20 can't know their own minds, but I have proved there are exceptions to the rule. I met my husband when I was just 15

and he was almost 20. We went steady for 11 months and were married just after my 16th birthday in 1959. We now have a seven-month-old baby and are as happy as, if not happier than, our friends who married older. We still have a deep attraction for each other as well as the deep understanding of each other which comes from meeting and sharing the problems as they arise. My parents have realised now that all young marriages are not hopeless. But I do understand how they felt when we married so young, as there are many young marriages broken up. I think this is because they misunderstand and take physical attraction for the true love that comes only when one is mature enough to take the partner's faults, as well as his good points, in their stride. When we married we had nothing at all materially, but with the deep love we have for each other we did not need these things. Now after saving hard and doing without unnecessary items we have our own home and furniture and are saving towards a car. There is still quite a bit owing on the house, but we will own it by 1963. So you can see that there are some young marriages that do work out, can't you? I would like you to publish my letter because it may help some parents to realise that all teenagers are not incapable of true love."

A.B., W.A.

I had the greatest pleasure in reading of your happiness and the success of your youthful marriage. As you say, there are exceptions to every rule.

I think you are a lucky girl, and your husband is lucky, too, to have met and married such an emotionally mature girl. My best wishes to you both for years and years more of happiness.

Neighborly love

"THERE is a very attractive girl I've been keeping company with since before Christmas. I'll be 20 in three months and she'll be 17 soon. I met her at the church at the young people's club and we see each other every day. We live in the same street. At first we were just friendly, but now the feeling has grown into something much bigger. I've fallen in love with her and she says she feels exactly the same way. I've told her that she is too good for me. I play a bit rough when I'm at a club outing or at the club itself, and I'm in everything going, or nearly everything. With this she does not agree. Whenever I see her or think about her I can't help being happy and I couldn't be miserable if I tried. I've been out with other girls, but I've never felt so mixed up as when I'm with her. First when she came here it was only for a holiday, but now she is living here with an aunt. She has been sick recently, and I think this is my fault for keeping her up so late and too long on the front verandah. Her aunt says if she does not get well soon she will send her home again and I don't want this to happen. Should I keep on seeing her every day?"

T.N., Qld.

How can you help it if you live in the same street? But I think you should limit the nights you see her to one or two a week. You don't want her health to suffer because of you.

As for being in nearly everything at the club, I think a man of 20 should be. It's a bit young to settle down, isn't it?

Forbidden love

"I AM a girl of 14½ and in love with a boy of 15. The trouble is that my parents are old-fashioned and won't let me go anywhere. I don't know about his parents, but he comes from the same country as I do, so I think his parents are the same. In about two weeks' time I'll be moving to another school, and that means we won't be seeing much of each other, as he lives far from where I live. He is a very shy boy, but he likes me, as I heard, but is afraid to speak to me because of his friends teasing him. What do you suggest I should do, because I cry over him practically every day? Please don't suggest I should drop him, as it will hurt me very much and I don't want to lose him. And do you think it is silly of me to write to him often, although I might not see him much? Will you please tell me what to do as soon as possible before it is too late?"

A.B., Vic.

What you should do is stop crying over this boy and start learning your lessons. School is what should be the most important thing in your life now.

Another thing you should learn is that boys chase girls; girls don't chase boys. If he likes you he'll find ways to talk to you and let you know. But obviously he thinks he and you are both too young, which is quite true.

I think it is not silly, but it is foolish of you to write to him. If he wants letters from you, he'll write to you first. You are probably embarrassing him terribly by writing to him.

"WORRIED TEENER." You should see your doctor immediately. When you go to him you should tell him all you have told me. He can't help you unless you do.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

MAKE next month your month for a little joy-spreading in your district.

A beaut idea is a luncheon get-together for the pensioners who live round you.

Get your crowd together or your class at school and organise it.

First you have to have something to raise the money with to buy the food and so on, so how about organising a barbecue or informal record dance at home. Charge the crowd 1½d for every inch in their waistlines as admittance and soon you'll have the money you need.

Money in hand, decide how many guests you can afford and make plans. Some places have pensioners' clubs and you can get a list of guests from there. If not, see the local ministers and ask them to give you a list.

Hold it at someone's home, if it's big enough, at the pensioners' clubrooms if they have them, or in a Sunday school or Scout hall. What you want is somewhere with room and cooking facilities.

Roster the crowd so that all the jobs and joys are equally shared.

Make the menu a treat for pensioners who live alone.

A baked dinner is best. Maybe roast lamb with baked vegetables and green peas served with all the trimmings—mint sauce and gravy.

The most popular dessert to follow is plum pudding (unusual and festive) with custard and cream. If the funds don't run to this sort of pudding, jelly and ice-cream are always popular.

When the guests arrive, pass around the cool drinks and introduce yourselves.

Have lunch fairly promptly and let your guests take their time, plenty of returns and a cup of tea to finish with will be appreciated.

When the guests begin settling back with that well-fed look, bring on the show.

Any turn that's bright and cheery will go over well, particularly community singing with all those old-time songs which everyone will know.

While the guests are busy enjoying themselves get some afternoon tea and goodies. After that it's goodbye, and you will be just as sorry to see your guests go as they will be to leave.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



"You can't keep your corsages in the refrigerator indefinitely, Cynthia. I have to have some room for milk and eggs."

COKE AND FOOD . . . NATURAL PARTNERS



Have a picnic-on-a-stick! . . . It's a beach barbecue and everything's on a stick except the Coke and that's on ice! The good taste of Coca-Cola goes great with all food . . . anytime . . . anywhere. Whether you're eating on the beach, or just loafing in the sun . . . everyone's for Coke!



BE REALLY REFRESHED . . .



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CX264/61

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

● SANDRA'S mistake in going to the Chat aux Nerfs cabaret instead of the exclusive fashion house, Chateaufort, is ironed out and she models the beautiful model clothes as planned. Meanwhile, Alan Vance, who rescued her from the cabaret, takes her out to dinner, then suggests that they go on to the Chat aux Nerfs, a place Sandra wants to forget. NOW READ ON:

BY BILL SAWYER

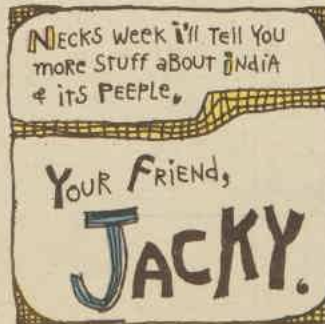
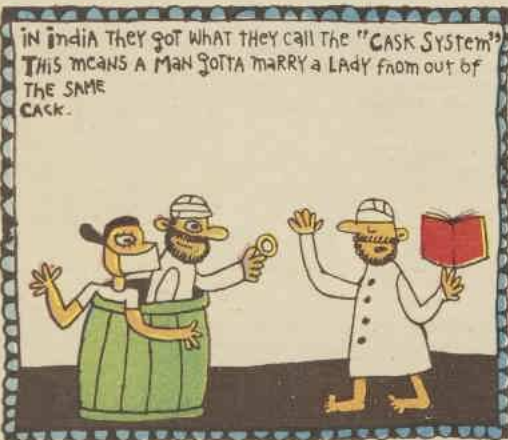
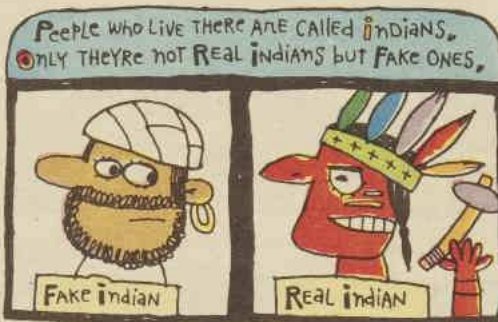
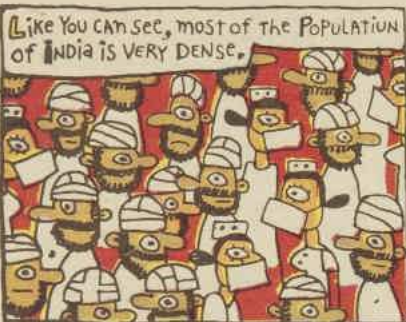
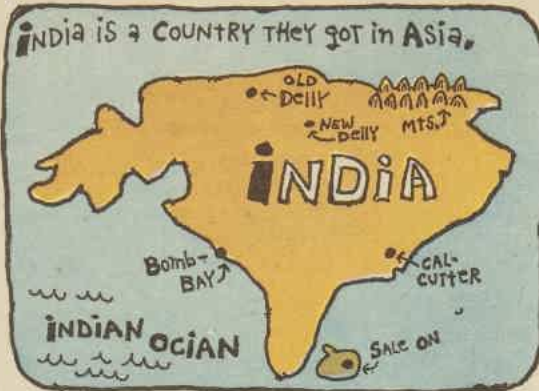


RIVETS



Jacky's DIARY.

By JACKY MENDELSON
Age 33 1/2



Man in Apron by Larry



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SIDE GATE



CHRIS WELKIN, Dr. Bafz, and Mello, the girl from Venus, are relieved when the wild growth of the Venus melon they planted on the moon is brought under control. Then Mello becomes sick. Chris and Dr. Bafz are on their way back to earth with her when they receive a radio message warning of radiation in the earth's ionosphere. NOW READ ON . . .

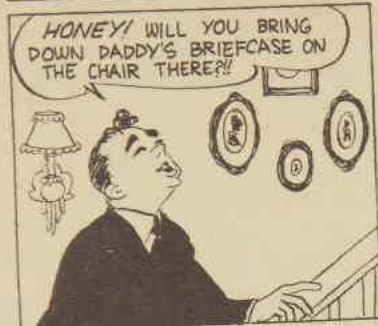
CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



CONTINUED

TEENA[®] by Linda Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is trapped in a spaceship with the water pirates — strange men who steal water to resell to planets with a dwindling supply. Mandrake, for the first time, uses the Galactic Alarm, given to him by Magnon, Emperor of the Universe, in a previous adventure. The alarm will summon Magnon's forces to his aid. The spacemen do not believe Mandrake. NOW READ ON:

